McCLURE'S

Edited by Herbert Kaufman

JULY
1920

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25¢

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Ibañez's
Greatest
Short
Story
"The
FOUR SONS
of EVE"

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Fifteen Other Big Features

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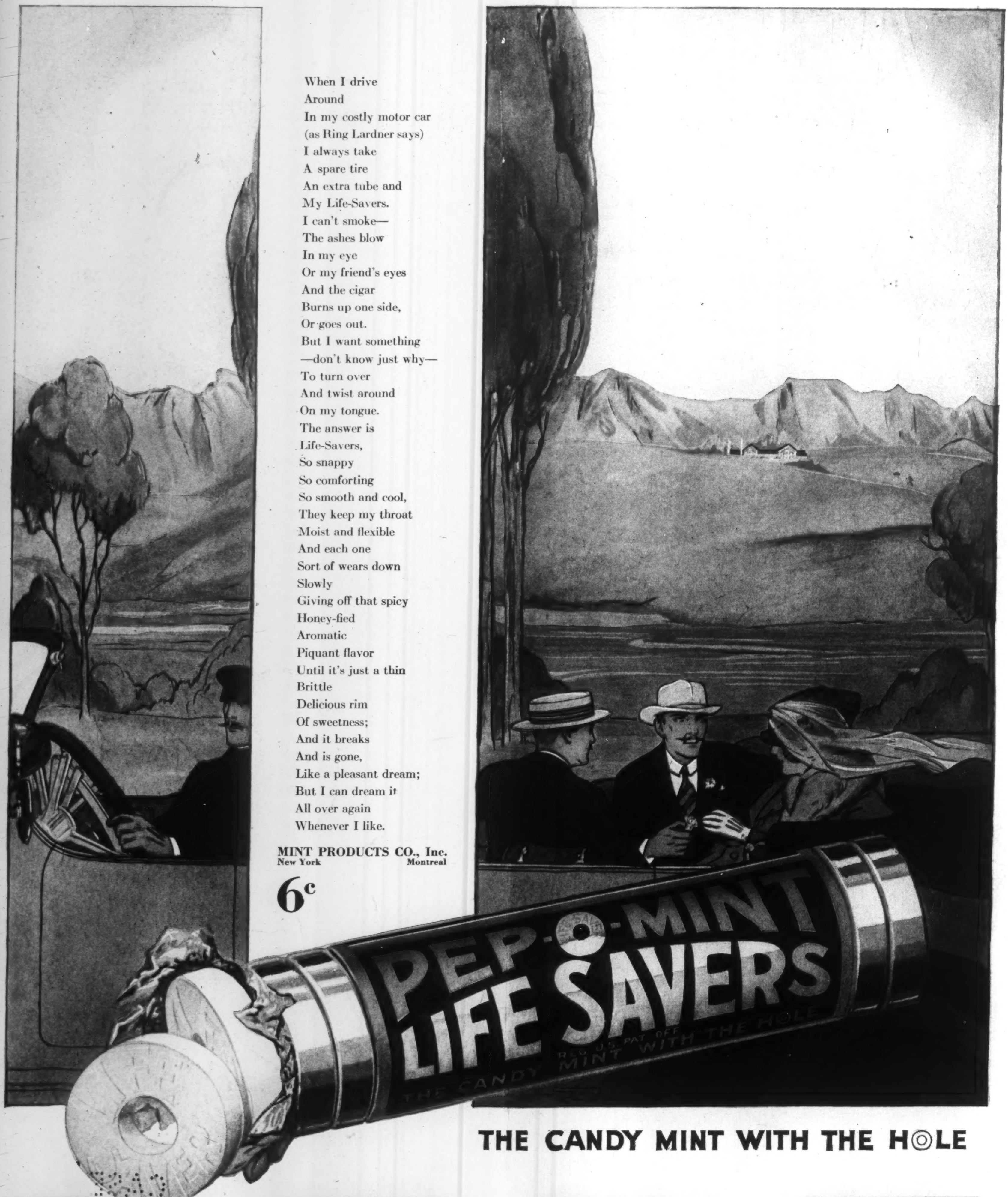
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

When I drive
Around
In my costly motor car
(as Ring Lardner says)
I always take
A spare tire
An extra tube and
My Life-Savers.
I can't smoke—
The ashes blow
In my eye
Or my friend's eyes
And the cigar
Burns up one side,
Or goes out.
But I want something
—don't know just why—
To turn over
And twist around
On my tongue.
The answer is
Life-Savers,
So snappy
So comforting
So smooth and cool,
They keep my throat
Moist and flexible
And each one
Sort of wears down
Slowly
Giving off that spicy
Honey-fied
Aromatic
Piquant flavor
Until it's just a thin
Brittle
Delicious rim
Of sweetness;
And it breaks
And is gone,
Like a pleasant dream;
But I can dream it
All over again
Whenever I like.

MINT PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
New York **Montreal**

6c

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

CLOVE
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WINT-O-GREEN
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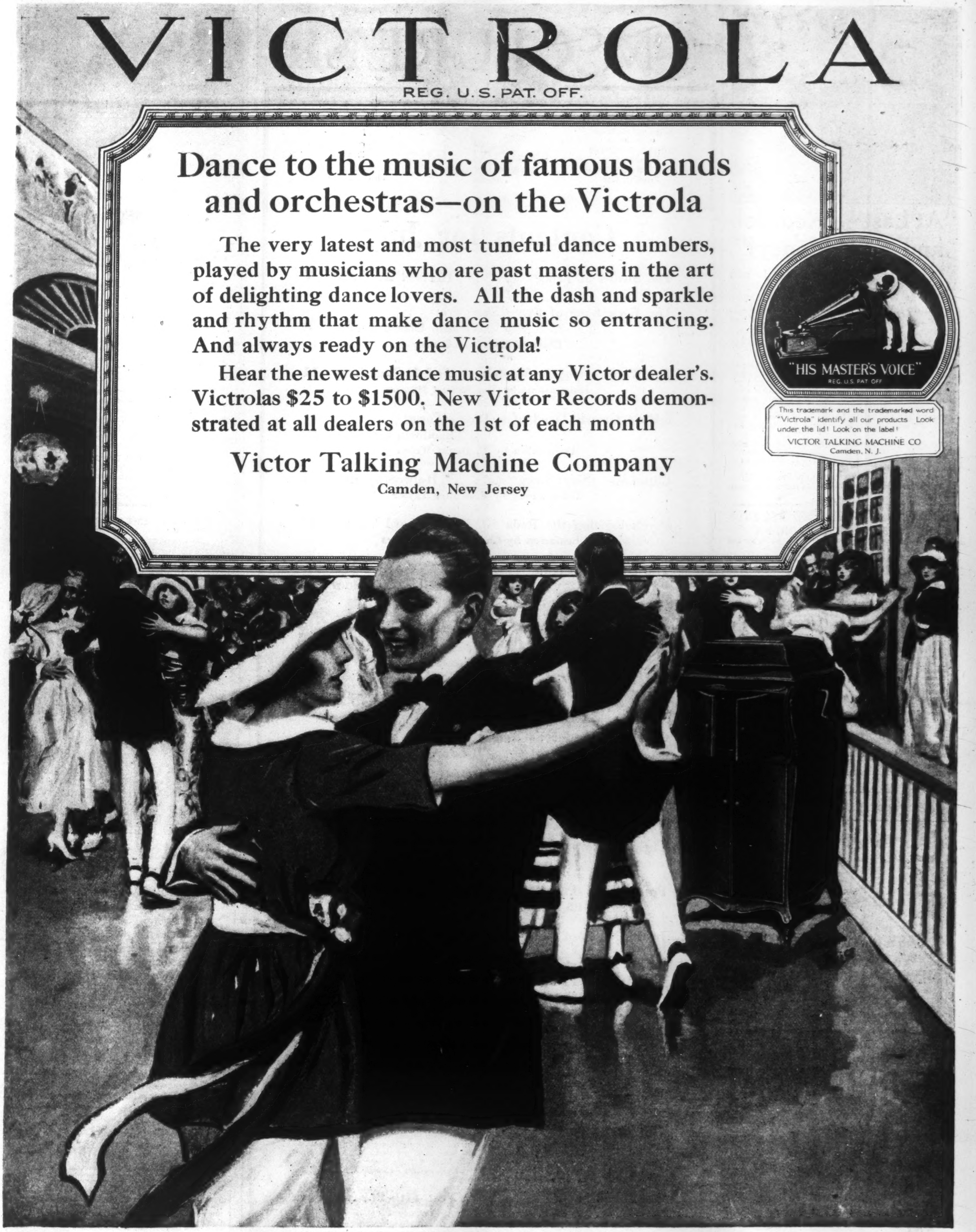

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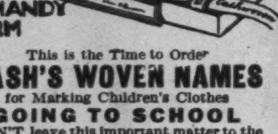

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Contents for July

The Sword of Peace . . Herbert Kaufman 7

The Four Sons of Eve (*Short Story*) Vicente Blasco Ibañez 8
Illustrations by Lee Conrey

The Wanderer of the Wasteland (*Serial*) Zane Grey 11
Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

I Have Grown Tired of a Tree (*Poem*) Theodosia Garrison 12
Decoration by H. Devitt Welsh

Clippings (*Short Story*) . . . Holworthy Hall 14
Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor

Psychologizing the Reds . Harold Lord Varney 17
Illustration by Charles E. Chambers

The Golden Dragon (*Short Story*) Carroll K. Michener 18
Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory

The Head of Misery (*Short Story*) James Branch Cabell 21
Illustration by Arthur E. Becher

Rainy Week (*Serial*) . Eleanor Hallowell Abbott 22
Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

George W. Lederer's Reminiscences George Jean Nathan 24

Editorial Page . . . . Herbert Kaufman 26

The Battle Line of Hunger . . Herbert Hoover 27

The Bracelet (*Short Story*) . Norval Richardson 29
Illustrations by Ernest Fuhr

Poldekin (*A Drama in Four Parts*) Booth Tarkington 31
Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

In the Name of Gold—Hara-Kiri . Garet Garrett 34
Cartoon by Gordon Ross

The Logical Field for Motor Trucks Benjamin F. Fitch 56

Stock Dividends and Stocks Without Par Value Paul Tomlinson 68

Cover Design by Neysa McMein

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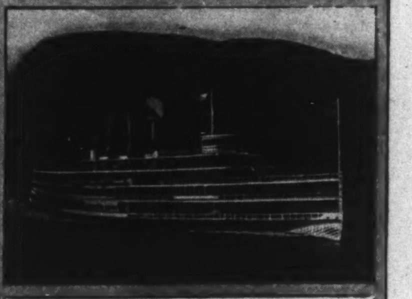

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YOUR CHILD'S EDUCATION
The future of your boy or girl depends very largely on the school you select. McClure's School Bureau will put you in touch with schools and colleges equipped to develop the fullest moral, mental and physical capacities of your son and daughter.

MONEY! MONEY!! MONEY!!!

The Shortest, Easiest and Surest Road to Prosperity and Supremacy

A Subtle Principle of Success

Why Stay Poor While Others Are Getting Rich?

This subtle principle in my hands, without education, without capital, without training, without experience, and without study or waste of time, and without health, vitality or will power has given me the power to earn more than a million dollars without selling merchandise, stocks, bonds, books, drugs, appliances or any material thing of any character.

Get Away From Your Distress

This subtle and basic principle of success requires no will power, no exercise, no strength, no energy, no study, no writing, no dieting, no concentration and no conscious deep breathing. There is nothing to practice, nothing to study, and nothing to sell.

Why Not Get Rich Like Others?

This Subtle Principle must not be confused with memory systems, "will power" systems, Christian Science, psychology, magnetism, thrift or economy, nor should it be confused with health systems, auto-suggestion, concentration, "personality," self-confidence or opportunity, nor should this Subtle Principle be confused with initiative, mental endurance, luck, chance, self-analysis or self-control. Neither should this principle be confused with imagination, enthusiasm, persuasion, force or persistence, nor with the art of science of talking or salesmanship, or advertising.

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it

No one has ever succeeded in failing with it.

It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

Get the New and Higher Realization of Life Through This Subtle Principle of Success

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends for I was negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life was and is a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

Increase Your Income Through This Subtle Principle of Success

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

Why Remain Poor?

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health as my father before me. I was a "floater" and depended on luck for success. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery as is always the case under similar condition.

Get Out of the Road of Failure Through This Subtle Principle of Success

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed intolerable. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

Why Deny Yourself the Joys of Supremacy?

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—out of this distress—arose within me a desperate reaction—"a final effort to live"—and through this reaction, arose within me, the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

Become Rich Through This Subtle Principle of Success

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. My life underwent an almost immediate change. I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

Succeed Like Others Through This Subtle Principle of Success

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalites employ, either consciously or unconsciously. I also discovered a principle of evolution and believed that if I used it, that my conditions would change, for I had but one disease—failure, and therefore there was but one cure—success, and I began to use this principle and out of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc., etc.

You also may use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously and profitably.

Become Wealthy Through This Subtle Principle of Success

Just as there is a principle of darkness, there is also a principle of failure, ill-health, weakness and negativeness. If you use the principles of failure consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this subtle success principle, and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

Why Let Others Get Rich While You Remain Poor?

I discovered this subtle principle—this key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it, either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using it consciously and purposefully. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Any one can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.

Attain Genuine Supremacy Through This Subtle Principle of Success

It was used by

Moses,
Caesar,
Napoleon,
Theodore Roosevelt,
Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy,
John D. Rockefeller,
Herbert Spencer,
Emerson,
Darwin,
J. P. Morgan,
Harriman,
Woodrow Wilson,
Charles Schwab,
Lloyd-George,
Clemenceau,
Charles E. Hughes,
Abraham Lincoln,
George Washington,
Marshall Field,
Sarah Bernhardt,
Galli-Curci,
Nordica,
Melba,
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Alexander the Great,
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Beethoven,
Verdi,
Copernicus,
Confucius,
Mohammed,
Cicero,
Demosthenes,
Aristotle,
Plutarch,
Christopher Columbus,
Vanderbilt,
Marcus Aurelius,
Pericles,
Lycurgus,
Benjamin Franklin,

and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions, and of all colors, make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it, no one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.

Gain Supremacy Through This Subtle Principle of Success

Everyone realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without helping someone else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost every one, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellow man to profit through his discovery. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings, if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce every one to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

Get The Meaning of "To Live" Through This Subtle Principle of Success

I fully realize that it is human nature to have less confidence in this principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals for a few pennies—at less than the actual cost of mailing, writing, composing and advertising it—but I cannot help the negative impression I thus possibly create. I must fulfill my duty just the same.

I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it for a few pennies, but because the results are great—very great.

Get Away From Failure

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and overmastering in its influence for good, profit, prosperity and success, that it would be a sin if I kept it to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

Why Not Become Prosperous?

So sure am I of the truth of my statements—so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption and so absolutely certain am I that this principle, in your hands, will work wonders for you that I am willing to place this principle in your hands for twenty-four hours at my risk and expense. You will recognize the value of this principle within twenty-four hours—in fact, almost immediately as you become conscious of it, you will realize its practicability, its potency, its reality and its power and usability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity and success.

Why Deny Yourself the Pleasures of Prosperity?

Thousands of individuals claim that the information disclosing and elucidating the secret principle of success is worth a thousand dollars of any one's money. Some have written that they would not take a million dollars for it.

You will wonder that I do not charge a thousand dollars for this information—for disclosing this principle, after you get it into your possession and realize its tremendous power and influence.

Sent to Any One—to You!

I have derived such tremendous results—amazing results from its power that I want every man woman and matured child to have this key to success, prosperity and wealth. This is why I am willing to send it to anyone—to any address on approval without a single penny in advance.

Gain Real Happiness Through This Subtle Principle of Success

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this subtle principle of success. *You would never forgive me* if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.

From every part of the country comes appreciation of my extraordinary discovery—THE SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS

"I cannot say too much for your discovery. It is certainly doing wonders for me, even at the advanced age of eighty."

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"I can never fully repay you for revealing to me the 'Subtle Principle of Success' and how to use it."

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"Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' is working wonders for me. I would not part with it for a million dollars."

"I regard your 'Subtle Principle of Success' as worth a thousand dollars of any person's money, regardless of how poor the individual may be."

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"The 'Subtle Principle of Success' is doing more for me than you claim. The truth about it is hard to believe."

"I always believed that successful men used a principle which gave them success. I never knew what it was nor how to use it until you explained it to me. It would be just as impossible for me to fail with this principle as it has been impossible for me to succeed without it."

"I thank you for the wonderful results I am gaining through the 'Subtle Principle of Success.' I would not take any amount of money for what this principle has done for me already. You are honestly entitled to millions."

"I am a man of my word and would not take one hundred dollars this first day for the information you have given me."

"I am enthusiastic over your discovery of the 'Subtle Principle of Success,' and at the age of eighty-six am pursuing success as never before."

"Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' has in twenty-four hours given me wonderful results. I am ready to back any statement made in favor of your 'Subtle Principle of Success.' It opens up a new universal opportunity."

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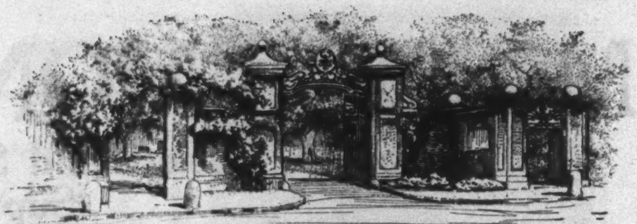
McCLURE'S School Directory



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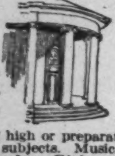

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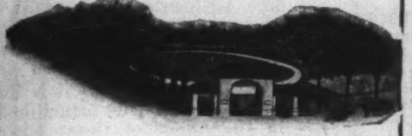

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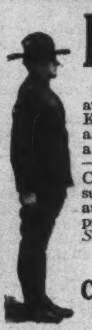

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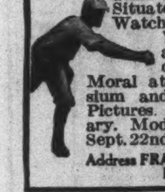

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Volume 52
Number 6

McCLURE'S

JULY 1920

The Sword of Peace

by Herbert Kaufman

MERE paper chains can never bind the world to peace. Steel will slake its thirst as long as men itch for power and force advises opportunity.

National necessity, international jealousy and racial ambitions will be served regardless of agreements.

The struggle for markets is the first skirmish of conquest. Trade fights with a calculation sheet, then powder and ball. Wherever commerce crosses a frontier, regiments wait to follow. The wars of business and the business of war are inspired by the same motive—the aggrandizement or defense of power.

Might and Must eternally write red history.

We are now universal providers; our ships are headed toward every port, and wherever American wares are sold, America's strength will some day be challenged. We shall have tranquil dealings just as long as we are able to enforce tranquillity. Ruthless and rowdy states will respect our determination to evade difficulty only as far as they may expect reprisal for violating our rights.

If we insist upon living pacifically, we must be ready to discourage affront. In this sudden, resourceful century, it is impossible to predict when and from what quarter the next hostile will strike. We could once measure the human content of a country, count its arsenals, shipyards and barracks and fairly estimate its combative quality.

But to-day when every test-tube nurses a potential devastator and every obscure inventor's laboratory possibly houses a resistless engine of holocaust, we dare take nothing for granted.

We are no longer safe within walls or behind fleets. Caution screams at us ceaselessly to search imagination for stronger weapons than others can bring to bear against us.

Years soon forget their scars. Coming generations will recompose present alliances. Shishak and Xerxes and Alexander and Bonaparte and the Hun shall rise again from the dust to foray and plunder. Hate and greed and fanaticism and autocracy will have their grudge.

The nations that can rely upon their arms can alone rely upon their treaties. Peace must wear a longer sword than war.

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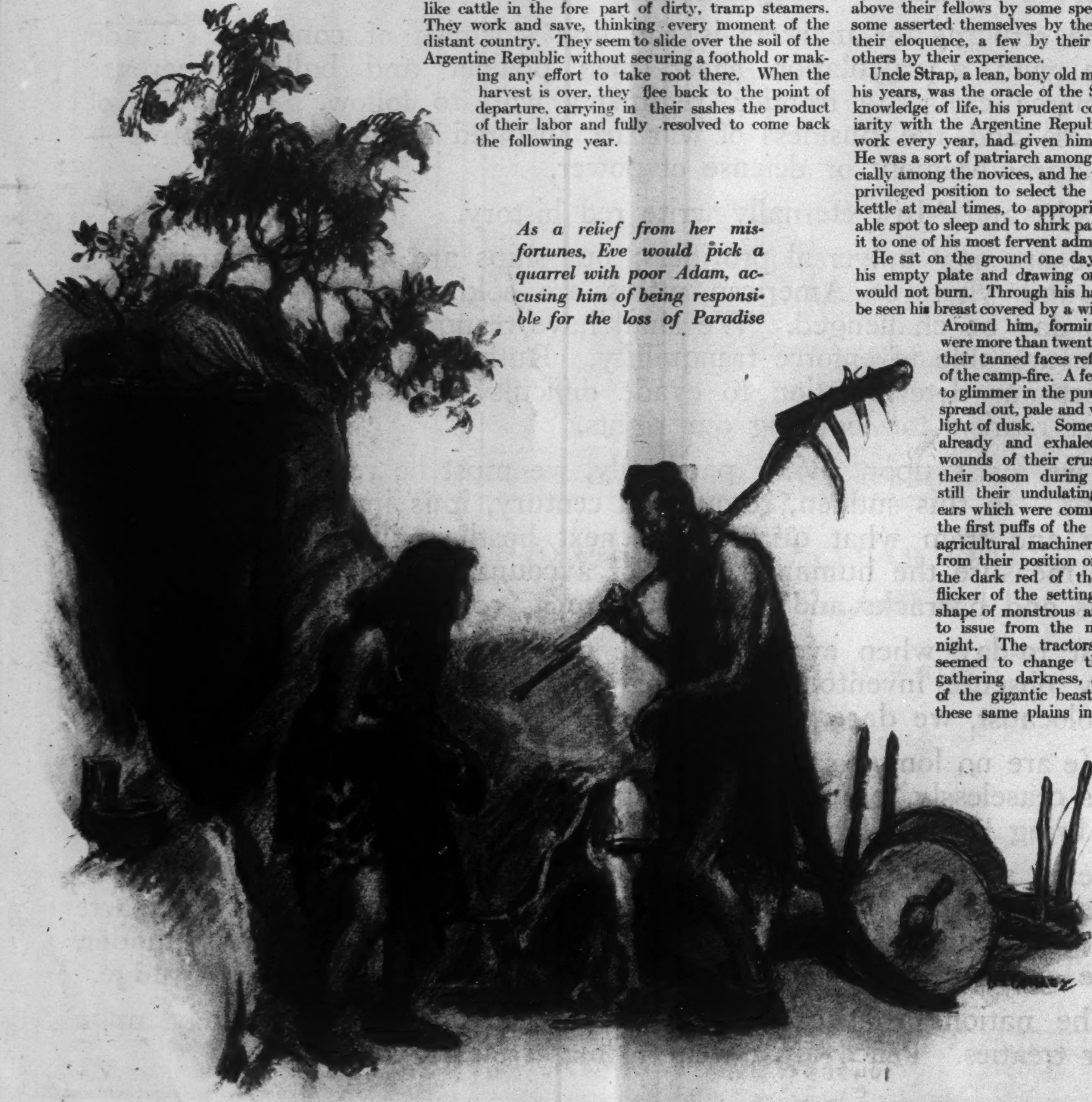
The Four Sons of Eve

by Vicente Blasco Ibañez

IT was the end of the wheat harvest in the *Nácional*, a great Argentinian plantation. The men who had come from abroad to help gather the crops could not find shelter in the farm buildings used as permanent quarters by the peons who looked after the *estáncia* during the rest of the year. The sheds where the live stock was stabled in winter, the tool houses and the barns which served to store the dry alfalfa, all had been converted into dormitories for the reapers. Despite these improvised accommodations, the barrracks were so crowded that many preferred to sleep in the open air, using as a pillow the clothes-bag which contained all their worldly goods and accompanied them in their endless peregrinations.

There were men from every European country. Some of them, incurable vagabonds, driven over the earth by an unquenchable thirst for adventure, had stopped temporarily in the Argentinian *pámpa* — a matter of a few weeks — before wandering on to continue their restless existence in the Cape or in Australia. Others were simple Spanish or Italian peasants who had crossed the Atlantic attracted by the stupendous novelty of earning six or eight dollars a day for work which in their native country was paid on a cent basis. The majority of the harvesters, however, belonged to the class which the native landowners designate by the name of "swallow immigration" — poor human birds who, every year, when the first snows begin to cover the soil of their native land, leave the shores of Europe and start their flight across the sea toward the warmer climate of the southern hemisphere. They work hard throughout the summer and autumn, and when the glacial *pampero* wind begins to lash the vast plains, frightened by the approaching winter, they go back to their homes where the earth is reawakening with the first touch of spring. Every year they return, herded like cattle in the fore part of dirty, tramp steamers. They work and save, thinking every moment of the distant country. They seem to slide over the soil of the Argentine Republic without securing a foothold or making any effort to take root there. When the harvest is over, they flee back to the point of departure, carrying in their sashes the product of their labor and fully resolved to come back the following year.



As a relief from her misfortunes, Eve would pick a quarrel with poor Adam, accusing him of being responsible for the loss of Paradise

The best hour of the day for the reapers of the *Nácional* was the evening meal. They would gather in groups drawn together by the ties of common origin or the more personal bonds of congeniality or comradeship. They ate in the open air, sitting around the smoking pot from which they filled their plates. Although the nights were warm, they would light huge fires and sit close to them, seeking the protection of the flames, and more especially of the smoke, against the ferocious mosquitoes, lords of the plain.

Some reapers who possessed an instinctive power of domination gradually became the chief leaders of their companions. Among these men drawn from all the countries of the earth and gathered together in a remote corner of South America by the necessity of earning their daily bread and the ambition of larger profits, all the processes of social selection and all the variations of social values peculiar to a human group in its formative stages, took place in the course of a few days. . . . The born leaders, those who distinguished themselves above their fellows by some special gift, rose rapidly; some asserted themselves by their bravery, others by their eloquence, a few by their astuteness, and still others by their experience.

Uncle Strap, a lean, bony old man, still strong despite his years, was the oracle of the Spanish laborers. His knowledge of life, his prudent counsel, his long familiarity with the Argentine Republic, where he went to work every year, had given him a certain reputation. He was a sort of patriarch among his countrymen, especially among the novices, and he took advantage of this privileged position to select the best place around the kettle at meal times, to appropriate the most comfortable spot to sleep and to shirk part of his work, shifting it to one of his most fervent admirers.

He sat on the ground one day at twilight watching his empty plate and drawing on a tight cigar which would not burn. Through his half-opened shirt could be seen his breast covered by a wilderness of gray hairs. Around him, forming a semicircle, there were more than twenty-five Spanish reapers, their tanned faces reflecting the dying glow of the camp-fire. A few stars were beginning to glimmer in the purpling sky. The fields spread out, pale and vague in the uncertain light of dusk. Some had been harvested already and exhaled through the open wounds of their crust the heat stored in their bosom during the day; others had still their undulating mantles of spiked ears which were commencing to wave with the first puffs of the evening breeze. The agricultural machinery, viewed by the men from their position on the ground, against the dark red of the horizon — the last flicker of the setting sun — took on the shape of monstrous animals which seemed to issue from the mysterious depths of night. The tractors and the thrashers seemed to change their outlines in the gathering darkness, assuming the shape of the gigantic beasts that had inhabited these same plains in prehistoric times.

The Famous Spaniard in a New Vein

Illustrations by Lee Conrey

"How hard a man must work to earn his daily bread, my sons!" said Uncle Strap, complaining of a pain in his joints.

After the lament, addressed to his fellow countrymen, he continued talking amidst profound silence. All eyes were fixed on him. His compatriots expected an interesting tale, a humorous anecdote or some other story which would make them laugh or crane their necks with wonder and curiosity until bedtime. But to-night the old man seemed sad and more inclined to moan than to amuse his comrades.

"And it will be like this always," he continued. "The thing can't be helped. We shall always have rich folk and poor folk, and those who were born to serve others have to be satisfied with their lot. That's what my grandmother used to say, and she a woman, too! Eve is to blame for all this. Those of us who suffer in life working for others have to thank the first woman for our slavery. But . . . is there anything for which women are not to blame?"

Afterward, the desire to complain which he felt that night led him to speak of a certain Spaniard who had been taken that morning to the nearest village (about forty miles distant) for repairs. One of his arms had been caught in the gear of the threshing-machine and mangled. The torn limb had to be amputated. The poor fellow was crippled for life, condemned to endless hardships and privations.

The remembrance of this accident increased even more the restlessness and gloomy aspect of Uncle Strap's hearers. But the patriarch, as if he regretted the tragic character which the session was taking, hastened to say:

"HE is another victim of our grandmother's injustice. Eve is responsible for the way our affairs are muddled."

And when he saw that his fellow workers, especially those whose acquaintance with him was recent, showed a keen curiosity to find out in what way Eve was to blame for their misfortunes, Uncle Strap began to tell in picturesque language about the trick played by the first woman on men.

It is well to state here that Uncle Strap had his "letters." Back in his native country he had practised several professions, read many papers, attended a few political conventions, and taken a hand in certain elections during which he had made speeches in all the taverns of his village.

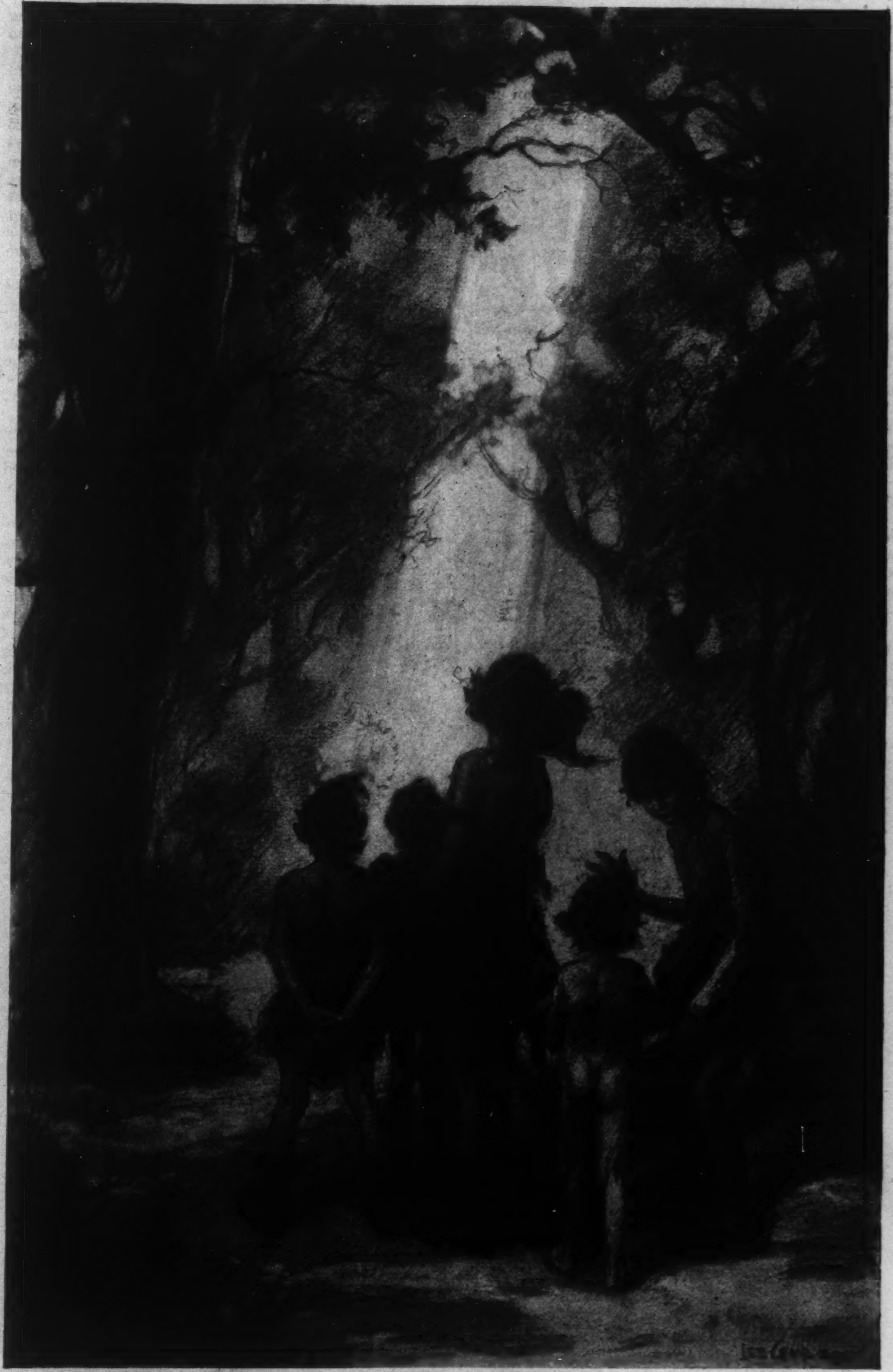
The event was extremely old. It had happened not later than a few years after Adam and Eve were expelled from Paradise and condemned to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

How hard Adam had to work! . . . .

Uncle Strap named all the great things which the first man had to improvise before he could properly discharge his obligations as the bread-winner of the family. He had had to become a mason, a carpenter and a locksmith in a matter of a few days, to build a home for Eve and their first children. Afterward he had had to tame a few animals in order to lighten his work and provide more abundant and nourishing food. He harnessed the horse and yoked the ox; he convinced the cow that she ought to stay in the stable and submit to milking, and the hen and the pig that they ought to live with man so that the latter might kill them whenever he should need their carcasses.

"And besides that, boys," continued the old reaper, "he had to break the virgin lands before cultivating them, cut down great trees, and all this he had to do with wooden or stone implements invented by himself. You must remember that Tubal Cain, the first blacksmith known in history, was then sucking on his mother's breast."

And since man does not live by bread alone, and delicacies make life more agreeable, Adam paid even more attention to his orchard, where the first fruit-trees were growing, than to the more serious articles of nutrition. There was the murmuring fig-tree whose trunk seems wrapped in an elephant-skin and which on sun-kissed mornings drops its fruit from leaf to leaf until it flattens itself on the ground exposing its red, granular entrails. There was the orange-tree with the fragrance of love and its round capsules of honey enclosed in a golden sphere; and the peach and the banana, and the melon, which crawls over the earth to absorb the sweetness of the soil and concentrate it in its bosom.



"How can I present these rogues to the Lord!" Eve exclaimed in despair. "He is going to say that I am slovenly, and a poor mother. The fact is that the Lord is a man and men don't realize how hard it is to take care of so many brats"

There were times when Adam thought of the apple-tree of Paradise, the one that had caused his fall, and of the serpent coiled on its trunk to inspire stupid desires. He would then look at his orchard and shrug his shoulders. The work of man, with its slow process of improvement, seemed to him better and less dangerous than the extemporaneous creation of Nature.

"He was proud of his work," continued the old reaper, "but it certainly cost him a lot of trouble. You would have pitied him if you had seen how thin he was, all skin and bones, after the hardships he had endured getting things started. He seemed one or two centuries older than he really was. Eve, on the other hand, might have been taken for his daughter, or grandchild."

Uncle Strap was not at all surprised at this. He had traveled in all the modern countries and had had an opportunity to observe how the husband works extraordinarily hard and spends the day out, struggling to make money while the wife stays at home reading, playing on the piano or receiving visits. What is the result? The wives look as if they were the daughters of their husbands, and the latter generally die much earlier.

"I really don't know which one of the two died first," Uncle Strap went on to say, "but I'd like to bet that it was poor Adam, and that Eve survived as a rich widow, was given the management of the estate and lived for many years loved and respected by her children."

Poor Adam! Sometimes he could not go on with his work and had to sit on the door-step to rest. He had been a whole day bent over the hoe, or had spent hours and hours breaking the wild horse or overcoming the ferocious bull He felt also the need of contemplating his Eve for a few minutes, that need which many feel of worshiping the beings who have ill-treated them, that irresistible admiration which is inspired in us by the things which cost us dearly. . . . That woman had cost him Paradise!

She was still beautiful although she bore a child every year; sometimes twins They had to people the entire earth. When Adam, sitting on his doorstep, was beginning to wipe the sweat from his brow and to enjoy the sweet voluptuousness of rest, watching his helpmeet with growing love, Eve's imperious voice would blast his short-lived happiness.

"Adam, now that you haven't anything to do, set the table!"

Sometimes Eve would be peevish.

"Adam, wash the dishes. It is a shame for you to be sitting there twiddling your thumbs while I am killing myself with work."

On other occasions, however, the appeal would be sweet and caressing.

"Listen, Adam, dearie; won't you take baby out for an airing in the perambulator — the last-born, number seventy-two? Honey, I can't take care of them alone."

And the tireless worker, the creator of an entire world, also had to set the table, wash the dishes and take out his last-born in a baby-carriage which he had invented.

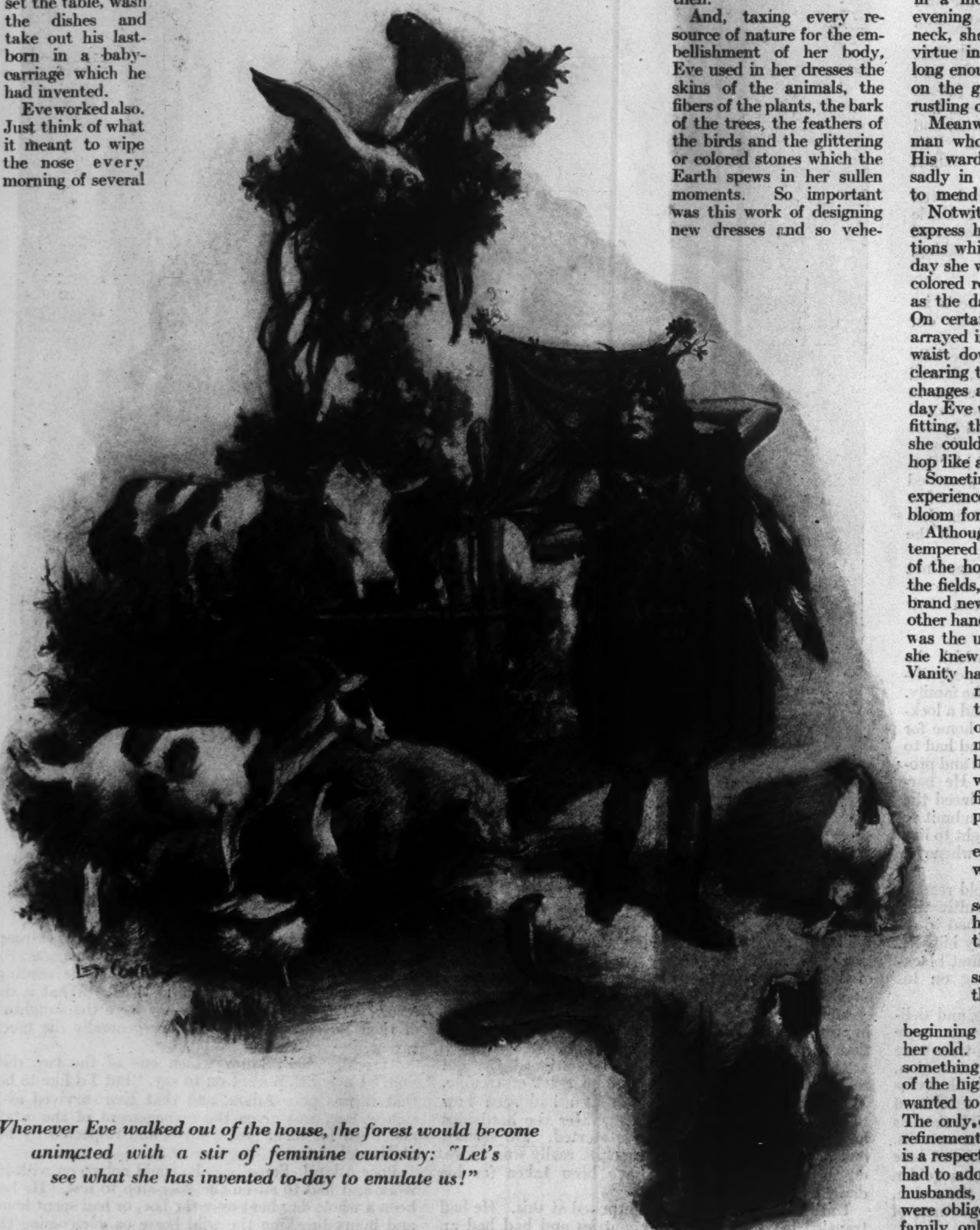
Eve worked also. Just think of what it meant to wipe the nose every morning of several dozens of children, to bathe them in a neighboring ditch, to stand them in line to dry in the sun and to keep them from fighting when breakfast was served!

Other worries embittered her existence with even greater intensity. When she was driven from Paradise she had felt for the first time the torment of shame. She no longer considered her silken tresses sufficient to veil her nakedness, as had been the case in the days before she had listened to the malignant serpent When she found herself thrust upon the vulgar world, a mere woman, divested of her noble rôle of Paradise's star boarder, she had had to make herself hurriedly a sort of coat of dry leaves which gave her protection from the cold and permitted her to appear decently before the eyes of the celestial beings.

But the idea of appearing always in the same old dress! Was she no better than the lower animals which from birth to death display the same skin, the same feathers, the same shell? She was a rational being, capable of progressive variation, and, therefore, she had to advance in the adornment of her person.

Moved by a noble desire to uphold human dignity, the first woman set herself to make a new dress every day. No; this resolution was not dictated by vanity or by a frivolous wish to please men and make her feminine friends rage with envy, as some ill-tempered philosophers have said since then.

And, taxing every resource of nature for the embellishment of her body, Eve used in her dresses the skins of the animals, the fibers of the plants, the bark of the trees, the feathers of the birds and the glittering or colored stones which the Earth spews in her sullen moments. So important was this work of designing new dresses and so vehement and furious Eve's desire to achieve variety and novelty, that life changed completely on Adam's farm.



Whenever Eve walked out of the house, the forest would become animated with a stir of feminine curiosity: "Let's see what she has invented to-day to emulate us!"

The sons of Eve would not see their mother for hours, sometimes for whole days. The younger ones rolled on the ground at their pleasure, while the older boys indulged in fistic bouts to impose their will or combined to thrash their little brothers. Occasionally the entire tribe would form an offensive alliance to loot the pantry and would eat in a few hours the food which their father had stored for a whole week.

"Mamma! Mamma!" a chorus of childish voices would be heard from the interior of the house, as if imploring help.

"Keep quiet, you infernal brats! Leave me in peace. It is impossible to have a quiet moment in this house!"

And after imposing silence with such a broadside of anger, Eve would continue to meditate:

"Let's see: what about a coat of panther-skin with a collar of parrot-feathers and a hat of cork-bark trimmed with roses and monkey-skin?"

Her imagination repeatedly conceived the most prodigious creations for the adornment of her person. The sense of modesty and the desire to exhibit her beauty struggled within her for mastery Whenever she decided in favor of a short skirt, knee high, she saw to it that the sleeves reached down to her wrists and that the collar was high enough to touch her ears. If, in a moment of audacious coquetry, she made an evening gown without sleeves and with a very low neck, she immediately sought a compensation for her virtue in the dimensions of the skirt, which had to be long enough to cover the very tips of her toes and trail on the ground with a swish-swash like the autumnal rustling of dried leaves.

Meanwhile, Adam was almost naked, as befits a man who works for his wife and supports a home. His wardrobe contained only a few old sheep-skins sadly in need of repair; his wife never had the time to mend them.

Notwithstanding this, however, he never failed to express his admiration for the continuous transformations which he observed in the make-up of Eve. One day she would appear with her hair dyed a deep flame-colored red; the next she would be a blonde, glorious as the dawn, or a brunette with dark, raven locks. On certain afternoons she would go out to meet him arrayed in a very wide skirt, almost spherical from the waist down and so broad that she had difficulty in clearing the door And as fashion consists of brusque changes and violent transformations, on the following day Eve would wear another skirt, so narrow and tight-fitting, that she looked like a sword in its scabbard, she could scarcely move inside the skirt and had to hop like a sparrow.

Sometimes Eve would appear pale as if she had just experienced a deadly emotion, and again she would bloom forth with her cheeks as red as a sunset.

Although Adam continued to receive the same ill-tempered orders from Eve and had to do a great deal of the housekeeping as a diversion from the work of the fields, he was happy; he thought he was getting a brand new wife every twenty-four hours Eve, on the other hand, was bored. She was bored to death! What was the use of dolling up so much? It was true that she knew she was the object of general admiration. Vanity had made her understand the language of animals and things until then incomprehensible to human beings. Whenever she walked out of the house, the forest would become animated with a stir of feminine curiosity; the birds would cease flying; the quadrupeds would stop short in their wild course; the fish would stick their heads out of rivers and ponds.

"Let's see what she has invented to-day to emulate us!" The parrots and monkeys would insolently cry from the tree-tops.

"Well done, my daughter!" the elephant seemed to approve with slow movements of his trunk and the bull with violent motions of the head.

"Come and see Eve's last creation!" thousands and thousands of birds would twitter in the foliage.

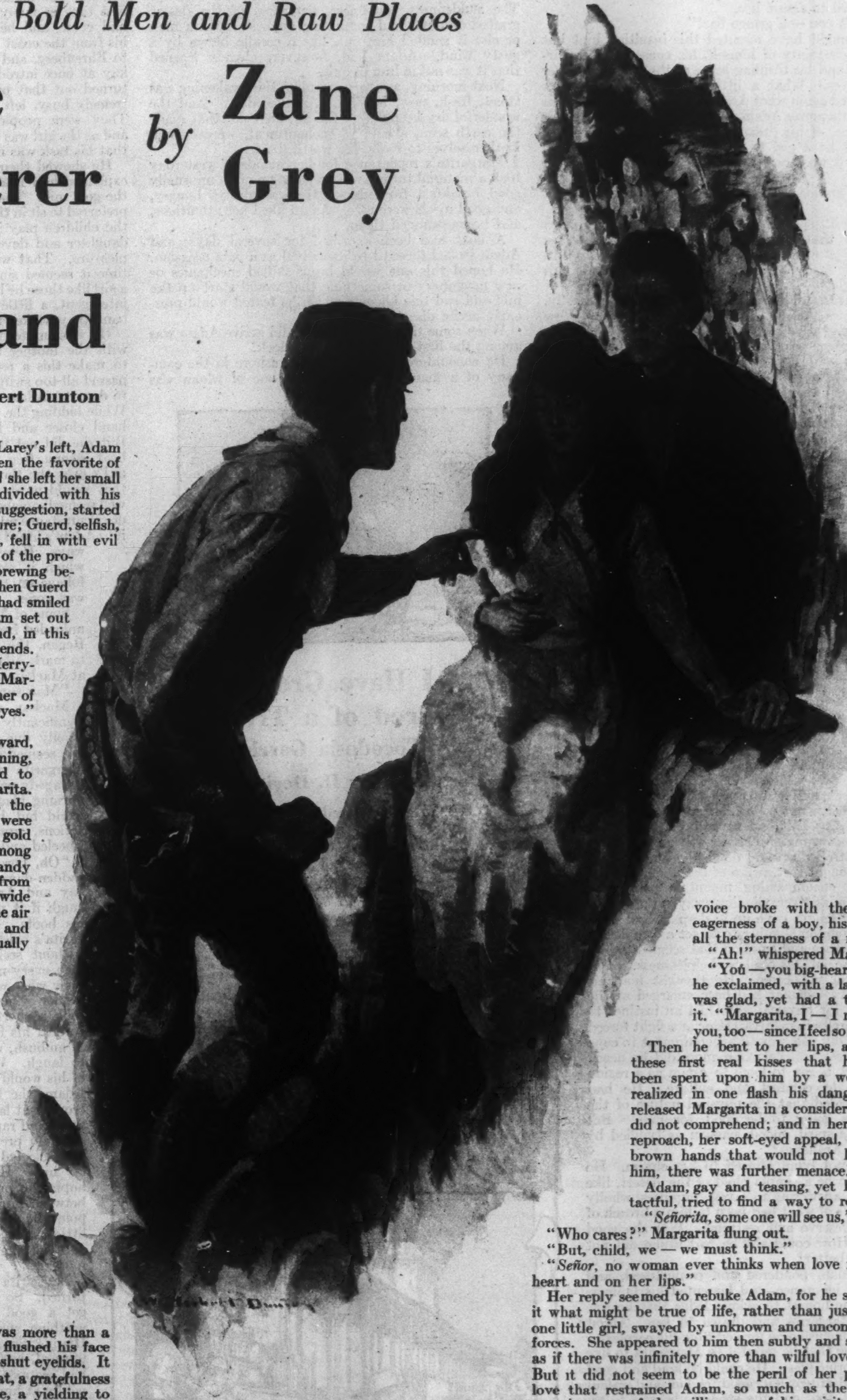
But this ovation of Nature which in the beginning had made our first mother proud, now left her cold. The applause of the rabble! She aspired to something better than that. She wanted the approval of the higher beings; the approval of her peers. She wanted to flirt with people of her own kind. Alas! The only one who could admire her creations and her refinements of good taste was her husband! A husband is a respectable being worthy of attention, but if women had to adorn themselves merely to be admired by their husbands, why, it would be as ridiculous as if a poet were obliged to read his verses to the members of his family only. No; woman is an artist and, like all artists, she needs a great, an [*Continued on page 54*]

A Story of Bold Men and Raw Places

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

by Zane Grey

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton



"Guerd, you have robbed me of playmates, money, girl friends," snapped Adam, "then a worthless woman. You're a cheat, a liar!"

THERE were only two of the Larey's left, Adam and Guerd. Adam had been the favorite of his mother and when she died she left her small fortune to him. But he divided with his brother and the pair, upon Guerd's suggestion, started west in search of fortune and adventure; Guerd, selfish, jealous of Adam, inclined to be wild, fell in with evil companions and soon took to the life of the professional gambler. Ill-feeling, long brewing between the brothers, reached a crisis when Guerd "filched the favor of dark eyes that had smiled first upon Adam." Thereupon, Adam set out alone. At Picacho he got a job, and, in this land of quick friendships, soon made friends. Among them — Pat Regan, Mackay, Merryvale, Arallanes — and then there was Margarita, "who waited around the corner of every hour watching with her dusky eyes."

AS the slow solemn days drifted onward, it came to pass that the dreaming, pondering Adam suddenly awakened to the danger in the dusky-eyed Margarita.

The realization came to Adam at the still sunset hour when he and she were watching the river slide like a gleam of gold out of the west. They were walking among the scattered mesquites along the sandy bank, a place lonesome and hidden from the village behind, yet open to the wide space of river and valley beyond. The air seemed full of marvelous tints of gold and rose and purple. Adam, more than usually drawn by Margarita's sympathy, was trying to tell her something of the burden on his mind, that he was alone in the world, with only a hard gray future before him, with no one to care whether he lived or died.

Then had come his awakening. It did not speak well for Margarita's conceptions of behavior, but it proved her a creature all heart and blood. To be suddenly enveloped by a wind of flame, in the slender twining form of this girl of Spanish nature, was for Adam at once a revelation and a catastrophe. But if he was staggered he was also responsive, as in a former moment of poignancy he had vowed he would be. A strong and shuddering power took hold of his heart, and he felt the leap, the beat, the burn of his blood. When he lifted Margarita and gathered her in a close embrace it was more than a hot up-flashing of boyish passion that flushed his face and started tears from under his tight-shut eyelids. It was a sore hunger for he knew not what, a gratefulness that he could express only by violence, a yielding to something deeper and more far-reaching than was true of the moment.

Adam loosened Margarita's hold upon his neck and held her back from him so he could see her face. It was sweet, rosy. Her eyes were shining, black and fathomless as night.

"Girl, do you — love me?" he demanded; and if his voice broke with the strange eagerness of a boy, his look had all the sternness of a man.

"Ah!" whispered Margarita.

"You — you big-hearted girl!" he exclaimed, with a laugh that was glad, yet had a tremor in it. "Margarita, I — I must love you, too — since I feel so strange."

Then he bent to her lips, and from these first real kisses that had ever been spent upon him by a woman he realized in one flash his danger. He released Margarita in a consideration she did not comprehend; and in her pouting reproach, her soft-eyed appeal, her little brown hands that would not let go of him, there was further menace.

Adam, gay and teasing, yet kind and tactful, tried to find a way to resist her.

"*Señorita*, some one will see us," he said.

"Who cares?" Margarita flung out.

"But, child, we — we must think."

"*Señor*, no woman ever thinks when love is in her heart and on her lips."

Her reply seemed to rebuke Adam, for he sensed in it what might be true of life, rather than just of this one little girl, swayed by unknown and uncontrollable forces. She appeared to him then subtly and strongly, as if there was infinitely more than wilful love in her. But it did not seem to be the peril of her proffered love that restrained Adam, so much as the strange consciousness of the willingness of his spirit to meet hers half-way.

Suddenly Margarita's mood changed. She became like a cat that had been purring under a soft agreeable hand, and then had been stroked the wrong way.

"*Señor* think he love me?" she flashed at him, suddenly growing white.

"Yes — I said so — Margarita. Of course I do," he hastened to assure her.

"Maybe you — a gringo liar!"

Adam might have resented this insulting hint but for his uncertainty of himself, his consequent embarrassment, and his thrilling sense of the nearness of her blazing eyes. What a little devil she looked! He remembered again what Arallanes had called her. This did not antagonize Adam, but it gave him proof of his imprudence, of his dreaming carelessness. Margarita might not be a girl to whom he should have made love, but it was too late. Besides, he did not regret that.

"If the *grande Señor* trifle — Margarita will cut out his heart!"

This swift speech, inflexible and wonderful with a passion that revealed to Adam the half-savage nature of a woman whose race was alien to his, astounded and horrified him, and yet made his blood tingle wildly.

"Margarita, I do not trifle," replied Adam, earnestly. "God knows I'm glad you — you care for me. How have I offended you? What is it you want?"

"Let *Señor* swear he love me," she demanded, imperiously.

Adam answered to that with the wildness that truly seemed flashing more and more from him; and the laughter and boldness on his lips hid the gravity that had settled there. He was no clod. Under the softness of him hid a flint that struck fire.

As Margarita had been alluring and provocative, then as furious as a barbarian queen, so she now changed again to another personality in which it pleased her to be proud, cold, aloof, an outraged woman to be wooed back to tenderness. If, at the last moment of the walk home, Margarita evinced signs of another sudden transformation, Adam appeared not to note them. Leaving her in the dusk at the door where the *Señora* sat he strode away to the bank of the river. When he felt himself free and safe once more, he let out a great breath of relief.

"Whew! Now I've done it! . . . So she'd cut my heart out? — and I had to swear I loved her! The little savage! . . . But she's amazing — and she's adorable with all her cat-claws. Wouldn't Guerd rave over a girl like Margarita? . . . And here I am, standing on my two feet, in possession of all my faculties — Adam Larey, a boy who thought he had principles — yet now I'm a ranting lover of a dark-skinned, black-eyed slip of a greaser girl! It can't be true!"

With that outburst came sobering thought. Adam's resolve not to ponder and brood about himself was as if it had never been. He knew he would never make such a resolve again. For hours he strolled up and down the sandy bank, deep in thought, yet aware of the night and the stars, the encompassing mountains, and the silent, gleaming river, winding away in the gloom.

Adam at length gave up in despair, and went to bed, hoping in slumber to forget a complexity of circumstance and emotion that seemed to him an epitome of his callow helplessness. But slumber did not come. He thought how his spiritual development had been enlarged at the expense of his physical. He had an instinct to use his muscles in manly work or in a fight forced upon him, but this was all his equipment to cope with the desert. Yet what more did he need? The desert began to loom to Adam as a region inimicable to comfort and culture. He had almost decided that the physical nature of the desert was going to be good for him. But what of its spirit, mood, passion as typified by Margarita Arallanes?

He did not blind himself to her charm. He saw her to be a simple child of the desert, like an Indian, answering to savage impulses, wholly unconscious of what had been to him a breach of womanly reserve and restraint. Was she good or bad? How could she be bad if she did not know any better?

Thus Adam pondered and conjectured, and cursed his ignorance, and lamented his failings, all the time honest to acknowledge that he was fond of Margarita and drawn to her. About the only conclusion he formed from his perplexity was the one that he owed it to Margarita to live up to his principles. He could be kind and good to her, and ardent and good for her, and ardent and loving, too; and the stronger he was to resist the peril of her, the greater would be his service.

At this juncture he recollected Merryvale's significant remarks about the qualities needed by men who were to survive in the desert; and his nobler sentiments suffered a rout. He could not be himself as he wanted to be in this raw country. The suddenness, harshness, fierceness of the desert grafted different and combating qualities upon a man or else it snuffed him out, like a candle blown by a gusty wind. Adam had, however, already learned that it was not in him to quit.

Next morning, as every morning, the awakening was sweet, fresh, new, hopeful. Another day! And the wonderful dry keenness of the air, the color that made the earth seem a land of enchantment, were enough in themselves to make life worth living.

Margarita's repentance for her moods of yesterday took a material turn in the preparation of an unusually good breakfast for Adam. He was always hungry, and good meals were rare. Adam liked her attentions, and he encouraged them.

A boat had been expected for several days; and Adam looked forward to its arrival as a gala occasion. He hoped this one would bring skilled mechanics or new machinery or something that would start up the mill and end this idleness which he feared would presently invite disaster.

When some time later the boat did arrive Adam was among the first to meet it at the dock.

He encountered Mackay coming ashore in the company of a man and two women, one of whom was young. The manager showed a beaming face for the first time in many days. Repairs for the mill engine had come, and besides, Mackay had met friends of his from the coast who were on their way up the river to Ehrenberg, and thence by stage to Phoenix. Mackay at once introduced Adam to the party; and it so turned out that presently the manager, who was extremely busy, left his friends for Adam to entertain. They were people whom Adam liked immediately, and as the girl was strikingly pretty, it seemed to Adam that his task was more than agreeable.

He showed them around the little village and then explained how interesting it would be for them to see the gold mill. The girl was keen to go, but the mother preferred to sit in the shade on the river bank and watch the children play in the sand. So Adam escorted the daughter and devoted himself to her instruction and pleasure. That was a delightful hour. How long a time it seemed since he had been in the company of a girl like those he had known at home! She was merry, intelligent, a little shy. Upon returning to the river bank they walked a while among the mesquites.

He was invited aboard the boat to have luncheon with the mother and daughter. Everything tended to make this a red-letter day for Adam. The hours passed all too swiftly, and the time came for the boat to depart. Adam felt he was going to lose something. While bidding the girl good-bye he knew he held her hand closer and longer than he should have done. But she did not try to withdraw it! Then when the boat swung free from the shore Adam read in the girl's eyes the thought keen in his own mind — that they would never meet again. This incident of farewell seemed somehow poignant with regret. The round of circumstance might never again bring a girl like that into Adam's life, if it were to be lived in these untrodden ways. He waved his hand with all the eloquence which it would express. Then the obtruding foliage on the bank hid the boat, and the girl was gone.

Some of Mackay's laborers were working with unloaded freight on the dock. One of these was Regan, the little Irishman who had been keen to mark Adam on several occasions. He winked at Mackay and pointed to Adam.

"Mac, sure thot boy's a divil with the women!"

Mackay roared with laughter, and looked significantly past Adam as if this mirth was not wholly due to his presence alone. Some one else seemed implicated. Suddenly Adam turned. Margarita stood there; with face and mien of a tragedy queen, and it seemed to Adam that her burning black eyes did not see anything in the world but him. Then, with one of her swift actions, graceful and lithe, yet violent, she wheeled and fled.

"Oh, Lord!" murmured Adam, aghast at the sudden-dawning significance of the case. Mackay and Arallanes, and his friend Pat might laugh if it pleased them, but they were not in his boots. He had absolutely forgotten Margarita's existence. Probably he had passed her without seeing her. Most assuredly she had seen every move of his, and read his mind, too. Now what would she do? He could not see the humor of his situation at the moment, but as he took a short cut through the shady mesquites toward his hut, and presently espied Margarita in ambush, waiting to pounce upon him, he had to laugh. What fiendish glee this predicament of his would have aroused in his brother Guerd! Adam, the lofty, the supercilious, had come a cropper at last — such would have been Guerd's scorn and rapture!

Adam pretended not to see Margarita. She had selected a secluded spot in which to waylay him. He sheered away more to the right, hoping to put a still denser clump of mesquites between him and the river bank. Passing this point he breathed freer; but upon entering a little sunny glade, where the sand shone white and hot, he heard the thudding of soft swift footsteps.

Margarita came rushing upon him even as he turned. So swiftly she came that he could not get a good look at her, but she appeared a writhing, supple little thing, instinct with fury. Hissing Spanish maledictions she flung herself upward, and before he could ward her off, she had slapped and scratched his face, and beat wildly at him with flying brown fists. He thrust her away, but she sprang back. Then, suddenly hot with anger, he grasped her and jerking her off her feet, he shook her with far from gentle force, and did not desist till he saw that he was hurting her. Letting her down and holding her at arm's length he gazed hard at the white face, framed by disheveled black hair, and

I Have Grown Tired of a Tree

by Theodosia Garrison

Decoration by H. Devitt Welsh

I HAVE grown tired of a tree,
And had a mountain weary me
As might some guest who stays too long
After the feasting and the song;
But I have never tired at all
Of the city's ceaseless carnival,
Or mountains made of brick and stone,
Raised by the hands of man alone.

I have been weary by the sea,
But never where humanity
Surges like some deep tide that beats
Day-long against the city streets;
Better than gardens Spring-endowed,
The hundred faces of a crowd,
Each with its history that lies
Clear-writ between the mouth and eyes.

God made some lives for silent places,
And some for tumult and men's faces.
And some find peace in flower and herb,
And some on a crowded city curb.

H. Devitt Welsh

lighted by eyes so magnificently expressive of supreme passion that his anger was shocked into wonder and admiration. Desert eyes! Right there a conception dawned in his mind — he was seeing a spirit through eyes developed by the desert.

"Margarita!" he exclaimed, "are you a cat — that you ——"

"I hate you," she hissed, interrupting him. The expulsion of her breath, the bursting swell of her breast, the quiver of her whole lissom body, all amazed Adam. Such a little girl, such a frail strength, such a deficient brain to hold all that passion! What would she do if she had real cause for wrath?

"Ah, Margarita, you don't mean that. I didn't do anything. Let me tell you."

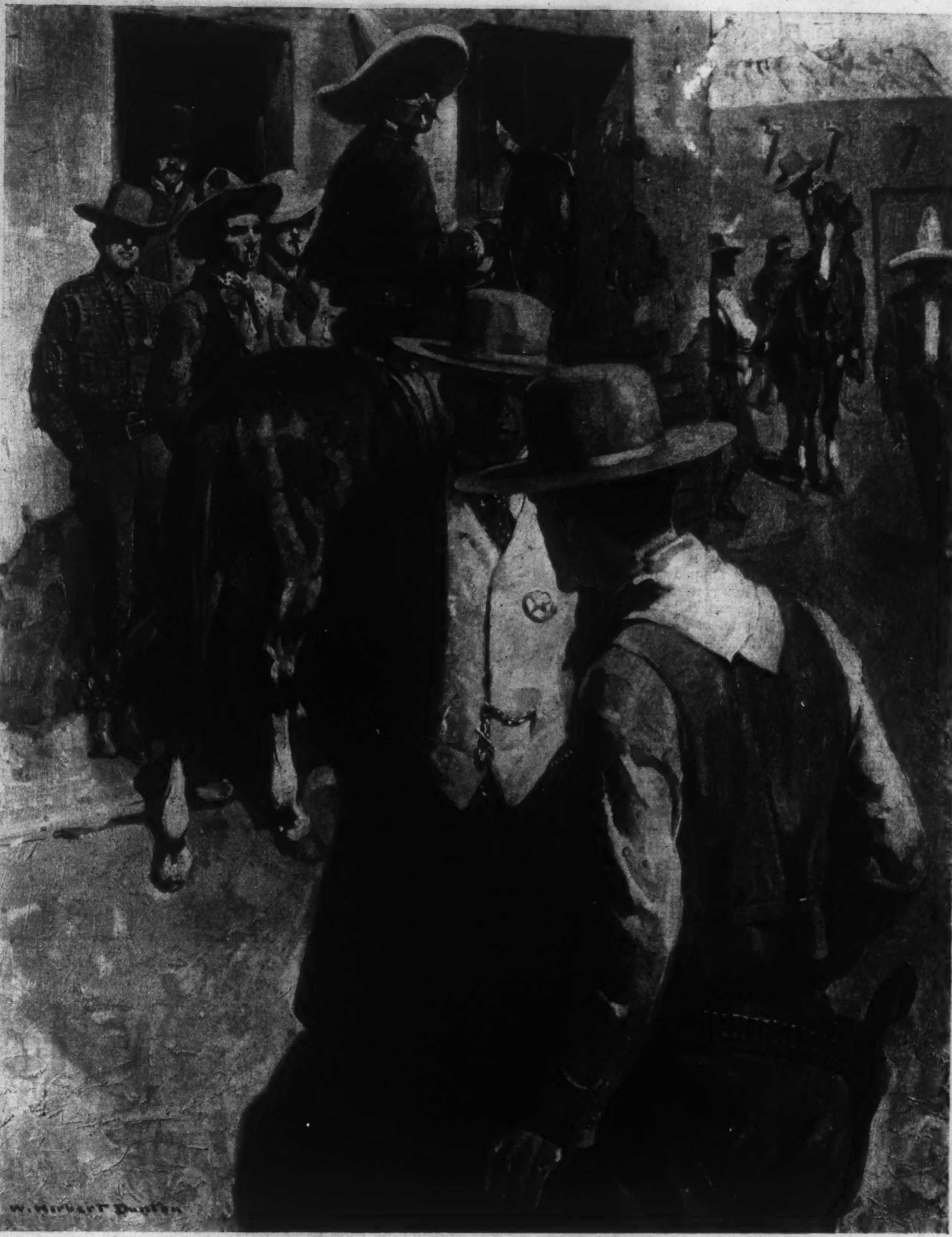
She repeated her passionate utterance, and Adam saw that he could no more change her then than he could hope to move the mountain. Resentment stirred in him.

"Well," he burst out, boyishly, "if you're so darned fickle as that I'm glad you do hate me."

Then he released his hold on her arms, and turning away without another glance in her direction, he strode from the glade. He took the gun he had repaired and set off down the river trail. When he got into the bottomlands of willow and cottonwood he glided noiselessly along, watching and listening for game of some kind. Tracks were not infrequent, but he did not hear or see any sign of bird or beast to shoot. All creatures of the wild, like the human denizens, were resting and sleeping away the hot hours of midday. For Adam to burn and to sweat under the sun were rather pleasant sensations. Nevertheless he kept to the shady places, resting upon every log or inviting place, and he did not exert himself when in action.

Being low down he could not see through the thickets or the scattered groups of trees, and only occasionally did he come out into an open place that led to the river bank. The intense silence, deadness, lifelessness of the bottomlands fascinated Adam, and drew him on and on, as if to penetrate to the densest coverts. But he did not see even a bird. He could not hear the slightest sound. Still the fresh tracks in the dust told him that living creatures had gone down to the water not long since. Adam rested more often, choosing the shady seats under the cottonwoods, and the feeling of lonesomeness and watchfulness grew upon him. It held a vague yet great content. It was a lazy idle dreaming state, in which he did not want anything to happen. The feeling seemed familiar, yet he knew he was only beginning to have it.

About the middle of the afternoon he retraced his steps as far back as the point he had descended into the bottomlands; and here, turning to the right, he ascended a low scaly slope that was the first rise of the rough ground above the river valley. The characters of earth and plant were strikingly different from those in the lowlands.



"I'm not much of a gambler, Collishaw," said Adam, "but I'll bet you a stack of gold twenties against your fancy vest that Guerd never collects a dollar of his crooked deal"

Sight of these unknown trees, and of a strange cacti, reminded Adam of the young girl who had walked with him only a few hours past and had evinced such keen interest in these desert growths. Adam sighed. She was gone, far up the river; and somehow he regretted it. He shook off a memory he considered sentimental nonsense. Could not he meet a nice girl without being moon-struck? Then he remembered Margarita and her jealous fury. What a little tigress! He laughed, and ruefully felt of the red welts and scratches upon his face. Strange that he no longer resented the outrage of her attack upon him!

In the wide mouth of a wash not more than a mile from the village Adam halted to admire some exceedingly beautiful trees.

As he walked around to the side toward the river he heard a cry. Wheeling quickly he espied Margarita running toward him, evidently from the river-trail, down which he had gone some hours since. She had seen him and she was close. Adam strode to meet her, first with surprise and concern, and then as she neared him, with perturbation. Margarita's hair was flying. Blood showed on her white face. She had torn her dress.

"Margarita!" cried Adam, as he reached her. "What's the matter?"

She was so out of breath she could scarcely speak.

"Felix — he hide back there — in trail," she panted. "Margarita watch — she know — she go round — find *Señor* — tell him!"

The girl labored under extreme agitation which, however, did not seem to be fright.

"Felix? You mean the Mexican who drew a knife on your father? The fellow I threw around — up at Picacho?"

"*Si, Señor,*" replied Margarita, with a catch in her low voice.

"Well, what of it? Why does Felix hide up in the trail?"

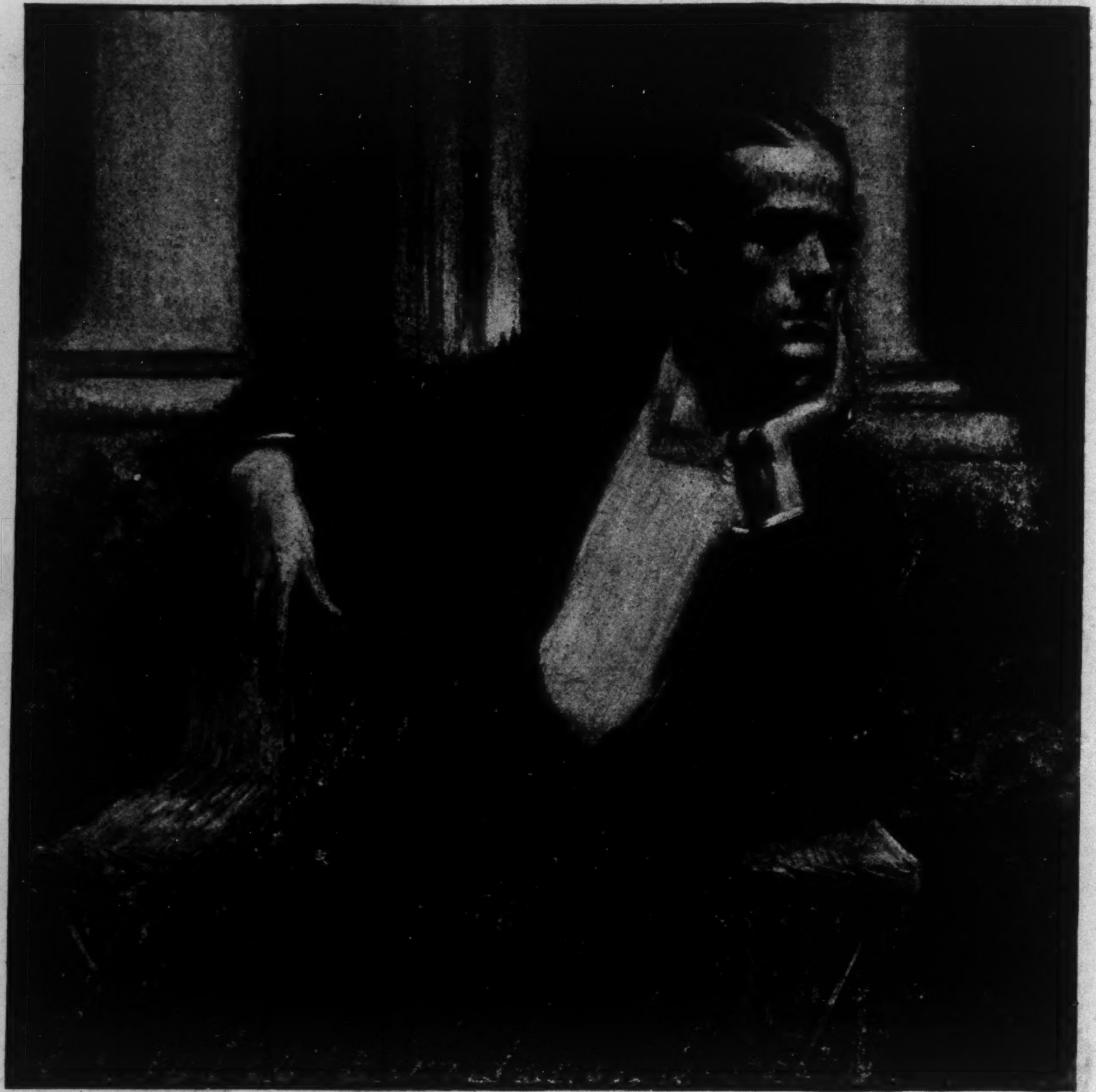
"Felix swore revenge. He kill you."

"Oh-ho! . . . So that's it," ejaculated Adam, and he whistled his surprise. A hot tight sensation struck deeply inside him. "Then you came to find me — warn me?"

She nodded vehemently and clung to him, evidently wearied and weakening.

"Margarita, that was good of you," said Adam, earnestly, and he led her out of the sun into the shade of the tree. With his handkerchief he wiped the blood from thorn scratches on her cheek. The dusky eyes shone with a vastly different light from the lurid hate of a few hours back. "I thank you, girl, and I'll not forget it. . . . But why did you run out in the sun and through the thorns to warn me?"

"*Señor* know now — he kill Felix before Felix kill him," replied Margarita, in [*Continued on page 71*]



"You look dreadfully," said Helen. "I think you're the most unreason-

Clippings

The Victory of the Woman Who Understood

"On Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen W. Mead will give a large dinner and dance at the Golf and Country Club. On Friday, the Alton B. Masons will entertain at dinner the Committee on Arrangements for the Charity Ball, of which Mrs. Mead is Chairman. On Friday, a special performance of Florodora will be given by the Amateur Comedy Club, for the benefit of the County Orphanage. Among the boxholders are Mr. and Mrs. Stephen W. Mead. . . ."

IN the first instant of his recovery, and before his imagination had caught up with the clock, he felt as though he had been unconscious for at least an hour. He was bewildered to find himself in the same room, and among the same people. In the next instant, however, his sense of hearing confirmed his sense of sight, and he realized that his vertigo couldn't have endured for more than a few seconds. Not even the topics of conversation had changed. With a pronounced reaction of infestivity, Stephen drew a deep and cautious breath, and wondered what it was that had happened to him.

An analogy crept into his mind, and distressed him. It was only yesterday that half-way up a hill the clutch of his roadster had unexpectedly slipped, and given him a startling impression of helplessness, plus insecurity. To-night, it was as though his mentality had likewise slipped its clutch, and for a breathless interlude, left him no control over the workings of his brain. There was this defect in the analogy; the engine of his motor had raced free, while Stephen's brain had simply ceased to function.

His furtive survey of the table proved that no one had detected him in his weakness. This relieved him somewhat; but there remained a considerable residue of embarrassment, and a very constricting aftermath of alarm. He shook his head briskly, to see if the exertion made him dizzy. It did. He resolved to drink a glass of water, and watched his own hand carefully, to see if it trembled. It did. So these were what the doctor had meant by the premonitory symptoms of a nervous breakdown. He had laughed at the doctor, and made flippant comments; so that the present occasion cost him more shame, and more resentment, than it costs a beautiful woman to admit that she has lost both her beauty and her youth.

Nor was he prepared to admit, even now, that the doctor's judgment was sound. The room was too warm; his collar was too tight; the day had been exceptionally oppressive. A dozen years ago, Stephen had been one of a little group to trot out into a great amphitheatre, and battle with another little group for possession of a muddy football, while half of the forty thousand spectators used his name in apprehension, and the balance of them never used it in vain. In the springtime of those other years, he had sat with his friends in a fragile shell, and rowed the enemy into complete submission. He had gone blithely into the gymnasium one rainy afternoon, and emerged blithely from it, an hour later, as a record-holder — the strongest man, according to the modern system of determining strength, who had ever attended his university. The record was to-day unbroken. And Stephen, sitting reticent at the head of the table, was said by his doctor to be on the verge of breakdown.

THE woman at his right was still talking and Stephen said to himself that her inflections were buttered. That was it — buttered. Her smooth affectations filled him with an hysterical desire to throw something at her. Of a sudden, he wanted to drop back limply, and laugh away his contempt for himself, and his wife, and his guests, and the whole of society. He was committed to the payment of twelve dollars a plate for the best of all possible Country Club dinners, and the effect upon his guests was no greater than if he had fed them on ham and eggs. It was utter farce, and utter wastage, when the credit of the nations was tottering, and Stephen's own credit was a matter of perhaps no later than to-morrow.

In connection with this last idea he reviewed the distressing fact that Amy would never let him mention money to her, except in terms of immediate endowment. She used to say: "Now, *dearest* — just tell me what I can have, but *please* don't explain why you can't give me any more. Figures are little Satans to me."

His forehead had become queerly cold, and he wanted to shut his eyes, and go to sleep; but at this juncture, a demi-tasse was put before him, and when he had swallowed it, he felt that his brain had been dragged involuntarily back to the arena. The girl on his left turned toward him, and Stephen shuddered. He doubted whether he could compel himself to carry on a conversation. "I haven't meant to be rude to you," she said, confidentially. "You know that, don't you?"

He regarded her with stolid inquiry. "You couldn't be rude to anybody," he said.

She laughed a little, and he was vaguely refreshed. She was a brown-eyed, brown-haired little girl, with a certain downright manner which even in his supreme languor, he found attractive. He struggled for an adjective to fit her, but his mind refused the jump. He tried to remember her name, and couldn't. Nor could he remember anything in her demeanor to suggest rudeness. Indeed, for the past half-hour he had been grateful to her because she had been monopolized by some one else.

She laughed a little, and took away her attention, but Stephen was aware, through the haze of his thoughts, that she had been sympathetic. He sat listlessly staring at his cup.

There was an interlude of idyllic blankness. Presently, and with no recollection of the effort, he was standing at the door of the ballroom, and Amy was at his elbow. She was the most ethereal woman he had ever known; delicate of feature, flower-like of complexion, slender and altogether flawless, she awed him even now with her exquisite presence. He had said to her, once, that whenever he took her in his arms he felt like a North Woods lumberjack holding a lady's child.

"You were awfully stupid at dinner, dear. *Do* pull yourself together for the rest of the evening, won't you?"

Stephen looked down at her, and hesitated. If her tone had held the faintest imaginable trace of annoyance he would certainly have lost restraint of himself, and slain her with words; but Amy was never provocative. She had the continuous ability to make him feel like a brute, when in the previous moment he had felt like a martyr.

"I'll do the best I can, Amy. I'm pretty tired."

Unseen, she squeezed his hand, and at the contact, Stephen felt like a brute. He also scorned himself for his slip of the tongue. Fatigue was a sign of inferiority.

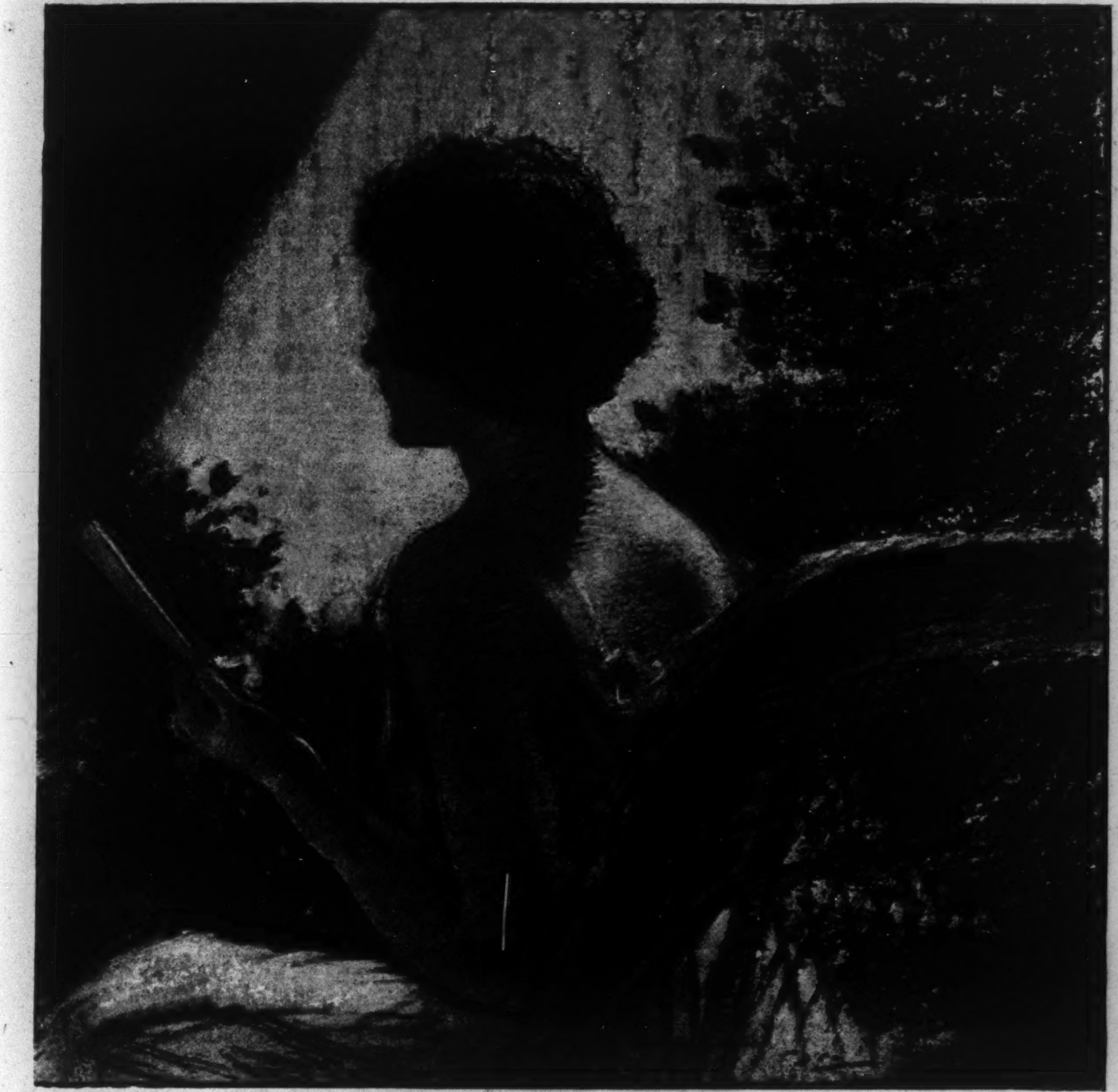
"Of course you are, poor old boy. But this is my only dance this season. We owe it to each other to make it a success, don't we? It's a perfect shame — only I'm afraid you ought to go the rounds. Don't you think so yourself?"

"That's ten dances, anyway." Stephen's mouth twitched at the prospect.

"Only ten, dear. But I told them to have good intermissions — that'll be a help. And think of poor little me. There are lots more people coming in."

Stephen wet his lips. "How late's it going to last?"

"Oh, I engaged the orchestra until half-past two."



able man I ever knew and just about the stupidest and the finest!"

by Holworthy Hall

Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor

She put her hand on his arm. "Why don't you hurry up and get your duty dances over with, honey? There's that nice Raymond girl. Ask her first, why don't you?"

Obediently, Stephen approached the Raymond girl. There was practically no use in hoping that she didn't dance, but Stephen hoped it, nevertheless. Thin-lipped, he bowed to Miss Raymond, and asked if he might have the pleasure of a one-step.

She glanced at him, and smiled. "To tell the truth," she said in her oddly confidential manner, "I'm not quite ready to dance yet. It's frightfully warm in here, too. Would you mind so very much if we went and just sat it out on the loggia?"

With all the emotions of a liberated peon, he followed her. Out through the living-room of the club they went, to the fresh air. There were seductive wicker chairs in the foreground, but she passed them by; and Stephen, despoiled of resistance, followed on. She turned into a small squared recess, and there she halted. The recess held two of the wicker chairs.

"This is restful," he said spontaneously.

"I thought you'd like it."

He sat down wearily, like an old man. "Will you smoke a cigarette, Miss Raymond? . . . Then may I?"

To his unlimited amazement, she put out her hand in protest. "Please don't smoke any more."

"I . . . I beg your pardon?" He had never dreamed of any but the formal response to his formal request. He felt cheated, and outraged.

"Please don't smoke any more. You've smoked a dozen already, and it's the worst thing you could possibly do."

Her tone was irresistibly gentle, and persuasive, and Stephen had no surplus will-power to use in combat. He inspected the cigarette, and sighed. "I suppose it is, but a man has to do *something* to keep going."

She was looking steadily at him, and yet there was no hint of coquetry about her. Her attitude reminded him of the doctor's.

"What is it — business?" she asked.

For a score of years, Stephen had prided himself upon his suppression of all data concerning the state of his health. A man should be tireless, energetic, virile; and when these qualities eluded him, he ought to counterfeit them. Now, he was suddenly moved to confession by a girl he scarcely knew.

"Things are sort of piling up," he said lamely. "I don't suppose it's so much that, though, as it is the weather."

"How long do you spend in your office, Mr. Mead?"

"Why, for the last month, I've averaged about ten or eleven hours."

"And then you go out every night, and stay up until one or two o'clock, and drug yourself with coffee and tobacco. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I'm sorry I've been so patent," he said. "I know I wasn't very much of a genial host at dinner."

"Don't be silly! And please throw that cigarette away. . . . Thank you. I watched you all through dinner."

"Did you?" Stephen's embarrassment returned.

There was a long delay before she spoke again. "Pretty soon," she said, "we'll have to go back and have light poured in our eyes and noise in our ears. Let's sit and be quiet. I'm sure it isn't *my* province to scold you; and I don't want to, and I don't believe you want me to. Was there ever a nicer night anywhere, I wonder?"

Stephen was very comfortable, and the soft air was ineffably soothing. He ventured to close his eyes to rest them; he told himself that it was only for a transient moment, and after that, he must positively stir himself and be entertaining; but his volition was feeble, and perished easily. While he was planning to revive it, the world slipped away on velvet.

Slowly and graciously, the world returned to meet him half-way. His first submerged realization was of a strange influence, peaceful, trustworthy, companionable; the realization grew in clearness until it was active, and until he sensed that it was personal, and then he was awake, and he was holding tightly to a soft, firm hand, which suddenly detached itself, and escaped. The sensation was as though he had been cut adrift from peace. Stephen sat up, bewildered. He couldn't orient himself; he couldn't connect the present with the past.

FROM beside him in the dim evening, a girl laughed gently. "I wasn't holding hands," she said in a humorous undertone. "That's the scientific way to wake people up, so they won't be startled. It was a crime to do it, but there are half a dozen couples on the loggia, and I heard Mrs. Mead asking for you."

Stephen's perceptions had become acute, and he was burning with renewed chagrin. At dinner, his mortification had been severe enough, but the cause was involuntary. Now he had done his worst, and gone to sleep, and there was no apology to fit the circumstance. What would Amy say? What would Amy *not* say? "Good Lord!" he stammered. "Good *Lord!* Miss Raymond, I . . . How long was I . . . "

Her tone was reassuringly casual. "Only three dances. Possibly an hour. You don't need to be so apprehensive, Mr. Mead — I've had a beautiful time, sitting here and thinking. Aren't you better?"

"Better!" he echoed. "Better! I'm *new.* But . . . but what a . . . I never was so insulting to anybody in my life! Honestly. It was ghastly, inexcusable. I — how are you ever going to forgive me?"

"I don't have to forgive you," she said. "No one's had time to miss you yet. Or me, either. We'd better go in now, though, hadn't we?"

Stephen rose, too, and detained her. "You don't mean to say you . . . you came out here *purposely* to do this!"

"Far from it," she said lightly. "I wanted the air, and I thought it would be nice to have a vacation. It's too bad you have to know *I* knew you were napping. If it weren't for that, you wouldn't be sitting on thorns at all. Now, would you? Well, let's have it for our secret. I'll never tell until you do. Bargain?"

"Miss Raymond." He impulsively caught at her hand. "I'm a brainless wonder and all that, but — you're marvelous. I don't know what there is I can say to you. It's so futile I'm not even going to try. Let's go and dance."

"You're a very tired man," she said, seriously. "And you've had all the dances I'm going to give you to-night, and if you don't behave yourself properly, you'll end up some day in a nice country sanitarium. Men never *do* know how to take care of themselves."

He was deeply touched by the unusual circumstance; and he knew that not one woman in a hundred thousand would have combined the vision, the thoughtfulness, the courage, and the maternal kindness to do what the little brown-haired girl had done for him. He could hardly wait to tell Amy about it. It would seem funny to Amy, and rather awful, but unless he misunderstood his wife completely, she would exalt Miss Raymond for having guarded him. The two women ought to be friends. They were so opposite in type that they ought to be inseparable.

"I'm too baffled to say what I think," he told her awkwardly. "But you're so clever, perhaps you can guess it."

"Sh-h!" she warned him. "We'll slink around by the side-door, and nobody'll ever know."

Ordinarily, he was neither a sentimental man, nor a demonstrative man, but at the side entrance, he took her arm and gave it the merest pressure of appreciation.

"You're a dear girl," said Stephen, gravely. He knew that he was thirty-five; he judged that she was twenty-two; and he risked the valediction. "You're a very dear girl. I want Mrs. Mead to know you a whole lot better."

A quarter of an hour later, when he had finished a dutiful and exhausting fox-trot with the lady of the buttered accents, he caught an optical signal from Amy, and went across to her.

"Don't make any engagements for next Tuesday night, dearest," said Amy, sweetly. "We're dining at the Masons. Mrs. Mason just spoke to me. It's all right for you, isn't it?"

With Mrs. Mason herself at his elbow, and Amy, wistfully appealing, before him, Stephen said that it was all right.

AT two o'clock, when he helped Amy out of the limousine at their own door, she asked him why he had been so silent. Was her poor boy so tired, then? Never mind; Sunday was the day after to-morrow, no one would disturb him, and he could sleep like a teetotum.

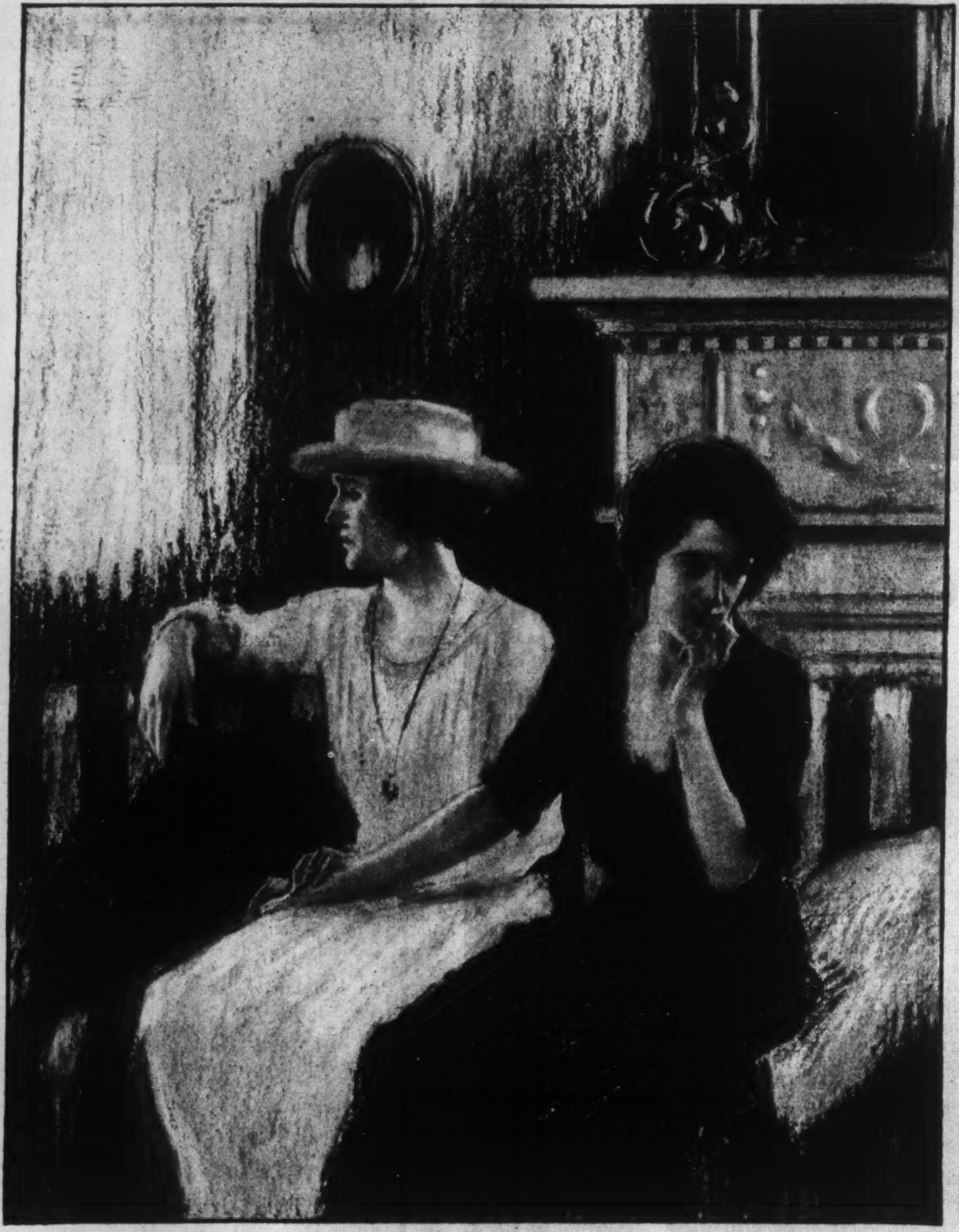
He pretended not to hear her, for, as a matter of truth, he had been silent for two reasons. One of them had to do with the girl on the loggia, and the other had to do with Amy. He was wondering what earthly justification she had had for looking wistful, when she delivered the Mason invitation. The Meads averaged five evenings out of seven in social turmoils; so that Amy couldn't profess to be neglected. Before her marriage, Amy had lived in an unfashionable suburb, on an unfashionable income, and envied from afar the circle of which she was now a member. Stephen had opened the gate of reality to her, and for three years she had basked in the sunshine of an acknowledged position, and unquestioned popularity. She loved her status in life, and she never tired of it. Stephen understood this, and until his recent losses, he had gloried in his ability to fulfill her visionings. But it was now three years—and Amy's pace had never faltered. Indeed, it had accelerated. And her financial horizon had entirely disappeared.

"I said, are you truly so tired, darling? I'm tired, too—awfully tired."

Stephen forgot the lecture he had meant to read her. She was his wife, diminutive and precious, and there was one mark of affectionate strength which invariably charmed and gratified her. He gathered her into his arms, and carried her up the broad stairway to the second landing. There, as he set her down, and she clung to him, and said pretty, extravagant things about his giant's prowess, his mentality slipped its clutch, and she saw his expression.

"Why, Stephen, dear! Stephen! What's the matter? Are you ill, darling? *Are* you? Oh, don't look like that, Stephen! Tell me what to *do*—"

He brushed at his forehead, and laughed shakily. The University strong-man shrank from appearing fragile to a wife who, although literally fragile, had greater social endurance than he. "I'm all right. Touch of indigestion, I guess." His brain cleared, and Amy brightened at the evidence.



"He kissed you! I know he did!" said Amy, broken-heartedly. "Yes, he did. That should have been yours. It wasn't for me—it was for sympathy," Helen answered

"Oh! I'm so sorry, dear. Soda and hot water? I'll get it for you. We've got to be all fit for to-morrow night, you know, giant, haven't we? To-morrow night, and one more, and then Sunday—the blessed Sabbath Day. Won't we enjoy it, though?"

Stephen had the words on his lips. "Will we?" But he destroyed them. He had spent the last eight Sundays at his office, and toiled as though the day were purely secular. The coming Sunday would offer no exception.

We'll try to, Amy. Don't you bother about the soda. I know where it is. I'm all right, anyway."

She sighed from a clear conscience. "Well, we can call it a successful party, anyhow, can't we? Aren't you proud of me for being so economical? The whole affair didn't cost quite four hundred dollars. . . . But while I think of it, dear, I'd be just a tiny little bit more circumspect, if I were you. I'm not criticizing you, exactly, but you sat out so *many* dances with that Raymond girl. . . . I'm not the least tiny bit piqued, darling, but I'd hate to have any old cats be sorry for *me*. Do you see what I mean, dear?"

He saw, and he was abruptly convinced that he would gain nothing by telling her of his experience on the loggia.

"A preliminary meeting of the creditors of S. W. Mead and Company was held at the offices of the company yesterday afternoon at three o'clock. Several suggestions were put forward, including one to capitalize the present indebtedness of the company by an issue of seven per cent. ten-year bonds, but no definite action was taken. After the meeting it was stated by the Chairman that application will be made for a receiver. The local quotations for the common stock yesterday were 14 bid, 16 asked. It will be remembered that four years ago this stock sold as high as 148½. . . ."

DURING the month, he had seen her on only five occasions, and on three of them he had lacked the opportunity of exchanging a single unintercepted phrase. The other two were epochal. Amy had mislaid him at an amateur musicale for the Armenian and Syrian Relief, and without warning he had come face to face with Helen Raymond, and shared sixty priceless minutes with her.

When he said good-bye, he was despairing of another such peaceful occasion, but on the following Saturday afternoon, when he had been overcome by lassitude, and so had gone out for his first golf of the season, and was feeling like a thief of time, he met her, quite by chance, at the caddy-house, played nine abominable holes with her; and then sat under the trees in conversation until the afternoon was over. There was a touch of romantic guilt about this, for Amy had spoken as though Miss Raymond were a person to be avoided—that is, by Stephen.

He found it difficult to comprehend why, on such a brief acquaintance, he should feel such unreserved friendship toward her. She had given him one great example of her altruism, but that of itself appealed to him as a basis for gratitude, and not necessarily as a basis for the attachment he felt.

Her fascination for him was divided between her personal attractions, and her inward self. Few critics would have lauded her as beautiful, but she had lovely, translucent eyes, and a mouth which stood as a Creator's masterpiece. She was inherently a positive and not a negative character; she was intolerant of the little shams and counter-shams of life, and not in the least sensitive to the arbitrary standards set by other people. She reminded Stephen of George Moore's platform: "Conventions! I put my foot through them!" And yet she was conventional enough to satisfy his respect for her sex.

It hurt him appreciably to learn that he could discuss with her a large number of subjects which were tabu to Amy; not because Amy—or any one else—could remotely disapprove of them, but because Amy was disinclined to be serious about anything but social diplomatics.

Miss Raymond told him, bluntly, that she was less absorbed in men than in the circumstances which had made them what they were, and in the ambitions which would make them something better. Her ingenuousness threw him off his balance, and before he knew it, he had again broken his strict resolution to keep his own counsel.

He talked to Helen about his business; and he told more in a few minutes than Amy had been willing to hear in three years. He described the earlier years which had made him, at thirty, the president of a million dollar organization; and then how the War had treated manufacturer in only [*Continued on page 45*]

"I have found three conspicuous types in every radical group. Humanity Savers, men of titanic egos; Dilettantes, weak men who are carried away by fads, and the rank and file which contains many silent and sinister fanatics"

Psychologizing the Reds

The Report of an Observer Who Has Lived Among Them

by Harold Lord Varney

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

IS RADICALISM a philosophy or is it only a temperament? This question is an important one for America. Upon the reply will hinge our future labor policies.

Several years ago one of our middle western cities was threatened with a severe attack of I. W. W.-itis. Blood-curdling speeches were being delivered in the Wobbly Hall and printed manifestoes were being scattered at factory gates. Something must be done! Frightened business men got together and a committee, white lipped and all "het up," visited the Mayor and demanded the forcible suppression of the I. W. W. — he was urged to clap the leaders in jail. It happened that the Mayor of this city was a man wise to the ways of radicals. He listened smilingly to his frightened constituents, but wouldn't hear to their idea of suppression.

"It won't work," he objected. "They'll only capitalize it and get a gang of these moneyed Parlor Socialists to back them up. And they'll be back on our hands again in a few months, a durned sight stronger. But leave it to me! I'll get rid of the I. W. W. in three months in this town, *and they won't come back*. Give me three months."

The committee went away assenting, but unconvinced. They would let the Mayor have his three months, but they stubbornly told themselves that he would come to suppression in the end. Why couldn't they have a sensible mayor who would act now?

At the end of three months there wasn't an I. W. W. left in town. There was a "For Rent" sign posted on Wobbly Hall, and the Wobblies have never been revived in that city to this day. How did the Mayor do it? It was really too easy. Just by laughter — laughter, the subtlest, deadliest, most unanswerable weapon that can be launched against any propaganda.

The quaking committee had scarcely left the City Hall when the Mayor began telephoning to local newspapers. Soon there was a gathering in his office of alert young reporters. They were closeted together for half an hour — a mirthful half hour, to judge from the laughter heard through the closed door. Things went on as usual for a time. The Mayor suppressed no I. W. W. meetings. On the contrary, he attended a couple of them himself, sitting in jovial conspicuousness in the front row.

Then the reporters tore loose; the I. W. W. suddenly sprang into the headlines. Its shabby little meetings were reported with a wealth of detail. Their own propaganda had been a solemn and martyrous sort of thing. It had painted a majestic, heroic I. W. W. to the restless working classes of the city. But this newspaper publicity was flaunting an I. W. W. uproariously different. It was a publicity full of burlesque and satires and loaded puffs. It shattered all the pretensions of the I. W. W. to serious purpose. It threw daily silhouettes of bewhiskered and stuttering I. W. W. Messiahs at which the city laughed in glee. No organization could be taken seriously in the face of such caricature. Nor could the organization itself remain unmoved.

The upshot of it all was that the I. W. W.'s dropped their tragic pose; they quit taking themselves seriously. Big crowds were attracted to the meetings by the lavish publicity. These crowds came to be amused and so, unconsciously at first, the previously stern agitators forsook their humanity-saving rôles and dropped into the parts the press had given them. They gave a good show and they got good collections, but there was no longer any I. W. W. menace in that city.

At the end of three months the fad had played out, the audiences had dropped to nothing, the I. W. W. Local had dissolved amidst snarling recriminations and the spellbinders had moved on to more promising fields. In that city to this day to mention the I. W. W. is to be greeted with broad, reminiscent smiles. The Mayor had made good his promise.

The moral of this incident is not the literal one, for probably few I. W. W. or Socialist crises could be handled in exactly this way. The circumstances in other cities might compel quite different action. What may be helpful elsewhere is not the particular tactics, but the general method. And that method is the method of psychologizing the Radical situation. The Mayor purged his city of revolutionists, by simply treating them as human beings — very vain human beings, as it developed. He studied them, not as a philosophy, but as a group of men and women. He learned, not their beliefs, but their motives. And when he had mastered their motives, the tactics to be employed were obvious, and one assault blasted away the I. W. W.

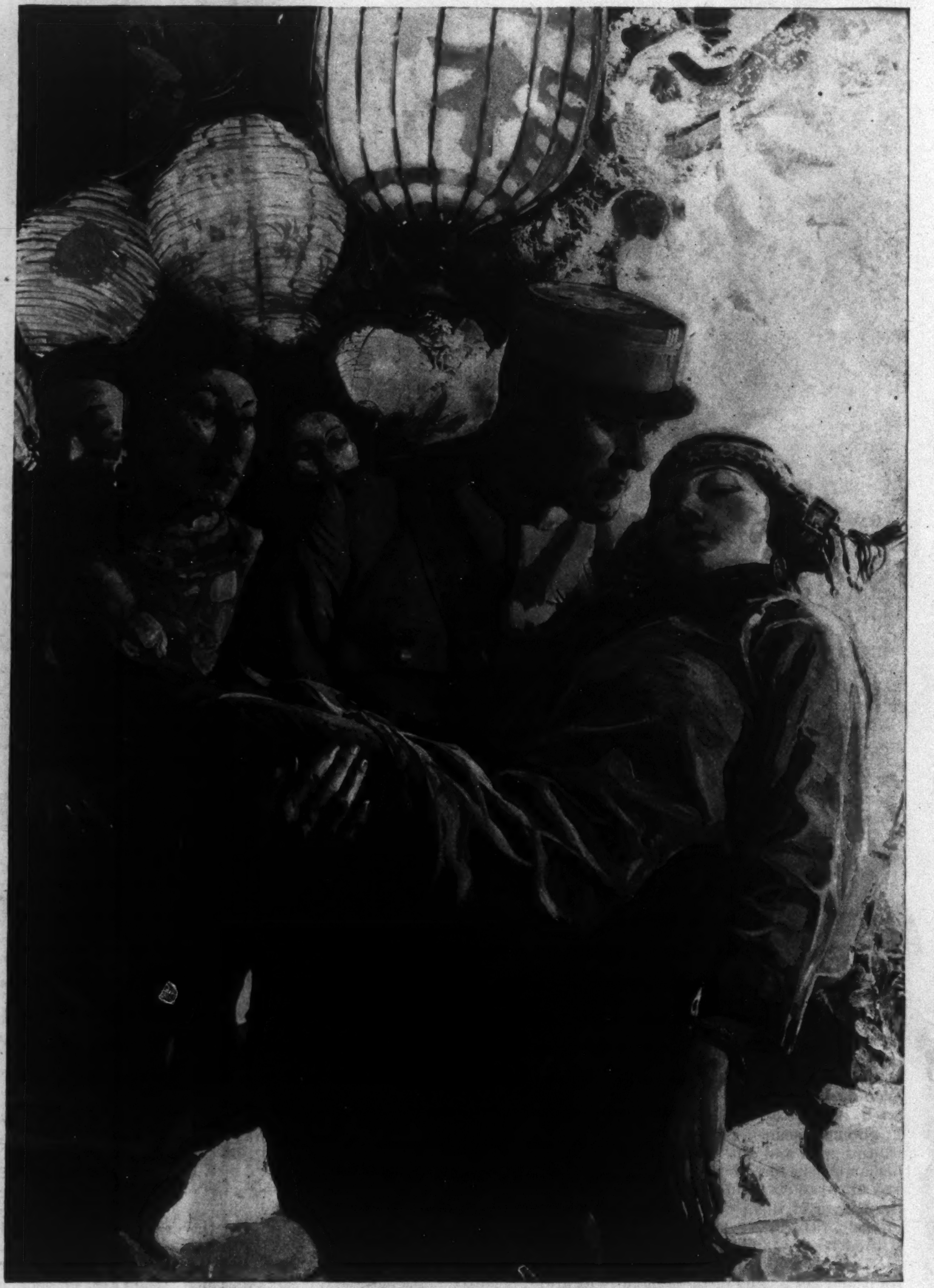
All radicals are, like the I. W. W. of this western city, surprisingly vulnerable to such tactics. The radical problems which baffle our officials from time to time would not be half as baffling if they were met by an intelligent understanding of human nature — radical human nature. We have been too busy studying radical books to study radical people. We have been too prone to credit the printed word

[*Continued on page 51*]

The Golden Dragon

Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory

In Which Western Ingenuity Matches



Kang Yu-pei picked Mei-li up, clasping her unnecessarily close, and,

WAN-LI was in disgrace. She was to be spurned from beneath her husband's rooftree and sent back to the house of her father. This was because of unfilial behavior toward her august mother-in-law, an offense against a basic tenet of Confucian propriety, therefore deserving of punishment correspondingly grave. Broadly, her crime lay in scattering heresies of the western world through the sleepy conservatism of a family whose face was set rigidly backward toward tradition; specifically, she was accused of corrupting the heart of Mei-li, her sister-in-law, whose modern experience of "ascending the dragon" is related herein.

Sitting alone within the inner chamber, Wan-li tried rebelliously, but sorrowfully, to repress her despair; and, indeed, her face as inscrutably masked the tragedy weighting her spirit as did the Buddhistic repose of the old mansion, whose ochered walls and dragon-curved roofs had dreamed through so many other crises in evanescent human lives.

But inside the gate of the outer entrance was an expression, audible at least, of her misfortune — the vicarious grief and rage of a hired servant. Wen-chun, her old *amah*, reviled the progenitors of her master's household, even unto remote generations. For three hours the old woman had lain beneath the archway, calling down curses upon the Lus. This was her right, according to custom, and the indignity to the family was one that must be borne.

Within the innermost chamber, old Mrs. Lu, whose paternal will had been flouted and her potent wrath roused, strove in vain to shut out the servant's shrieking indictments. Her maids had brought tea and heated rice-wine, and the old lady's favorite priest had been summoned from a neighboring monastery; still Mrs. Lu's anger waxed. A horn-beaked drug wizard arrived in haste from his noisome apothecary shop at the village gate, and proposed to burn her shoulders with a heated *cash*, designed to diminish her choler. But to his patient this prescription was so repugnant that he had both the wisdom and the anxiety to depart, passing quickly away to his more tranquil pursuit of mingling powdered beetles with muttered necromancy.

Then the priest came, with candle and sickly-sweet incense; he administered fragrant cups of rose-wine, for which his cloister was renowned, and chanted prayers; from time to time he struck a melodious gong. Cotton was stuffed into the old lady's ears, and peace presently closed her eyelids.

Without, in the gateway, the clamor persisted. Wen-chun forgot none of the vices of the illustrious Lus; she left no family skeleton unexhumed. If the Lus had virtues she mentioned them not; and their faults rose from her tongue like a procession of ugly crows — as many as the teeth of Buddha — blackening the sunlight with the unwholesomeness of their hue. It was an example of genealogical research that indicated how thoroughly the family of Wan-li had pursued their go-between inquiries before exchanging the red cards of betrothal. And Wen-chun now labeled them all blackguards of doubtful birth, even those dusty antiquaries who had served the ancient Mings.

Recital of these scandals — although, by the devious persuasions of the oriental mind, the process was efficacious in the saving of "face" for her — did not assuage the bitterness that filled Wan-li. Her imagination invoked the sorrows that were inevitable to the divorced woman, for whom there is nowhere a welcome even in her father's house. She knew that until her latest hour shame must cover the woman cast from a husband's couch. She pictured the winter of her days, alone, without mate or child, eating the bitter rice of her family's charity. The words of a poet came to her mind, and she repeated them, sighingly, under her breath:

> "Rudely torn may be a cotton mantle, yet a skillful hand may join it;
> Snapped in twain be the string where pearls are threaded, yet the thread all swiftly knotted;
> But a husband and his wife, once parted, never more may meet."

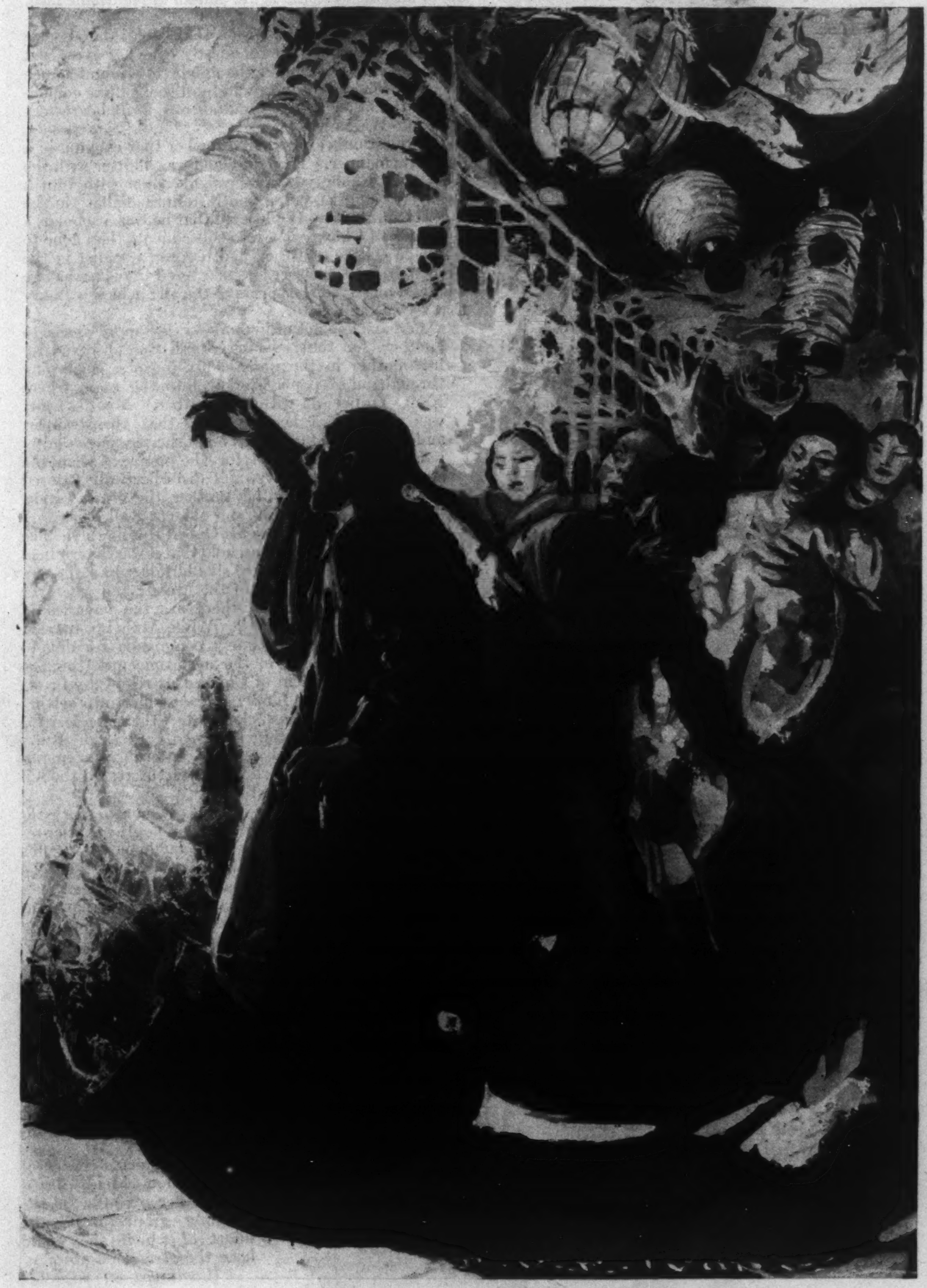
It is a fiction in the western world that love does not dwell by the Chinese hearth. Wan-li was one of many millions of contradictions to this ill-considered theory. She could have borne the forthcoming separation from her mother-in-law, but unfortunately for the tranquillity of her heart, she was over-fond of her husband. For this reason she found it difficult, in view of the issue, to reconcile the event of her unfilial piety with the kindly motive that had inspired it. She had designed only the innocent happiness of Mei-li, but had enraged the dragon of Confucian propriety. While the shrill clamor, shrewish and strident, continued to filter through the walls of her retreat from the rasped throat of her servant, her mind, like the steps of a miscreant seeking the scene of his deeds, groped backward over the course of her progress toward disgrace.

The matter began with her entrance into this old-fashioned household; though, in a way, the beginning lay in her education, with its bursts of illumination from the great West. She was, for China, a new woman; and, through an ironical destiny, her married life had carried her backward away from the light.

She was the daughter of a progressive Tao-tai in a cosmopolitan port. She had been schooled in the learning of the Occident, as it is interpreted by the pedagogical envoys of America. For her eyes the fierce rays of modernity had been turned ruthlessly upon the crannies of the Orient's civilization, and, in consequence, disturbing doubts of the old, mingled with half-convictions of the new, had swept destructively through her mind. She was at the danger point that threatens all those who exchange old gods for new — the crossroads where reverence too often is dethroned by discourtesy, belief by doubt, and faith by unbelief and impiety.

by Carroll K. Michener

Wits with the Teachings of Confucius



curiously, looking into her eyes to discover the extent of her hurts

Her father, perhaps, safe in the unyielding conservatism of the old literati, had seen, or at least imagined, this peril, and devised what he may have applauded as by no means a half-potion of antidote. He married her into a family as intangent to modernity as the occult shrines of Thibet.

And it was thus that Wan-li had come to the generation-old homestead of the Lus, nestling in idolatrous contemplation against the green hillside that breathed of *feng-shui* and all the sleeping dragons of Old China's superstition.

Beneath slumbered the village of Benevolence and Virtue, from this distance graceful and softened with color as if it were on canvas, but within its crumbling walls squalid and unwholesomely odorous. Though it lay on the shore of the great Yangtze, not three hundred miles from the sea, and the tides and ships of the world swept past it daily with their exhalations of the new age, the village remained as it had been from its remote establishment — not otherwise under a republic than it was under Genghis Khan. Many of its inhabitants, indeed, were not aware of the new form of government, and most of the others understood only with vagueness. Its people were as their remotest ancestors, perpetuating every custom, intensifying every superstition. There was a handful of sophisticated merchants and literati, but they were an imperceptible leaven for the mass, which alone was visible. The queue had by no means vanished, as in the treaty ports and in the South; bound feet were general, as of old, and the wailing of girls enduring the first wrappings might be heard in any courtyard. The old saying that "for every pair of golden lilies there is a *kang* of tears," still held its poignancy.

Wan-li had sensed these things as her bridal chair passed from the steamer-landing to the old mansion on the hill, and her heart darkened. Lu Chang-yu, her affianced, was a foreign-school man, and though she knew her nuptial alliance was with one of the most reactionary of the old families, she had expected no such contrast as this with the scene of her girlhood in the coast metropolis; it was the antithesis of Shanghai, where the manacles of multifold Chinese custom were softened into a convenient and easy-going social hybridity.

Old Mrs. Lu had felt some misgivings over the match; she was a mountain of conservatism, and abhorred all change in what, to her, was immemorially venerable and established. She was fearful that the gossips were right, in spite of lying protestations from the go-between, and that Wan-li would prove "wood too rotten to be carved," after her exposure to the loose and barbarous influences from overseas. For Mrs. Lu the social and geographical world was only a savage void outside the circle of steady, saffron glory haloing the Middle Kingdom.

Her apprehensions, therefore, were susceptible to easy conviction; Wan-li, in spite of undeniable sweetness and beauty, still was capable, without the least intent, of inflicting a rapid series of profound shocks upon the musk-and-incense complacency of her mother-in-law.

Wan-li's wedding-chests held a collection of foreign clothing — a complete outfit from Paris — over which Mei-li fluttered in an ecstasy. But to Mrs. Lu they were anathema. After once viewing them — critically, though with undoubted interest — she observed that they were "hideous in design and color"; their texture was inferior to that of Chinese materials; the hat, a wide, red-velvet blossom, was "fit only for a foreign monkey"; and, finally, "no decent daughter of Han would expose so much of her neck and arms." Wan-li was ordered to take them off, and to be seen thus immodestly attired no more. Perhaps all would have been well in this matter had things ended there, but Mrs. Lu was aroused from her afternoon nap one day by the sound of giggling in her courtyard, and looked out upon Mei-li promenading before the household in Wan-li's Paris finery. She was an enchanting apparition to all but Mrs. Lu, whose wrath fell like thunder. Wan-li was blamed, and henceforth all faults found their way to her door.

Discretion kept Wan-li's steps outwardly blameless, but Mei-li, irresponsible as a dragon-fly, constantly betrayed her. Mei-li was heard to express disbelief in the potency of the kitchen gods; she laughed at them, and left their rice dish empty. This impiety was traced to the influence of Wan-li, who was suspected of secretly worshiping the God of the barbarians. Mei-li's feet one day were discovered to be unbound, and poorly fitted into a pair of Wan-li's generous slippers. Under the eyes of her mother the wrappings were sternly replaced, and the sinister influence of Wan-li was again remarked. It came to Mrs. Lu's ears that French and English novels were being translated into voluble Chinese, within Wan-li's dressing-room, and that Mei-li was an enchanted listener. The pair were always together; they chattered incessantly of things not meet for the tongues of women of the inner chamber; Mei-li verged impudently upon impiety in addressing the head of the house; yet Mrs. Lu found remonstrances like "pouring water in the face of a frog." They used foreign words and phrases, the meaning of which she could only guess, with exasperation, from the glint of their saucy eyes, and they mocked the usages of ages in quoting Byron and Keats, instead of repeating the poetical syllables of Li Po and Po-chu-i. In vain Mrs. Lu reproved them with ancient saws: "A woman with a long tongue is a flight of steps leading to calamity," and "like sheep that are leaderless are women gathered together for talk."

But though, in the opinion of Mrs. Lu, Wan-li was palpably corrupting Mei-li with barbarous and unmaidenly notions, she nevertheless in some degree had won the affections of her Honorable and August mother-in-law. She was outwardly respectful and modest; she was capable at daily tasks, and the keys of the rice-bin had been consigned very early to her keeping — an unprecedented honor. Moreover, she was an undimmed ray of sunshine before the older woman's glooms, and in spite of the veneer of her foreign training she had within her the spirit and grace of old-fashioned customs.

The August One, therefore, in casting about for the means of preserving her daughter from the bath of modern ideas infiltering from the attractive presence of her daughter-in-law, did not at first consider the dire expedient of sending Wan-li back to her parents. She conceived, instead, the notion of safely marrying Mei-li, thus shifting the responsibility.

Gossip anticipated the news of this decision, and the young woman concerned heard of the go-between's overtures with a perfervid distress. The rumor flew to her ears that the August One's choice had fallen upon Hu Yong-mi, son of a rich merchant in the village of Peaceful Longevity. At this her heart stood still, for it was reputed that he was ugly of countenance, a companion of sing-song girls in the tea pavilions, and a smoker of opium. Yet the go-between painted him otherwise, and Mrs. Lu appeared content.

No such unmaidenly or unfilial thought as protesting against her mother's decision, or even of discussing it with her, occurred to Mei-li. She must be satisfied with the fate reserved for her by the gods, and with prayers to Kwan Yin, the good and merciful deity, to whom she applied tearfully, in spite of the scepticism of Wan-li. Daily she lighted a huge yellow candle in the temple of the goddess of a thousand hands, asking a fair mate with a lover's heart.

Wan-li pitied the child. Also, she pictured the gloomy days that would pass, "like trailing creepers," when sunny Mei-li was gone; and she envisaged Mei-li, too, unhappily cloistered in a household unwashed by the light of the new days. This being her own lot, she wished nothing so ardently as to shield Mei-li from it. Her thoughts rose near to filial rebellion at the August One's intent.

So, though Mei-li dared not, Wan-li had the amazing audacity to remonstrate with her mother-in-law, repeating the gossip that Hu was unworthy, and reminding her of the proverb that "though he bar his silver door with gold, a man cannot keep the wife who loves him not." She left the August parent choking with wrath at the suggestion that Mei-li should be allowed to see the young man and make her own choice.

Angered herself, the first of Wan-li's intentionally-impious acts was born in her mind. She would still further risk the Honorable mother's displeasure by plotting for Mei-li's happiness. At least she would abet the unmaidenly idea of ending her sister-in-law's uncertainty over what marital fate the gods had prepared for her — Mei-li should look upon the face of her intended in advance of the bridal chamber.

The lord of her own life returned from an official journey to the provincial capital, and in the midst of her ecstatic discovery that she was falling more and more in love with her own husband, she conceived the idea of using him to shape the plot for Mei-li's happiness.

Chang-yu at first was indignant and startled at her whispered entreaty. He belonged to the past sufficiently to have in mind the old saying that "one's wife must be heard but not taken seriously." He was on the point of rebuking her, but hesitated and was lost. He caught the scent of peach-blossom from her glistening hair, noted the tremulous rosebud of rouge on the curve of her lower lip, and was enmeshed in the sparkling argument of her eyes. She nestled close against him in a foreign fashion, and he felt himself betrayed by a poetic emotion that clothed itself and her in such half-thoughts as "lotus woman," "green slip of willow," and "sweet mustard-flower." He yielded, laughed, and startled her by sealing his subjection with a foreign kiss.

It was the eighth month, and the moon was approaching the full. On the fifteenth day according to the Chinese astronomers, it would be a perfect circle. Adhering to custom, the Lu family would have tea in a neighboring temple, and stroll through the grass-grown, moon-arched pathways of the temple grounds. In the evening there would be traditional ceremonies in the ancestral courtyard.

Chang-yu was to stroll in the temple gardens, too, but without the knowledge of his Honorable mother; with him was to be Hu Yong-mi, rescued for the day from his mora-playing sing-song girls with their wailing violins and plaintive couplets indited to water-lilies and dimpled moons. Beneath a fringe of eyelashes Mei-li was to read her decree from the Fates.

The day arrived, and Mrs. Lu, grumbling over evil spirits that had given her an indigestion, consented to conduct the women of her household on the annual pilgrimage. Ponderously she sank into her carrying-chair, and her coolies, with vast ululations, the inflection rising and falling in alternation, staggered away up the hill-trail, followed by the lesser equipages of her daughter and Wan-li.

They wandered over petal-strewn pathways within the somnolent grounds, loitering beside lotus pools whose depths were brightened by the flamboyance of lazy goldfish, and listening to the sighs of the wind through the firs. Within the monastery, which rested like a dimmed yellow jewel against this background, the priests made jasmine-flavored tea for them, and offered thin salvers of melon-seeds.

Presently, in accordance with the plot, Chang-yu appeared, strolling, as if unaware of their presence, directly past the pavilion within which they sat. Yet it was evident that all was not well, or that Chang-yu had played false; for two young men walked with him, one of an unwholesome figure and an unhandsome face, the other a startling contrast.

It was only a flash of vision that Mei-li dared seize before her lashes dropped modestly over her eyes; yet she had seen. She caught the unfelicitous countenance of one with a stab of misgiving, and the godlike comeliness of the other with a simultaneous, swift heart-beat of hope. Which was he?

The question was answered for her that evening in a dramatic manner. The household was aflutter with the news that Chang-yu had brought home with him a stranger, Kang Yu-pei, a youth from Shanghai; in the inner chamber it was whispered that he was a scholar, a classmate of Chang-yu's, who subsequently had gone to a foreign college and then had become a soldier in the French army. The servants chattered that he was one who had mastered the spirits of the air; which is to say that he was an aviator.

Perhaps one act of immodesty led more easily to another, for that evening Mei-li was observed by her mother in the unmaidenly business of peeping through an oil-paper window into the room where Kang Yu-pei sat with her brother. Mei-li's heart was so vexed at her discovery that the stranger, and not her affianced, was he of the pleasing countenance, that she lapsed for the moment from the stern grip of propriety, and disrespectfully uttered to the amazed ears of her mother the old saw that "only cats and cranes and thieves walk silently." So incensed was the August One at this new evidence of moral laxity in her household that it was determined Mei-li's marriage with Hu should take place at once.

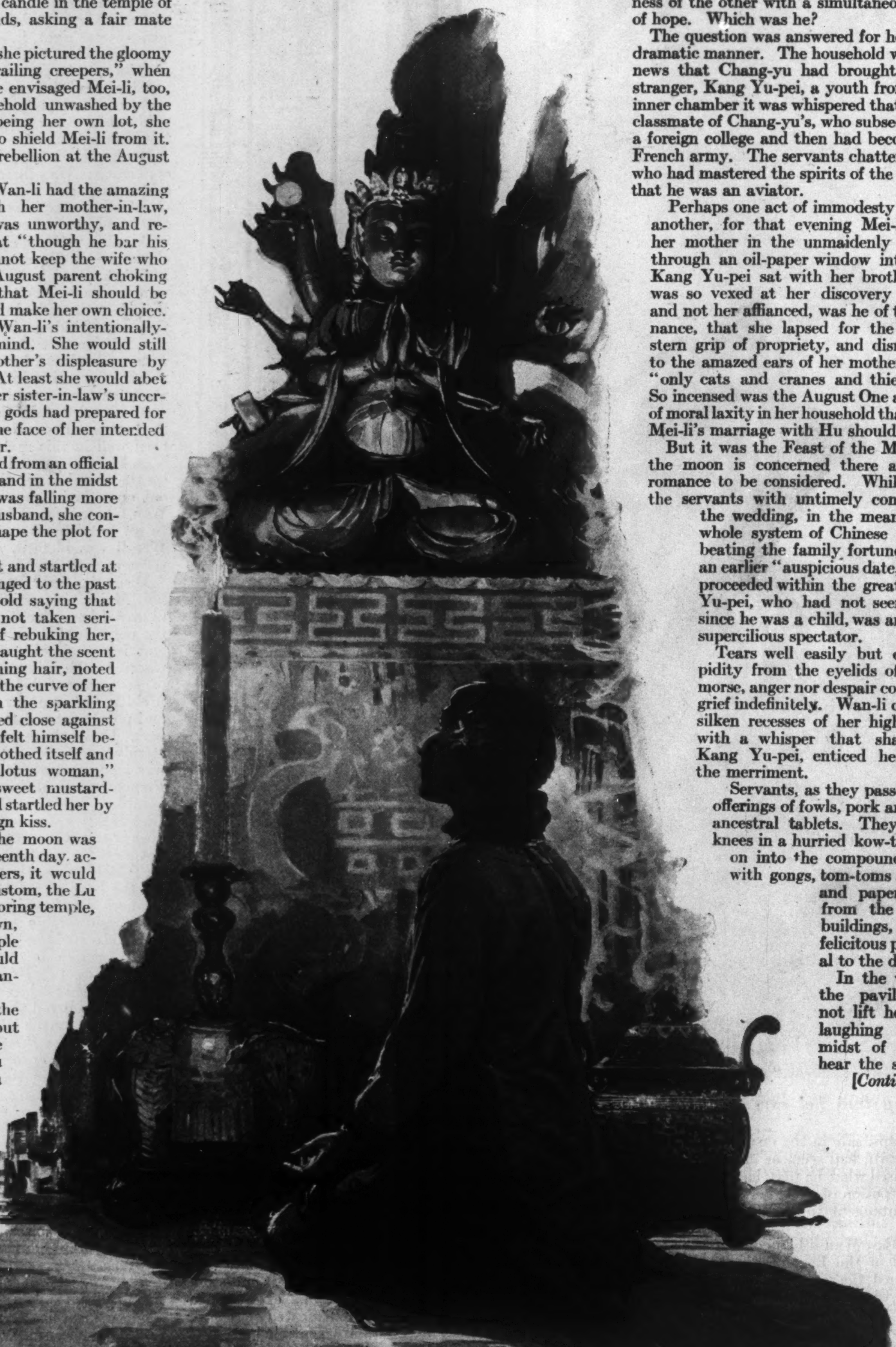
But it was the Feast of the Moon; and wherever the moon is concerned there are the vagaries of romance to be considered. While Mrs. Lu harried the servants with untimely commands relating to the wedding, in the meantime upsetting the whole system of Chinese astrology by browbeating the family fortune-teller into setting an earlier "auspicious date," the moon festival proceeded within the great courtyard. Kang Yu-pei, who had not seen such a ceremony since he was a child, was an interested though supercilious spectator.

Tears well easily but evaporate with rapidity from the eyelids of youth; neither remorse, anger nor despair could nourish Mei-li's grief indefinitely. Wan-li coaxed her from the silken recesses of her high, carved bed, and, with a whisper that shaped the name of Kang Yu-pei, enticed her forth to join in the merriment.

Servants, as they passed, were arranging offerings of fowls, pork and cakes before the ancestral tablets. They dropped to their knees in a hurried kow-tow, and then went on into the compound that now echoed with gongs, tom-toms and drums. Horn and paper lanterns danced from the eaves of all the buildings, and banners bore felicitous phrases conventional to the day.

In the women's corner of the pavilion Mei-li dared not lift her eyes toward the laughing group from the midst of which she could hear the stranger's voice.

[*Continued on page 67*]



Daily she lighted a huge yellow candle in the temple of the Goddess of a thousand hands, asking a fair mate with a lover's heart

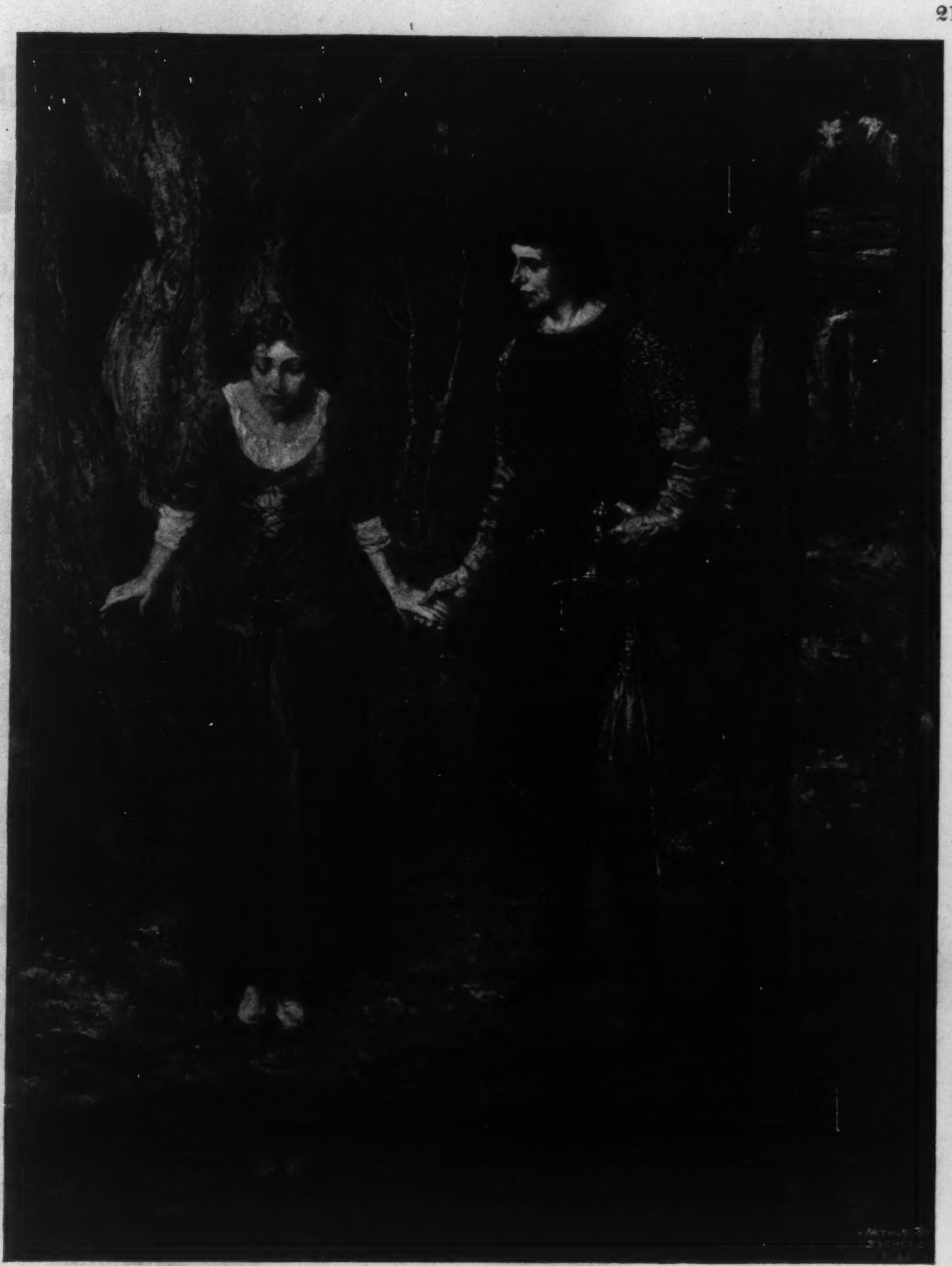
The Head of Misery

by

James Branch Cabell

Another of Those Fascinating Medieval Tales

Illustration by Arthur E. Becher



"Is this as near as you have come to remembering me, my dearest!" she said, very sadly, as she looked into the still water

THEY of Poictesme narrate that in the old days Count Manuel resolved to fetch back from the grave long-dead young Niafer, because he could be content with no other woman. They tell how Count Manuel studied the histories of the presumptuous men who had attempted to perform such miracles, and learned how all these persons had sooner or later come to misery.

"Very well, then!" said Dom Manuel. And he fared alone from King Kiar's court, traveling toward the high woods of Dun Vlechlan.

When Manuel had reached the outskirts of the forest he encountered there a knight in vermilion armor, with a woman's sleeve wreathed about his helmet, and this knight demanded whence Manuel had come.

"From Kiar's court," said Manuel; "and I go to seek Kruchina, or Béda, or whatever you call Misery in these parts."

"Are you one of Kiar's friends?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, I have always been one of Kiar's enemies, and all such of his friends as I have ever encountered I have slain."

"Doubtless you have your reasons," said Manuel, and would have ridden by.

But the strange knight cried furiously, "Turn, coward, and defend yourself!"

He came upon Manuel like a whirlwind, and Manuel had no choice in the matter. So they fought, and presently Manuel brought the vermilion knight to the ground, and, dismounting, struck off his head.

Then Manuel rode on, thinking that this was a peculiarly irrational part of the forest, and wondering what might have been the vermilion blusterer's grievance against King Kiar. Count Manuel skirted the Wolf-lake, and came to a hut, painted gray, that stood clear of the ground, upon the bones of four great birds-feet. Manuel tethered his horse to a holm oak, piously crossed himself, and went into the hut. He kindled a fire, and prepared a soup: at sunset he went to the window of the hut, and cried thrice that supper was ready.

One answered him, "I am coming." And Manuel waited. There was now no sound at all in the forest: even the few birds that had been chirping of the day's adventures were hushed on a sudden, and the breeze died in the tree-tops. Inside the hut Manuel lighted his four candles: and his footsteps and the rustling of his garments as he went about the hut were noises that startled him.

Then said a thin little voice, "Manuel, open the door!"

Manuel obeyed, and found nobody anywhere in the forest twilight. The trees, he saw, were still as paintings. His horse stood tethered and quite motionless, except that it was shivering.

One spoke at his feet. "Manuel, lift me over the threshold!"

Dom Manuel, recoiling, looked downward, and in the patch of candle-light at his feet he saw a human head. He raised the head, and carried it into the hut. He noted now that the head was made of white clay, and deduced that Misery, whom some call Kruchina and others Béda, had come to him.

"Now, Manuel," says Misery, "do you give me my supper!"

So Manuel set the head upon the table, and put a platter of the soup before the head, and fed the soup to Misery with a gold spoon.

When the head had dined, it bade Manuel place it in the little cradle and put out the lights. Dom Manuel did not much fancy being alone in the dark with Misery, but he obeyed. He himself lay down upon the floor of the hut, and rolled up his cloak for a pillow. Presently he heard the head snoring in the cradle, and then Manuel too went to sleep and dreamed of Niafer.

In the morning, after doing the head's extraordinary bidding, Manuel went to feed his horse, and found tethered to the holm oak the steed's skeleton picked clean. He grieved at this, but considered it wiser to make no complaint. Indeed, there was nobody to complain to, for Misery, after having been again lifted over the threshold, had departed to put in a day's labor with the plague in the north.

Thereafter Manuel abode in this peculiarly irrational part of the forest, serving Misery for a month and a day. Of these services it is better not to speak. But the head was pleased by Manuel's services, because Misery loves company: and the two used to have long friendly talks together when Manuel's services and Misery's work for that day were over.

"And how came you, sir, to be thus housed in a trunkless head?" asked Manuel, one time.

"Why, when Jahveh created man on the morning of the sixth day, he set about fashioning me that afternoon from the clay which was left over. But he was interrupted by the coming of the Sabbath, for Jahveh was in those days, of course, a very orthodox Jew. So I was left incomplete, and must remain so always."

"I deduce that you, then, sir, are Heaven's last crowning work, and the final finishing touch to creation."

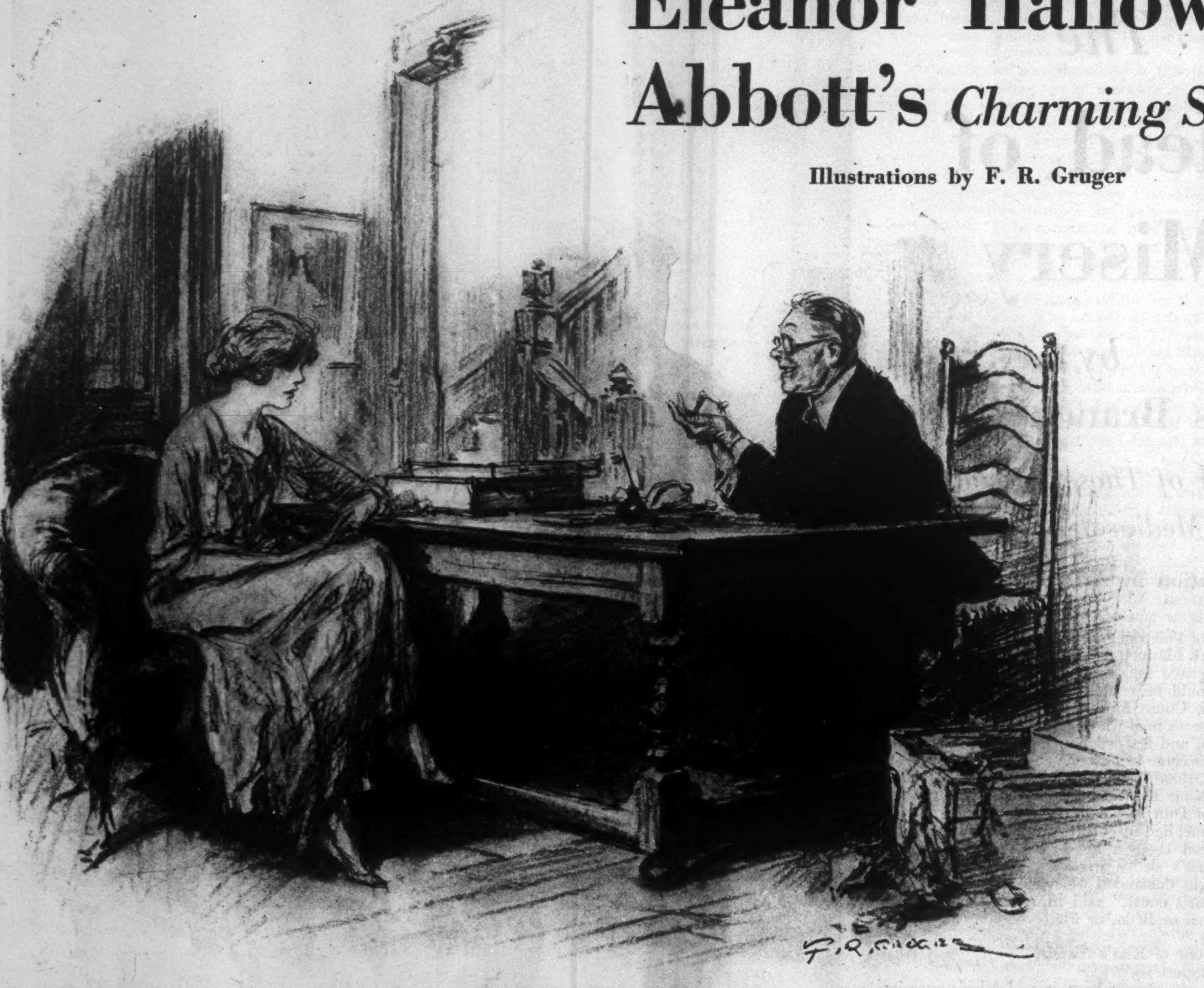
"So the pessimists tell me," the clay head assented, with a yawn. "Well, I have had a hard day of it, what with the pestilence in Glathion, and the wars in the Red Islands, and all those spring colds to manage, so we will talk no more philosophy."

Thus Manuel served the head of Misery, whom some call Kruchina and others Béda, for a month of days. All day the clay head would be roving about the world, carrying envious reports and devouring kingdoms and whispering malefic counsel, and bringing hurt and sorrow and despair and evil of every kind to men: and every evening, when Phobetor took over this lamentable work at sunset, the head would return contentedly to Dun Vlechlan for Manuel's services and a well-earned night's rest. Manuel wondered at first at his master's callousness, but Manuel soon comprehended that, since Misery

[*Continued on page 41*]

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's *Charming Serial*

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger



On Rollins's particular type of countenance there is no synonym for the word "triumph" except "ghoulish glee." Science and lies slipped alike from his lips. Adventures he had never dreamed of — cannibals not yet born ——!

"RAINY WEEK" is another name for a house party — for in the minds of the host and hostess it is a play that could never dream it was a play and it is acted by seven invited guests and another — the Unexpected One — "who never even remotely suspect that they are actors." The cast consists of Victoria Meredith and Paul Brenswick, a Bride and Bridegroom; Claude Kennilworth, Some One With a Future; Ann Woltor, Some One With a Past; George Keets, One Very Celibate Person; Rollins, a Bore; May Davies, A singing Voice and a May Girl, and Allan John, the Unexpected One, who arrived hopelessly drunk. And, of course, there are the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Delville.

The Cast having arrived, the play begins with mystery — the mystery of Allan John. Who is he and what is he? He had been robbed before he reached the house, he wasn't expected, etc. Had he become intoxicated because of the death of his wife and child?

Then there is Ann Woltor, mystery surrounds her, too. She arrived with a broken tooth, though she pretended not to know it. She seemed to be so embarrassed on being questioned about it that she sought to rush away. But Mr. Delville accompanied her on her supposed journey to consult a dentist and brought her back.

While they were away most of the other actors went walking on the beach. They found a wreck — it was a trunk that had been washed up. Among other things the trunk contained was a whistle, and the second act ends with Allan John alarming the household by blowing it at midnight. The third act begins:

Everybody looked pretty tired when they came down to breakfast the next morning. But at least everybody came down. Even Rollins! Never have I seen Rollins so really addicted to Coming-Down-to-Breakfast!

Poor Allan John, of course, was all overwhelmed again with humiliation and despair, and quite heroically insistent on removing his presence as expeditiously as possible from our house party. It *was* his whistle that had screeched so in the night. And as far as he knew he hadn't the slightest reason or excuse for so screeching it beyond the fact that, rousing half-awake and half-asleep from a most horrible nightmare, he had reached instinctively for the little whistle under his pillow, and not realizing what he was doing, cried for help, — not just to man alone it would seem, but to High Heaven itself!

"BUT however in the world did you happen to have the whistle under your pillow?" puzzled the Bride.

"What — else have I got?" answered Allan John.

He was perfectly right! Robbed for all time of his wife and child, — stripped for the ill-favored moment of all personal monies, and proofs of identity, — sojourning even in other men's linen, — what *did* Allan John hold as a nucleus for the New Day except a little silver toy from another person's shipwreck? (Once I knew a smashed man who *didn't* possess even a toy to begin a new day on — so he didn't begin it!)

"Well, of course, it was pretty rackety while it lasted," conceded young Kennilworth. "But at least it gave us a chance to admire each other's Lingeries."

"Negligées," corrected George Keets.

"I said 'Scare-Clothes!'" snapped young Kennilworth. "Everybody who travels by land or sea — or puts in much time at house parties — ought to have at least one round of Scare-Clothes, — one really chic 'Escaping Suit.'"

"The silver whistle is mine," intercepted the May Girl with some dignity. "Mine and Allan John's. I found it and gave it to Allan John. And he can blow it any time he wants to, day or night. But as long as you people all made so much fuss about it — and looked so funny," dimpled the May Girl transiently, "we will consider that after this — any time the whistle blows, — the call is just for — me." The May Girl's gravely ingenuous glance swept down in sudden challenge across the somewhat amused faces of her companions. "Allan John — is mine!" she confided with some incisiveness. "I found him — too!"

"Do you acknowledge that ownership, Allan John?" demanded young Kennilworth.

Even Allan John's sombre eyes twinkled the faintest possible glint of amusement.

"I acknowledge that ownership," acquiesced Allan John.

"Now see here! — I protest," rallied George Keets. "Most emphatically I protest against my fiancée assuming any masculine responsibilities except me during the brief term of our engagement!"

"But your engagement is already over!" jeered young Kennilworth. "Nice kind of Lochinvar you are, — drifting down-stairs just exactly on the stroke of the breakfast bell! — '*until* breakfast time' were the terms, I believe. Now Rollins here has been up since dawn! Banging in and out of the house! Racing up and down the front walk in the rain! Now that's what I call Real Passion!"

At the very first mention of his name Rollins had come sliding way forward to the edge of his chair.

Rainy Week

He hadn't apparently expected to be engaged till after breakfast. But if there was any conceivable chance, of course —

"All ready — any time!" beamed Rollins.

"*Through* — breakfast time was what I understood," said George Keets coldly.

"Through breakfast time was — was what I meant," stammered the May Girl. From the only too palpable excitement on Rollins's face to George Keets's chill immobility she turned with the faintest possible gesture of appeal. Her eyes looked suddenly just a little bit frightened. "A — After all," she confided, "I — I don't know as I feel quite well enough to-day to be engaged so much. Maybe I caught a little cold yesterday. Sometimes I don't sleep very well. Once —"

"Oh, come now," insisted young Kennilworth. "Don't, for Heaven's sake, be a Quitter!"

"A — 'Quitter'?" bridled the May Girl. Her cheeks went suddenly very pink. And then suddenly, very white. Like an angry little storm-cloud that absurd fluff of gray hair shadowed down for an instant across her sharply averted face. A glint of tears threatened. Then out of the gray and the gold and the blue and the pink — and the tears, the jolliest sort of a little-girl-giggle issued suddenly. "Oh, all right!" said the May Girl and slipped with perfect docility apparently into the chair that George Keets had drawn out for her.

George Keets I really think was infinitely more frightened than she was, but in his case, at least, a seventeen years' lead in experience had taught him long hence the advisability of disguising such emotions. Even at the dining-table of a sinking ship George Keets I'm almost certain would never have ceased passing salts and peppers, proffering olives and radishes,— or making perfectly sure that your coffee was just exactly the way you liked it. In the present emergency, to cover not only his own confusion but the May Girl's, he proceeded to talk Archæology. By talking Archæology in an undertone with a faintly amorous inflection to the longest and least intelligible words, George Keets really believed I think that he was giving a rather clever imitation of an Engaged Man. What the May Girl thought no one could possibly have guessed. The May Girl's face was a study,— but it was at least turned up to his! Whether she understood a single thing he said,— or was only resting,— whether she was truly amused or merely deferring as long as possible her unhappy fate with Rollins,— she sat as one entranced.

Slipping into the chair directly opposite them, young Kennilworth watched the proceedings with malevolent joy. Between his very frank contempt for the dulness of George Keets's methods, and his perfectly palpable desire to keep poor Rollins tantalized as long as possible, he scarcely knew which side to play on.

Everybody indeed except Ann Woltor seemed to take a more or less mischievous delight in prolonging poor Rollins's suspense. Allan John never lifted his eyes from his coffee cup, but at least he showed no signs of disapproval or haste. Even George Keets, to the eyes of a close observer, seemed to be dallying rather unduly with his knife and fork as well as with his embarrassment.

As the breakfast hour dragged along, poor Rollins's impatience grew apace. Fidgeting round and round in his chair — scowling ferociously at any one who dared to ask for a second service of anything — dashing out into the hall every now and then on perfectly inexplainable errands,— he looked for all the world like some wry-faced clown performing by accident in a business suit.

"Really, Rollins," admonished my Husband, "I think it would have been a bit more delicate of you if you'd kept out of sight somehow till Keets's affair was over — This hovering round so through the harrowing last moments,— all ready to pounce — Hanged if I don't think it's crude!"

"Crude? — it's plain buzzard-y!" scoffed Kennilworth.

It was the Bride's warm, romantic heart that called the time-limit finally on George Keets's philandering.

"Really, I don't think it's quite fair," whispered the Bride. Taken all in all I think [*Continued on page 60*]

"Then we went over to the Bungalow on the Rock — and commenced the argument all over again! She was absolutely determined not to come back," said my husband. "And such crying! Hadn't cried before, she said, for eight years!"

Some Stories That George W. Lederer's

As Set Forth by George

Edna May's father was a postman, and when the Prince of Wales told her he understood her father was "a man of letters" she answered demurely, "Yes"

WHAT were the actual death-bed words of Walt Whitman? What was the true reason for the estrangement of a famous President of the United States and his children? Why did the New York *Herald*, under James Gordon Bennett, never fail to feature a certain physician's notoriously spurious observations on spiritualistic phenomena? What made Nat Goodwin succumb to Maxine Elliott and strive to make an actress of her?

If, as in Frank Daniels's old song, "the biggest fish is always the fish that gets away," so is the most interesting story often the story that never gets printed. Truth is stranger than fiction for the simple reason that it is much less frequently seen in public. The newspaper that would print the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, would be on the market within a week. The actress who would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about herself, would retain approximately as much glamour as an apple-woman. And the theatrical manager who would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about anything — but here we get into the irrelevant field of mythology.

I do not essay to hold up our Lederer as any neo-George Washington, but I confess that if he deviates from the truth his deviations have thus far eluded the sharp nose of my private bloodhound. Of all the theatrical producers I have met — and I suppose I have met nine-tenths of them — he impresses me as the frankest and the most honest. He may exaggerate a bit now and again; he may so warm up to a subject that he becomes a trifle overheated; but he will tell a story, provided only it be a good one, whether it swings back and boomerangs him a sardonic whack upon his own eye or whether, pursuing a more even course, it travels on its way to hit the head of some one else. I have yet to encounter a fellow who loved an interesting story more for its own sake. To it, he stands beautifully ready to sacrifice his name, his fame, and his immortal humidor. And what a library of hitherto untold tales of the theatre he has: a veritable thesaurus of the stage of the 1890's and earlier 1900's; a history of persons and events wriettn entirely between the lines of that portion of the personal history that has already seen the light of print. They are not important stories, as things go in the world, but a goldfish is as diverting in its fashion as a whale: and most people have a way of being fonder of goldfish than of whales. For it is ever the habit of the great neighborhood of human beings to be more deeply interested in whether Thaïs Schwartz is going to marry Siegfried Mooney or St. Clair Kraus than in the destiny of Russia. And so, too, is it ever the habit of the great masses of persons who seek the theatre to be more deeply interested in something like Mrs. Pat Campbell's dog than in the plans for the formation of a great National Theatre.

"Why?" I asked Lederer.

"You have already answered that — it's human nature," he replied.

"But 'human nature' is too darn vague; let's have something more concrete," I bade.

"Well, then," he said, "for the simple reason that you, for example, or I, for example, or anybody else, for example, are always very much more concerned with little things than with big ones. Say you can't find your tooth-brush in the morning. You are twice as miserable for the rest of the day as if you had mislaid a diamond scarf-pin. Say, at two o'clock some afternoon, you find that you've lost five thousand dollars in the stock-market, and say, at two-thirty, you find that you've lost five dollars out of your pocket. Which bothers you the more; which irritates you the more and sticks longer in your mind? It's the same with stories. Something trivial that concerns some one you know or some one whom you have seen is a lot more interesting to you than something important that concerns D'Annunzio, Josephus Daniels or Amy Lowell."

"All right," I observed, "go on and try out your theory. You can experiment right here with me."

Nat Goodwin first said he wouldn't have Maxine Elliott for a leading woman because she was too tall. There upon the wily Maxine surreptitiously arranged to play "sitting-down" parts for Nat, and he engaged her

London won't have an actress who appears to work hard. Mabelle Gilman showed by wiping the perspiration from her brow on her first night that she was making an effort, and the production failed

Are Not Printed

Reminiscences

Jean Nathan

I ignited the nose of a six-inch Partagas Extremoso Delicioso Grandioso, and composed myself for the test.

"Good enough," said our Lederer, igniting in turn an eight-inch Corona Invincibilia Supremo Magnifico, taking a deep breath, tilting back his swivel-seat and adjusting his right foot upon the ink-well. "I'll begin with one about Maxine Elliott. Along about 1895 — just after she had finished an engagement wearing tights in a piece called 'The Voyage of Suzette' at the American Theatre, in New York — the show was produced by T. Henry French — I engaged her to appear in one of my summer revues. Just as rehearsals were about to start, George B. McLellan, who had contracted to manage the Australian tour of Nat Goodwin, came to me and told me he had to get hold of a very good-looking leading lady for Nat instanter. I told him about Maxine and said that if he wanted her badly enough he could have her. 'She's got the looks,' I assured him, 'but I don't know whether she can act worth a cent.' 'It's the looks that count with Goodwin,' he replied. 'I'll take a chance on the rest.' And he engaged her. The next day he received a wire from Nat to this effect, 'Would not have Elliott at any price. She is too tall and would ruin my love scenes.' It now devolved upon me to help McLellan out of the muddle by asking Maxine to cancel the contract. This, with a smile, she did. I remember that smile. I wondered at the time what was back of it. I was to learn later, to my amusement.

"Above everything, Maxine Elliott wanted to get on the dramatic stage. And, in her heart, she wanted that Goodwin contract. So, characteristically, she set out to cure Nat of his nonsense. And her plan was a suave one. She took a train at once to San Francisco, her home, where Tim Frawley, whom she knew, had a stock company. She got a position with this stock company two days after she arrived. A week or so later — as she had figured out — Nat arrived in San Francisco on his way to Australia. By shrewd work, Maxine prevailed upon a certain friend of hers who knew Nat to persuade the latter off-hand to see one of the stock company's performances — and from a carefully arranged-for seat in the second row. Nat fell, saw, and was conquered. But how? There's the point. There's where Maxine's wit turned the trick. She knew that Nat couldn't withstand her beauty — she had plenty of confidence in her looks, did Maxine, and rightly so — but she knew that her main job was to suggest subtly to him that she wasn't too tall to play love scenes with him. So, clever girl, she not only got the stage director to let her play most of her scenes either sitting down, or leaning upon the piano, or bending over the back of a davenport — all of which adroitly concealed her height — but, to boot, cut down her usual two and one-half inch French heels to about half an inch.

"Nat was completely won over. So much so, indeed, that although he had engaged Blanche Walsh as his leading lady, he nevertheless signed with Maxine for the same position and directed her to follow him on the next steamer. This program was carried out and when Maxine arrived in Melbourne, Blanche Walsh refused to divide the honors with any other leading woman and went back home — just as the always wily Nat figured out."

Our Lederer looked over at me. A beamful grin was upon his visage. He nodded his head benignantly.

"Well, old profundo, how about it?" he asked, triumphantly.

"I suppose you're right," I answered. "I suppose that ninety-nine boobs out of a hundred would undoubtedly be much more interested in that story than in the inside story, say, of the preparation of Dakin's solution from liquid chlorine by the gravimetric method, but you have yet to convince *me*."

The gaze that our Lederer now deposited upon me was one of much pity.

"Good enough," he observed, reigniting his now five-inch Invincibilia Supremo Magnifico, taking another deep breath, tilting back his swivel-stool anew, and adjusting his left foot, alongside his right, upon the ink-well. "I'll try you again, this time with one about Edna May. During the run of 'The Belle of New York' in London, Edna was invited to a reception that was to be attended by the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII. Edna's real name was Pettie; she was born in Syracuse, New York; and her papa was a letter-carrier. This had been mentioned to the Prince by some one and he, misunderstanding, observed to Edna when she was presented to him, 'I understand that your father is a man of letters.' To which Edna, in her habitually naïve way, replied 'Y-e-s.' Mind you, she didn't understand what the Prince meant — but it was her policy in public always to be on the safe side and to keep from making bad breaks by never answering anything more than 'yes' or 'no.'"

Our friend beamed complacently upon me once again. "How about that one, old doloroso?" he asked. "Does that, perchance, interest you more than the inside story of Imré Csztzy's and Hâjo Dóczi-Lukosz's fiscal plan for the rehabilitation of Püspök-Ladány, Kis-Ujszállás and Jász-Apáti?"

"Try again," I advised him. "It does not."

"Good enough," he came back. "Then how's this one about Lillian Russell? At the time I engaged the American Beauty for my production of 'The Princess Nicotine,' she had been married, and divorced, twice — first to and from Harry Braham and, secondly, to and from Teddy Solomon. 'Never again,' she told me. So, when the show was under way,

[*Continued on page 64*]

On the night of her third marriage Miss Russell entertained a party at cards. Late in the evening the guests thought it polite to withdraw. "Oh, no," said Miss Russell, "I always play cards on my wedding nights"

Lederer had just prepared a "never again" press agent story concerning Lillian Russell, who had been married and divorced twice, when the fair Lillian upset his plans by announcing that she was to be married again

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McCLURE'S is committed by tradition to serve loyal, humane and just causes—and to keep its pages clean and wholesome and unafraid.

JULY, 1920

Edith Cavell

Fools, to believe the gun was made
To kill a woman unafraid
Of Duty! Martyrs do not die.
Who serves proud causes holds at bay
Eternity. Christ was reborn
By magic of the Nail and Thorn.
Behold her yonder, glorified,
There at Trafalgar Square, beside
Great Nelson, kin of time and tide.
Sister of centuries, clad in stone,
This simple nurse you thought to slay,
Who, by your crime, lives on for aye.

The Seats of the Mighty

Of course there are inequalities in America. Men who do not dare alike can't expect to share alike.

Dreamers without tools and tool-handlers without dreams — the spawn of drunkards, the offspring of vice and indiscipline — Great White-Way-Farers, wait-a-whilers, some-dayers, spendthrifts and wantons — the timid and the cowardly — the insincere, the tricky, and all the subnormal, ill-nurtured, resentful brood, come here from lands of regnant injustice and pitiless caste, are manifestly unqualified to have or hold the higher places and the directing influence of the country.

There is no magic in this air that changes human nature. Mere presence in America does not alter personal estate; it simply warrants the right of self-alteration. Whosoever chooses a noble pattern for his career is privileged without prejudice or hindrance to wear such robes of power and dignity as befit his ambition.

The raggedest and most oppressed wretch, fled here from the injustice and the scorn of the remotest corner of earth, can sit in the seats of the mighty if he shows sufficient worth of character and mind.

But there's just one road to preferment — and one code: the hard, straight road of personal effort, the clean, if harsh, code of survival by merit.

If there is no favoritism extended to feebler brains and wills, by the same token, there are no special franchises for prevalent managing groups, through which their families may indefinitely perpetuate advantages of wealth and status.

Everything in sight belongs to the man strong enough, brave enough, shrewd enough to prove better title to a given acre, or honor.

This is a peasant republic. The quality of our first citizens is exceeding humble; there's a bit of farmer and joiner and tradesman, often peddler and servant, somewhere in our strains of ancestry.

If we have wealth, we won it from the wilderness; if we have ease, we paid for it in effort and ideas. If we have sons and daughters who do not in turn serve their chance, they shall finally yield to better thinkers and harder workers.

Our Next Cabinet

The man doesn't live who can direct the affairs of these United States without sound advice and experienced assistance.

We face problems beyond the ken of precedent; the weight of the world is mainly on our shoulders. After-war menaces threaten us across the seven seas; labor is seething with disorder; prosperity is writhing in the grasp of a Briareus whose hundred profiteering hands have seized every necessity of life.

Since you last voted, America has become the creditor and almoner of the universe. But there are offsetting debits to consider, too.

Always the leading exporter of oil, we are already an enormous purchaser in foreign markets, and the nearing exhaustion of our wells sentences the Republic to dependence upon oversea fields for the very wherewithal to maintain place as a going concern.

If we do not immediately negotiate for assured sources of petroleum, we cannot continue to expand manufacturing nor dream of a successfully competitive mercantile marine.

Therefore the Mexican situation relooms to the foreground with grim insistence, for, failing to secure validation of our property rights across the border, we shall, to protect our ports against strangulating blockades, be compelled to build and maintain a navy so Brobdingnagian as to practically mean a fortified lane across the oceans.

The aircraft programs of Europe warn us to provide instantly for traffic competition in a new area.

We are obligated by conscience and foresight to participate in all vital, international questions — this is no longer an insular community with piddling contacts abroad.

We've enlarged our plants, our farms and our ranches to yield beyond domestic capacity and without shrewd engagements for the surplus, the country will be soon glutted with unsold goods and harvests.

Upward of seventy per cent. of the local foreign-born are still unnaturalized, while millions of natives remain illiterate and, therefore, all but resourceless before opportunity. This mass of human tinder encourages every marplot and political heretic to incite discontent and rebellion.

Organized minorities are successfully interpreting their selfish and fanatic purposes as national desires.

The cost of living mounts monthly, and despite patent evidence of unwarranted prices presented by abnormal corporation dividends on the one hand, and outrageous earnings by hotels, restaurants and retail shops on the other, no relief for the consumer is even yet in sight.

It will take a group of wise men, bold men, brave men — experts in the law of the land and the laws of nations — authorities in production and transportation, cutters of Gordian knots, proven captains of big affairs, to get us safely past the immediate future.

We want no more amateurs or theorists at the Capital. Washington is the last place to hatch ability. Another batch of doubtful eggs mustn't be sent there. Instead, we should have recognized cocks of their respective walks representing our manifold interests. The next Cabinet cannot be another purse for the payment of Presidential election debts.

None of us invest money in corporations or entrust it to banks without some knowledge of the judgment and reliability of the directors, as well as the institution head.

Caution, wisdom, patriotic duty urge us to know *before* November Fourth upon what quality and character of brains the next President will rely.

It's his Constitutional right to do as he pleases in the matter, but it's our Constitutional right to look before we leap into a four-year contract.

Candidates, name your Cabinets *now*.

Babylon Is Fallen!

Lost Alsace is back in the house of Mother France; Albert, the Great, once more sits in Brussels; Metz is a broken fang of terror; Wilhelm, the Craven, hides in a haunted Dutch garden; Kaiser Karl is living from jewel to jewel at second-class Swiss inns; Masaryk, unknown to a hundred Austrians six years ago, rules Czecho-Slovakia, and by his bounty spares beggared Vienna from starvation; Poland, the pawn and butt of Europe, is suddenly her bayonet-spiked buttress against the last remaining outlaws of civilization; Turkey, captured bandit and assassin, waits upon international sentence; an Allied fleet lies before Constantinople; Arabia is autonomous; Syria has a king of its own and Junker nobles are scanning the "want" columns for tu'penny jobs.

There *is* a God!

Copyright by Herbert Kaufman, July, 1920

In the case of Poland, American relief had charge of keeping about one million children from starvation

The Battle Line of Hunger

by Herbert Hoover

THERE are two standpoints involved in the relief of the distressed populations of Europe. The first is humanitarian and the second is economic. The Government of the United States is indirectly interested in the second and the great mass of our citizenship is deeply concerned with the first. As a Government we have loaned Europe ten billions of dollars. If we can prevent the collapse of the minor governments, many of them newly created, at the critical points — the large cities — they may be able to weather the immediate present and future. At this moment, the critical issue is to preserve order by securing stability in ten or twelve large cities where the chief danger of social breakdown really lies. We can build up security for the billions we have invested by relieving a few of the gravest situations in Europe.

Contrasting the present situation of Europe with that which existed last year, there can be no doubt that it has improved tremendously. A year ago credit had broken down; shipping was extremely scarce and under government control everywhere; the rail systems of Central Europe were practically paralyzed by the breaking up of the old Empires into twenty different economic fragments. Some of the eight or ten new nations had been set up without even the departments of government necessary to the conduct of vital services.

Obviously, to the agencies for relief, the problem of Central Europe was one of very extensive administrative requirements. In addition to the provision of supplies to Central Europe, a large part of the burden of feeding the Allies came directly to our National Treasury. Last year a large part of the entire food supply of Europe came from the American people through our treasury loans. From the armistice to, let us say, July first of last year, our treasury was called upon for perhaps the cost of two billion dollars for food supplies for Europe. This then represents the prevention of famine and preservation of order during the armistice year.

Aside from this great public loan from our Treasury, private charity from the peoples of America is now flowing freely to Europe. It amounts, as I calculate it, to six or seven millions a month. It is principally comprised of three or four larger organizations, who coöperate very well together. Their work will, in many cases, relieve and supplement the Government. This is particularly the case in the larger organizations which some of us have installed.

At the present time these charities mainly consist of four relief organizations. First, there is the European Children's Fund through which some two million and a half children are being fed on charity, and which is supported to some extent by the local European governments, but which does not ask the aid of our Treasury. Second, there is the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee; third, the Red Cross, and fourth, the Commission for Relief in the Near East.

Great undernourishment and disease exist among Austrian children

The Children's fund is the continuation from private sources of the governmental action of last year, and through the same organization we have now set up a venture that I believe may yield considerable help in the solution of this problem. I refer to the establishment of a system of food drafts on warehouses scattered at the crucial points in Europe. By means of this system a relative or a friend of a poverty-stricken citizen of Europe can purchase at his home bank in the United States a draft on one of our warehouses which is payable, not in currency, but in actual food. If completely successful it should bring down the volume of governmental credits to be extended, though we cannot clearly see by how much.

In addition to this, there is a large amount of money being remitted monthly as cash to Central and Eastern Europe. Even in times of peace that flow is very large, for there are about three million families in the United States with relations in Europe. It is larger to-day than ever, because of the frightfully distressed condition of the peoples of these parts of Europe and their appeals to their American relatives, and because of the damming back of the money that normally would have reached them during the period of the War.

It is, however, of no real benefit, I believe, to residents of Central Europe to receive cash. No Pole in this country, for instance, can accomplish anything for the relief of his relatives abroad by remitting money to Poland. Because of the shortage, all of the food is rationed, and no amount of money in his pocket or his bank will buy it. This applies to practically all of the countries of Central and Eastern Europe, including Germany. But with one of our food drafts such as any one may buy over the counters of our banks, you can be certain that a needy and probably extremely hungry family in Austria, or Poland, or wherever our warehouses are, can receive at its doors a barrel of flour, a case of bacon, canned milk, and a variety of other foods. It is apparent that if we succeed in replacing the cash remittance traffic, we should be providing from five to eight millions a month in food delivered to households in the heart of Europe.

If this plan succeeds, as it should, it will relieve to some extent the pressure on the food supplies that must necessarily be provided for in other ways. It has the advantages of replacing cash remittances directly with the commodities of which we have a surplus and of which they have desperate need. Moreover, instead of appealing for money to the three million families in this country who have relatives in central and eastern Europe, or asking them to subscribe to charities, we are trying to get them to transmit actual food to the families from which they came.

There is, also, a great amount of fraud going on in the United States at this time in the traffic in cash remittances. Money sent into parts of Europe where the foreigner has no idea of the proper exchange rates, is being sold by others than the banks at rates that are far too high. There are also numbers of concerns selling packages of food and clothing here and undertaking to deliver them in Europe. As an example, I know of a package of that character which is being sold for twenty-five dollars and which is in reality worth only about seven dollars. The plan for food drafts not only avoids the opportunity for fraud, but by shipping food in bulk, enables us to deliver it at very reasonable rates. This measure has the support of the Treasury, the Federal Reserve Board and the State Department. It is backed by an agreement with each of the governments of Central Europe that these food supplies will not be subjected to the rationing system.

We are charging such prices as will show a small profit, because between the rise and fall of the prices of commodities and the time required for the transmission of drafts we might get into difficulties. The profit goes to the European Children's Fund and is being financed by it.

Roumania's Queen discussing the problem of food supplies for her people

Apart from the attempt to save the children from starvation, the clothing situation is perfectly desperate in these countries where we are proposing relief credits. The human animal has a curious ability to make his clothing last. In Belgium, for instance, there were absolutely no textile imports for a period of four and a half years. Yet by a small measure of assistance to the very destitute the average man seemed to have enough for his strict needs. In the case of Poland there was the same lack of imports for over four years. The Children's Fund has provided over one million, two hundred thousand complete suits of clothing and shoes to enable the children to get through the winter. In addition to this the Poles are now obtaining some textiles and raw materials. The sanitary condition of the country aggravates the difficulty of the situation. Poland has been suffering from a frightful typhus epidemic, and we have 600 officers and men from the American Army who volunteered to remain behind, without any further remuneration than the Polish Government could give them.

This typhus epidemic comes entirely out of Bolshevist Russia, carried by the people who filter constantly across the border. Winter before last in fighting typhus I imported twenty-five thousand bales of cotton from the appropriation of a hundred million dollars into Poland, to be spun by the Polish mills. It is necessary to provide clean linen to those who have been cleaned from typhus, and this was the most economical way of getting clothing there.

All through Poland, in fact, through the whole eastern tier of liberated states, there is a terrible undernourishment of children. There has been a great displacement and destruction of the population, and the asylums are full and are unable to find food supplies. Great undernourishment and disease exist among the children of the poor.

There seemed to be no hope of securing the care of those children through the newly established and necessarily feeble governments. The government was born in January and we commenced to take care of the children in February. This was accomplished by the organization of committees of principal citizens in every town and village, who, in turn, opened canteens for the feeding of children. We imported the necessary foodstuffs from the Congressional appropriation and induced the Polish committees to provide such local supplies as were obtainable in the country, and also made it a condition that the municipalities and the local governments or charities should pay the burden of local expenses. Our expenditures of some twelve millions of our Government's funds went solely for the purpose of imports.

In the case of Poland we have had for some time the charge of keeping about one million, two hundred thousand children from starvation, at a cost of about one dollar and a half per child per month for our share. The internal, administrative costs, come to about the same amount. At one period we were feeding four million children, extending from Finland, the Baltic States, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Roumania and greater Serbia, and some Christian population in Turkey. A number of British volunteer committees furnished money to the same local committees that we had formed. The contribution of other Governments, including Great Britain, for the special purpose of the relief of children, amounted to about one million dollars.

In taking up the problem of relief as a whole for the coming year we are faced by merely an echo of the famine in food and credits that existed last year. We can certainly exclude the British, for their economic condition is recuperating rapidly. The French problem is of the same nature as the British, though their recovery will be slower. As for Italy, it may be necessary to furnish some breadstuffs to Italian cities, and until the supplies available from Mediterranean centers are better known, it will be difficult to predict how acutely they will need aid. Belgium has made a marvelous industrial recovery so far and since last July has been financing her own food bill of some twenty millions a month. I think, however, that she will need help on foodstuffs before her next harvest.

The German situation stands next to Belgium's in importance. The German people will probably be importing two or three million tons of food this year. They could, I believe, finance their food supplies if they had the intelligent coöperation of the reparations commission. It is in the problem of the new state that we find difficulties. Roumania, Bulgaria, greater Serbia, Turkey, excepting Armenia and South Russia, all have a surplus of food to export this year. It is a remarkable recovery over the situation that existed last year at this time. Really and intrinsically it is a great recovery because all of these states are not only out of any acute economic misery, but are actually contributing in supplies to the rest of Europe.

In Finland there is a total displacement of their economic base from landward to seaward. Before the outbreak of bolshevism the Finns drew their food supplies from Russia and their export trade was in exchange for these supplies. They are now making very great efforts to establish markets for their commodities in the rest of the world. They are having great difficulty, however, in making their exports balance their food necessities. I am convinced that the Finns will need some little help, particularly in the city of Helsingfors, but their population is of a most industrious character, orderly and stable, so that I consider their obligations perfectly good. They have practically no possibility, it would seem, of finding commercial credits, since the problem of the Bolshevist armies on their frontier completely destroys commercial confidence.

The other Baltic states, Esthonia, Lativia, and Lithuania have enough rough food on hand to get through to the next harvest. They are very short of milk, and that need is being taken care of through various organizations as a matter of charity.

Poland's is one of the most appalling situations in Europe. There, a great difficulty has been the lack of raw material. She has a large spinning industry, and if she could have financed cotton, Poland would be in a far better condition to export than she is to-day. The Poles have not been able to find credits, due to the Bolshevist armies on their frontier, so that their reconstruction must be delayed until the future. The most important problem is to keep the people alive until the barriers that prevent their reconstruction are removed. A considerable part of this task has already been accomplished. As the result of a great deal of energy on the part of the Poles and a good deal of trading, with our assistance through Europe, as well as the assignment of some of our share of cars and engines from Germany, and energetic repairs of broken-down stock, an entire transport system has been created. A regular train service has been established over every mile of track in Poland, though it is still inadequate, due to the continued lack of rolling stock and the large numbers of men held in the Polish Army.

Czecho-Slovakia, the next country to the south, is in a far better economic situation than Poland. Primarily, they are not at war with their neighbors. They have much less agricultural destruction than Poland so that their harvest this year was more nearly normal. I do not feel that they are in a very desperate situation, though it may be necessary to assist them with a few cargoes of foodstuff later on in the year. The Czechs are making a rapid recovery and it is possible that they will not need help outside of commercial credits.

It is the Austrian situation that I consider the worst in Europe. With a population of over seven million people, embracing Vienna with two million, this state has an agricultural capacity of only three months' food supply for a year. Under the political arrangements which have been made, the agricultural territory tributary to old German Austria was divided between Greater Serbia and Czecho-Slovakia. Vienna has a population based on an empire; but it has been cut off from that empire. Formerly Vienna was the financial and economic center of a very large area and contained a centralized government with a large mass of government employees. To-day, the functions of the city are practically destroyed and there is an idle population of some two millions or more, together with some other smaller towns in the same situation. It is absolutely impossible to support them in that area except by a very intensive industrial development requiring years. Austria has a few minor industries and if she were able to finance raw products for them she might be [*Continued on page 75*]

What Is Beauty?

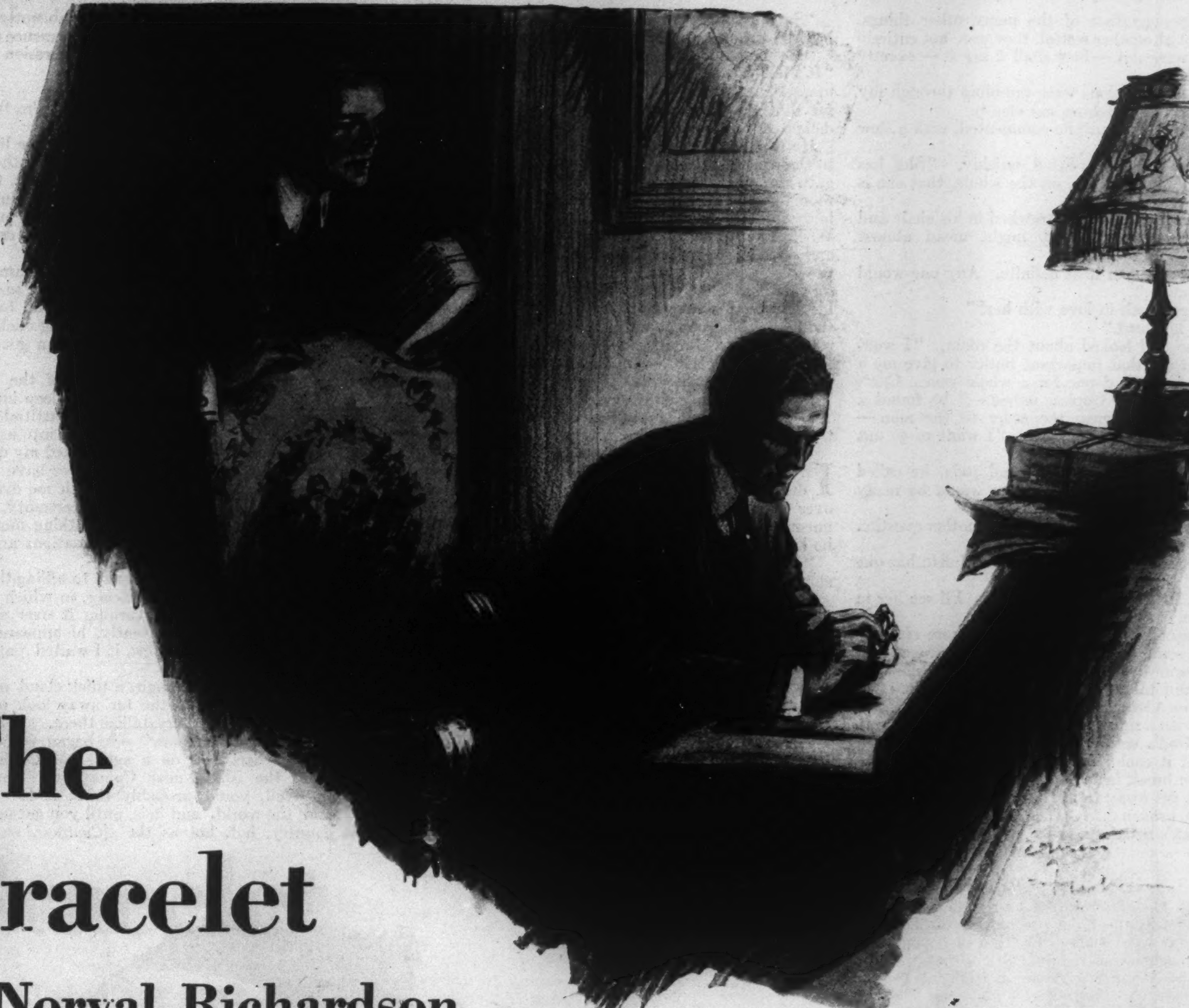
And to What Lengths Should a Person Go in Search of It?

HAVE you ever given any thought to this fascinating problem? If you haven't you should for it is a mighty important commonplace of every-day life, and a good way to start thinking about it is to read a remarkable short story called

"Beauty"

By **Wallace Irwin**

in McClure's for August



His knowledge of the mechanism of the bracelet was convincing. More than this, his deep interest in it, the expression in his eyes, his whole attitude caught my attention and held it

The Bracelet

by Norval Richardson

Illustrations by Ernest Fuhr

ALMOST everyone, at one time or another, has had thrust upon him, in small measure or great, the vastly disturbing responsibility of deciding another's fate—if not actually deciding it, of having something to do with the tipping of the scales. Advice asked, given, and acted upon, has often led to disastrous results. We have all been through such an experience; but the more subtle side of the question arrives when we, the possessors of some hidden, injurious fact, must make the decision whether to reveal this knowledge, thus throwing our friend into the whirlpool of Charybdis and eventual shipwreck, or to hold our peace and trust in the belief that the things one does not know do not exist, have no reality, and, therefore, our friend, in ignorant bliss, may, if left alone, sail safely into a serene port.

To see a man go through such a labyrinth of reasoning, right under my eyes, to watch him closely and await his decision, was a vastly disturbing experience. He knew, too, all the time, that I was cognizant, though never by the least intimation of word or look did we discuss the subject. During the six hours we spent together, the last three at least were a tremendous struggle for him. This would convey the impression that the responsibility was mine, too, but it was not, for even to this day I know nothing really definite. I heard him tell the story, indeed I was the only one who did — I saw his expression when Julian answered his unspoken question, but, after all, neither the story nor the question proved anything.

There was nothing unusual about him, he was an every-day sort of a fellow — I mean he was entirely normal, healthy and well-balanced, a fact which, to me, makes his decision more interesting in that its application is in no way exceptional. You might have expected anything of a different type, but Martin, big, broad, wholesome, successful in business, both feet planted firmly on the ground, made you feel that any decision he made would be a sensible one, one that would guide you in similar circumstances.

He had arrived that day from Cuba and going direct to Julian's rooms — they had been friends at college — had been met there by me in the capacity, at the moment, of making the final arrangements for Julian's marriage. In broad-brimmed felt hat and loose grey suit, his face a deep brown, he came in with the air of carrying the tropical suns along with him.

Julian's man announced the unexpected arrival and brought him into the library where I was addressing packages of gloves and scarf-pins to the ushers. He explained his arrival, gave me a hearty hand-shake when I told him who I was, and announced that he had come to spend a few weeks with Julian. It seemed that this was his custom each year.

I SUPPOSE it's all right your remaining here in the flat," I said, "provided you don't mind being alone."

"What's the matter with Julian? Out of town?"

I smiled. "He will be, after to-day. He is to be married to-morrow at noon."

He sprang up, opened his eyes wide, then broke into hearty laughter. "Julian to be married! It isn't possible! I had a letter from him only six weeks ago. He said nothing about it!"

I explained that it was rather sudden. As a matter of fact he had only met the girl a month gone. It was a case of love at first sight.

He listened intently, laughed again, and threw himself into one of the large chairs and sprawled at ease.

"Julian married! I can't get used to the idea. I thought he was as dyed in the wool as I. I can't see him a benedict. Who is she?"

I didn't know very much about her. She had appeared on Julian's horizon the month before at a winter resort. From there she had come on to New York, accompanied only by a younger sister. I was under the impression their parents were dead, though I couldn't swear to this. Of course there was some sort of a chaperon, more a companion, who hovered somewhere in the background. They were stopping at a hotel. Their home, I believed, was somewhere in the West. That was all I knew.

"It looks to me as though you had not been taken into the heart of the family circle," he commented, covering a rather sharp glance with a smile. "Have you met her?"

I had, at a small dinner Julian had given, at which only the four of us were present.

"What is she like?"

I debated the question a moment. It was difficult to answer. I was not at all sure that I was entirely pleased. There was something about her that, somehow, did not quite fit in with what one would have expected of the woman Julian was to marry. This something, mind you, was not positive; it was vague, evanescent, a thing one who had not known Julian well would never have thought of. She was well-bred, quiet, quite a *femme du monde;* indeed, I believe that was just the trouble. She was entirely too much a woman of the world, though not for a moment do I mean to suggest that she was not a lady — one instinctively felt that — yet she was suggestive of so many other things. I should have said she was about thirty, though she may have been much younger. Her eyes gave the impression of that age, even more. Her eyes also were what gave one the suggestion of the many other things. They were not altogether restful, they were not entirely happy, they were not — how shall I say it — exactly an open book.

Whilst these indecisions were rambling through my mind, Martin was watching me closely.

"So you don't like her," he commented, with a slow smile at my hesitancy.

"Yes, I do," I contradicted quickly. "She has great charm. I should say, on the whole, that she is quite a rare person."

"A rare person!" Martin stretched in his chair and yawned comfortably. "That might mean almost anything."

"In her case I mean it as definite. Any one would call her attractive."

"Julian very much in love with her?"

"Quite off his head."

Martin rose and looked about the room. "I wonder if I could get that important butler to give me a highball. Haven't had one for a whole year. Can't drink whiskey in the tropics, unless —" he found a bell, pressed it, and gave the order to the man — "unless," he finished the sentence, "I want to go out of business."

When he drank the whiskey and soda, he called for a bath, which the servant told him would be ready immediately.

Just before he left the room he threw another question at me. "Where's her picture?"

"I've never seen one. I don't believe Julian has one of her."

"Oh, well, I'll wait until to-morrow. I'll see her in the flesh then."

An hour later he was back again, in more civilized clothes, with some of the tropical sun discarded. An order for more whiskey and soda had preceded his appearance and taking it from the man he put it on the table, chose a long cigar, lit it, and sank comfortably into a chair with a sigh of contentment. It was good to be back in God's country again — he only got about two weeks of it each year — in some ways that was enough — the break in training must not be too long — one might get away from the central idea — habits must not be broken. . . . Then, gradually, he came back to Julian's marriage.

"So it's to-morrow at noon! When do you think he'll be turning up here?"

"He said about seven." I looked at my watch. "It's half after six now. I'm waiting to see how many more things he has forgotten, then I'm off to dress for dinner — his bachelor dinner. I know he'll be delighted you turned up in time for it."

He received this with indifference. I turned back to the packages, checked them over, called the man and gave him directions about them, then went into the next room to telephone the florist — I had to assume responsibility for all details as Julian was fit for none of them. When I returned I was struck by Martin's attitude and the intense expression on his face. He was sitting at the desk where I had sat a few minutes before, bent forward and closely examining something he held in his hand. I went up to him and looked over his shoulder. The object which held his attention was a rather hideous bracelet of gold, inlaid with black enamel. The clasp, or setting, was made of a heavy circle of gold in which was set a large yellow diamond. There was nothing either graceful or pretty about it. The work was undeniably fine but, taken as a whole, the bracelet was heavy and ugly.

I STOOD behind Martin looking down at the bracelet during several moments of silence. He, turning it over in his fingers with absorbed interest, was quite unconscious of my presence until I coughed. Then he looked up quickly, as though startled.

"Do you know where Julian got this?" he asked sharply.

I had never seen it before and could give him no information.

"You haven't an idea where he found it?"

"Not the slightest. Where did you dig it up?"

"It was here, on the desk, in that leather case. He never mentioned it to you?" He gave me a keen glance as though he suspected me of wishing to avoid the subject.

I laughed at his intensity. "Why do you find it so interesting? Surely you don't think it pretty!"

"Pretty!" He looked at it as if considering it from such a point of view for the first time. "Perhaps not. However, it is quite valuable."

"Valuable!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"This stone —" He broke off abruptly; then, almost as though he had forgotten my presence and was talking to himself: "It was in my possession once — for several months."

"That bracelet!"

"I'm almost sure it is the same one. I'm trying to find out now."

He put the bracelet on the desk under the light and began moving his fingers delicately round the circle, stopping now and then to press more firmly, then releasing the pressure for an instant and beginning again. Suddenly, as though of its own volition, the large diamond slid aside and displayed a cavity which contained a white tablet.

Martin threw back his head with an exclamation of satisfaction. Then, almost before I had seen what was in the cavity, he pressed the diamond back into place and listened intently for the closing click.

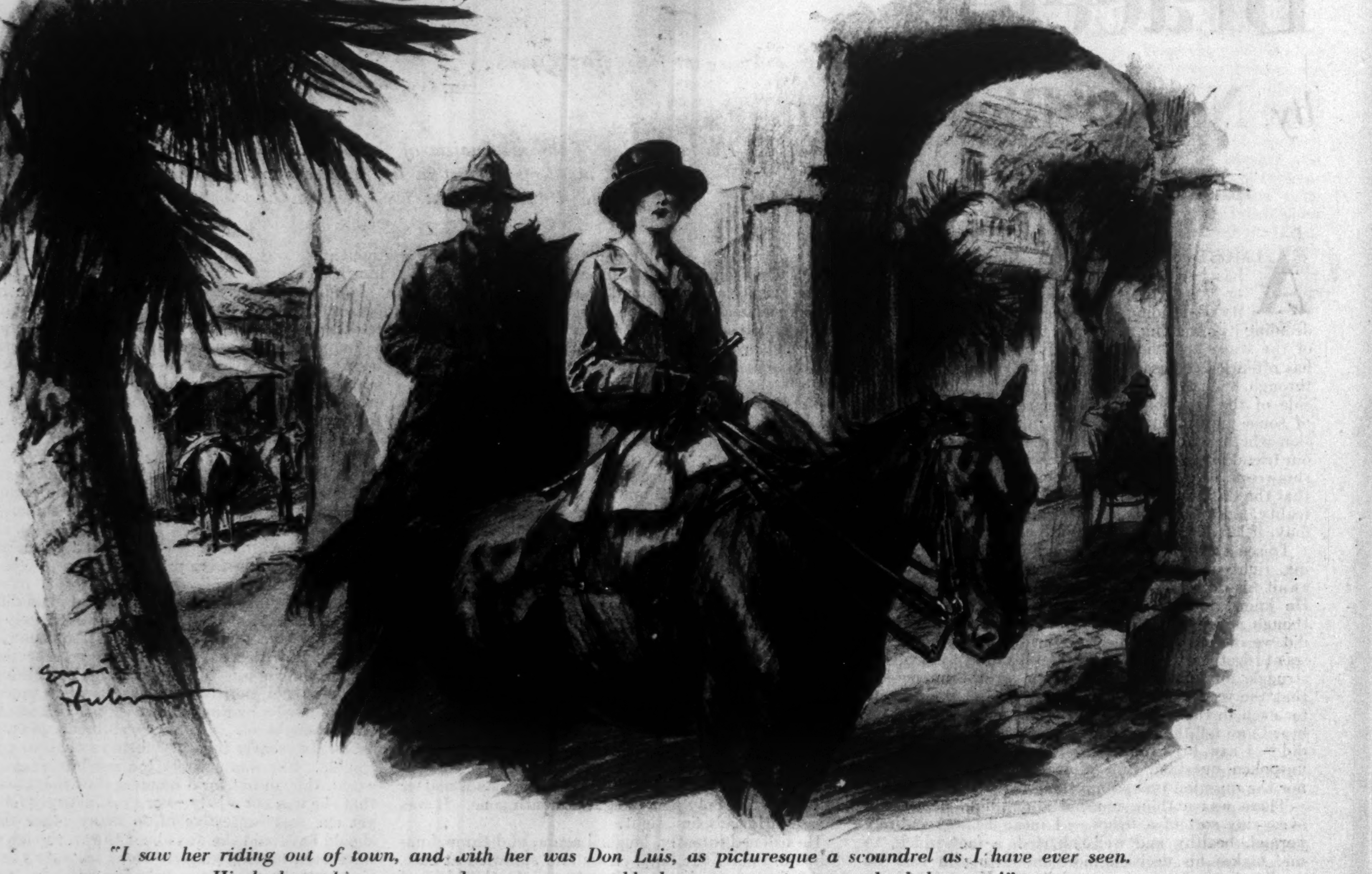
"I wonder where under the sun Julian got hold of this!"

His knowledge of the mechanism of the bracelet was convincing. More than that, his deep interest in it, the expression in his eyes, his whole attitude caught my attention and held it. I blundered into asking for the story — and have ever since regretted my question. If I hadn't asked for it I should never have had the disturbing thought that has been with me ever since, more disturbing on account of its uncertainty. If one is told a bald, bare fact, there is nothing more to it, but given half the truth, our imaginations are rather apt to run away with us.

At first he appeared a bit averse to telling the story; then, gradually, after a long silence, in which he held the bracelet in his hands, turning it over and over, and always regarding it intently, he appeared finally to reach a decision — I knew, if I waited patiently, I should hear the story.

Lying far back in the chair, a thick cloud of smoke surrounding him, I saw the far away look of visions creep into his eyes and crystallize there.

"I live in Cuba, you know" — he began — "been there nearly ten years now on a sugar plantation in the center of the island near Camaguey. Ever been there? Well, you'd probably think it the loneliest place in the world, and it is, until you get used to it; flat country, hot, hot as the [*Continued on page 65*]



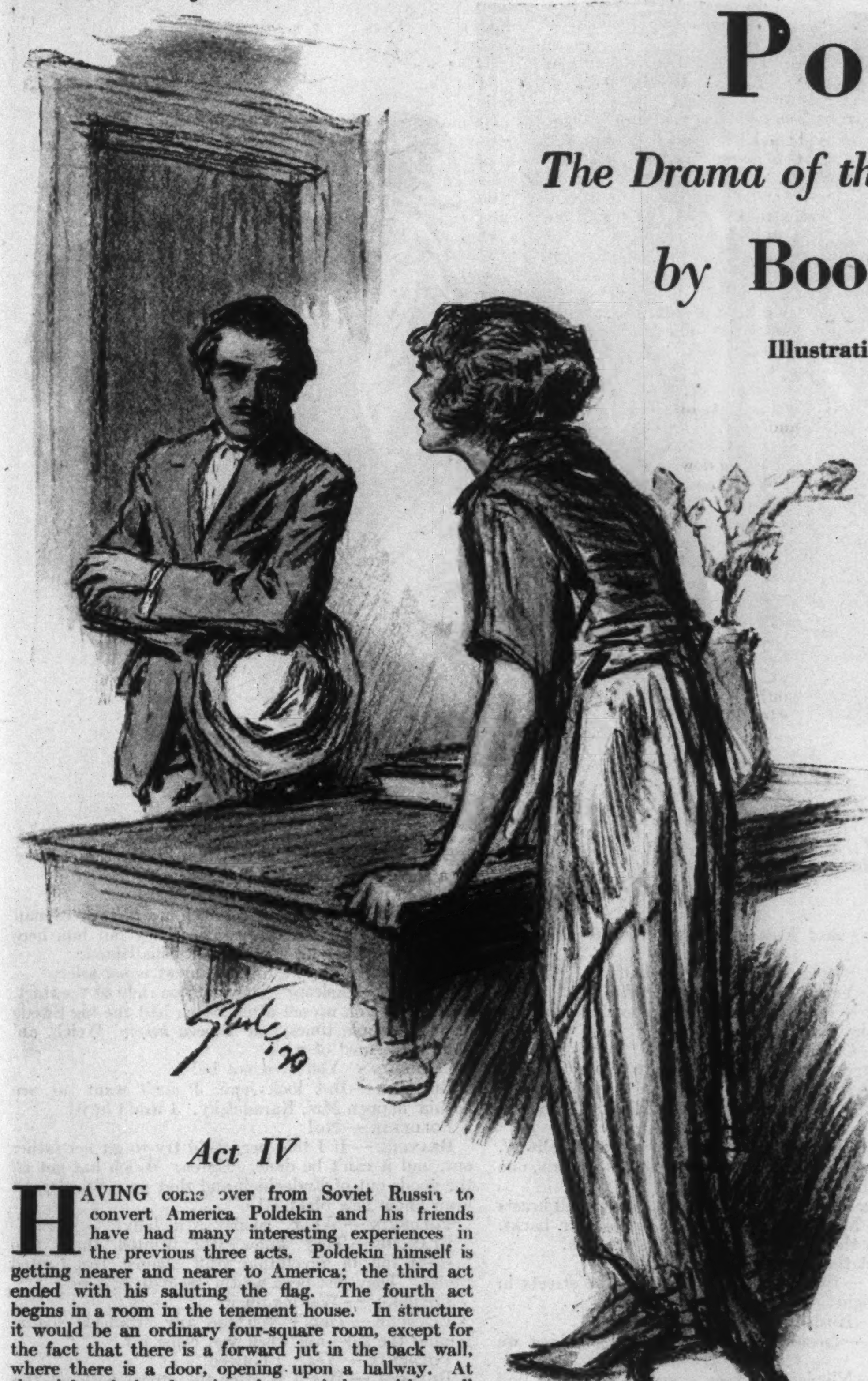
"I saw her riding out of town, and with her was Don Luis, as picturesque a scoundrel as I have ever seen. His look, as his eyes rested on me, was as black a curse as was ever hurled at me!"

Poldekin

The Drama of the Man Who Found America

by Booth Tarkington

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele



Poldekin--I searched for a thing I called "the meaning of America." I have almost come upon it—it might come to me within a minute

Act IV

HAVING come over from Soviet Russia to convert America Poldekin and his friends have had many interesting experiences in the previous three acts. Poldekin himself is getting nearer and nearer to America; the third act ended with his saluting the flag. The fourth act begins in a room in the tenement house. In structure it would be an ordinary four-square room, except for the fact that there is a forward jut in the back wall, where there is a door, opening upon a hallway. At the right of the door is a large window with small panes, through which is caught a glimpse of tenements and sky. A door on the left opens into another room. The walls are gray, framed in base-boards and plain mouldings painted black. The doors and all the woodwork are black. There is a black carpet. There is a black sofa, and all the chairs are black. There is a plain black table with a number of books, old and new, upon it. Under the window is a black bench, with a table before it. Near the sofa, upon a black pedestal, shaped like an elongated and slender pyramid, is a large figure of Rodin's "Thinker."

Near the left wall is a large blackboard on a painter's easel, showing intricate figurings partly erased.

Maria, wearing a pretty summer dress, in delicate color, is looking down at the street from the window. Nikolai comes in from the room on the left. He is even paler than usual. He comes for a book on the table.

NIKOLAI — Are you watching for Poldekin?

MARIA — I am just watching, Nikolai.

NIKOLAI — That is another new dress, isn't it?

MARIA — Yes. I have two now.

NIKOLAI — It seems to me you are spending a great deal of money.

MARIA — But it's my own, Nikolai. I thought you did not believe in husbands and wives.

NIKOLAI — Why do you say that?

MARIA — Because you speak to me like an old husband.

NIKOLAI — I hope you will never regret your cruelty to me.

MARIA — You have talked of that for seven days now; suppose we speak of something else.

NIKOLAI — Very well — of your father.

(She turns away with a slight, quick expression of pain; he goes on)

Do you know, I think what you are doing has broken not only his heart, but is breaking his mind!

MARIA — But what is it that I am doing?

NIKOLAI — Believing in Poldekin! Fascinated by Poldekin! In love with Poldekin!

MARIA — I can *not* talk of it any more with you — a week is enough, Nikolai!

NIKOLAI — Very well. I will ask you what has become of Endachieff?

MARIA — (surprised) Why how could I know?

NIKOLAI — Two days Endachieff has been missing. I think he would have told Poldekin where he was going and I think Poldekin would have told you. He tells you everything, doesn't he?

MARIA — At least he told me he did not know where Endachieff had gone, and I know it was true. For myself I think simply that Endachieff has run away. Surely that would be natural, seeing how he was treated.

NIKOLAI — How would you expect him to be treated after he cheered that flag last Sunday?

MARIA — He had been drinking; he did not know what he was doing.

NIKOLAI — Can you make the same excuse for Poldekin, who lifted his hat to it?

MARIA — No. I do not make any excuse for Poldekin!

NIKOLAI — Can you tell us where Poldekin is *now*?

MARIA — Why, you have a watchman over him, who never leaves him; Mendel. He is wherever Mendel is, and Mendel is wherever he is. You do not think he has escaped from Mendel, do you?

NIKOLAI — I would not trust *anybody* to see too much of Poldekin. His ideas are poisonous. People who do not know how to think must not think too much. They must let *us* control their thinking.

MARIA — That is how you accuse the capitalists of talking.

NIKOLAI — And *that* has nothing to do with Poldekin's influence on Mendel. Poldekin has the red flags and the propaganda in baskets hidden at his printing shop. The distribution is to begin to-night. Mendel went with Poldekin to get the baskets at noon. It would not take them half an hour to bring them in a wagon; it is now nearly five o'clock. Does that look well to you?

(Maria makes a weary gesture and turns away, and goes back to the window. There is a knock on the door.)

NIKOLAI — Come in!

(Blanche comes in from the outer hallway. She is smiling politely, but is nervous, and keeps some excitement under control. She has a large bunch of roses in her hand. She does not see Maria at first.)

BLANCHE — Oh, howdyado. Is — is Mrs. Karadofsky here?

(Nikolai gestures toward Maria. She sees her)

Oh, howdyado, Mrs. Karadofsky.

MARIA — I am glad to see you. I had *meant* to ask you if you would not come to call on me sometime. Shall we sit down?

BLANCHE — I only got a minute. What a nice room! Is it your parlor?

MARIA — It's a sort of club-room for all of us, where we see the friends that come.

BLANCHE — And got a blackboard — like school-days!

MARIA — Sometimes my father gives short lectures on economic questions. Won't you sit and talk with us?

BLANCHE — Well, I guess I got to be going ——

(With an apologetic laugh)

NIKOLAI — You know Endachieff pretty well, don't you?

BLANCHE — (blankly) Me?

NIKOLAI — Do you know where he is?

BLANCHE — Oh, him? I haven't seen him around for a couple days.

NIKOLAI — All right.

(He goes into the room on the left)

BLANCHE — What I come for was to bring you these flowers, and here I was walkin' right out with 'em in my hands!

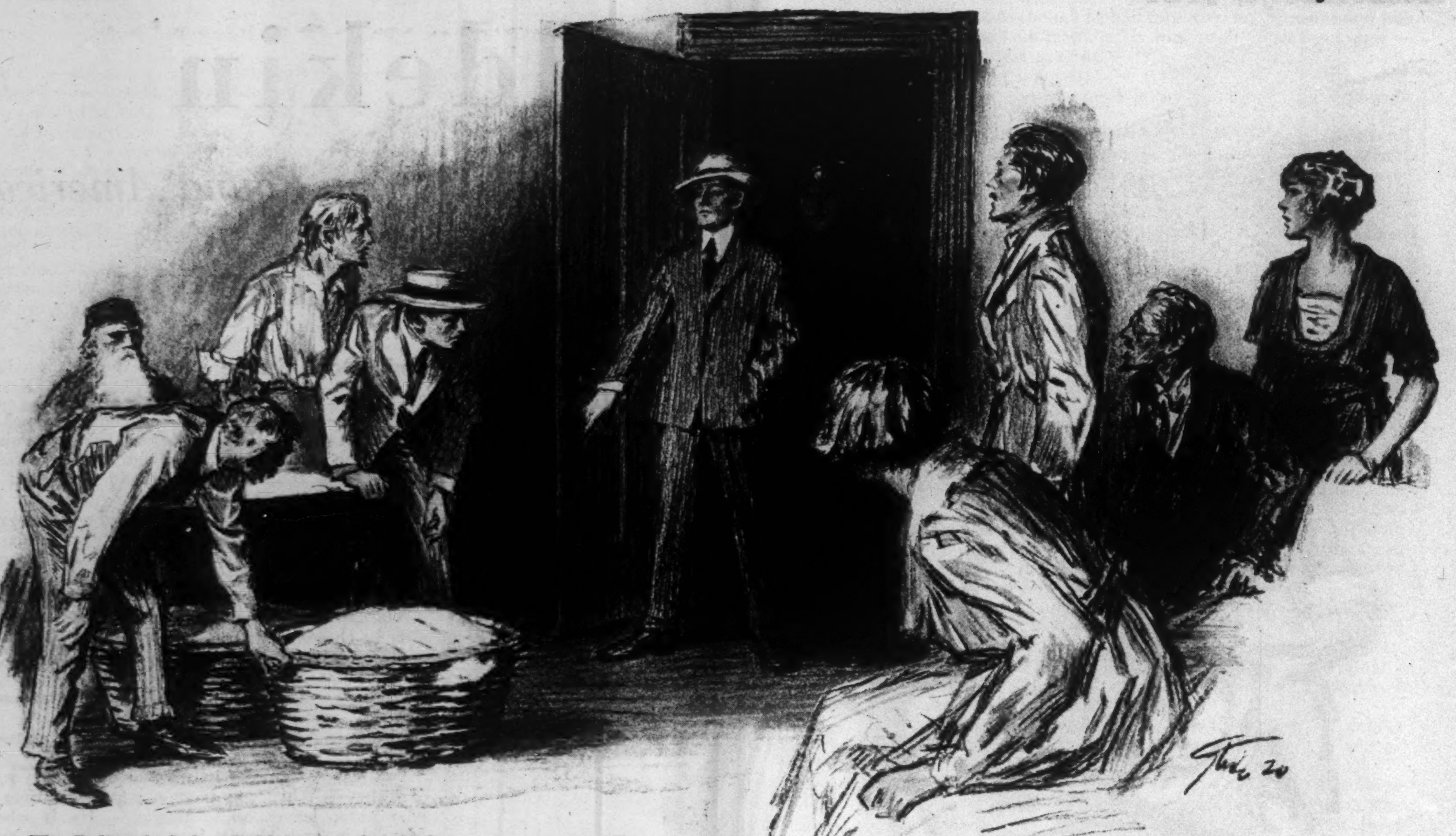
MARIA — How kind! How very kind of you! How pretty they are!

BLANCHE — I kind o' thought Mr. Poldekin'd be here.

MARIA — Not just now.

BLANCHE — You ain't got nothin' to put the roses in.

MARIA — I will bring a pitcher.



The Police find that Poldekin's seditious literature consists of copies of the Declaration of Independence and "The Star Spangled Banner." "He's almost as seditious as George Washington"

Blanche — No. Listen: I got a vase in my room; you lemme lend you that.

Maria — Oh, no!

Blanche — Do, please. Maybe Mr. Poldekin'll be here time I come with it.

Maria — You wish to see him?

Blanche — Yes. I do.

Maria — He has been gone since noon.

Blanche — I'll bring that vase.

(Krimof enters from the hallway, almost running into Blanche)

Blanche — Oh, excuse me.

(She goes out)

Krimof — This is something fine!

Maria — What is?

Krimof — Poldekin's got the baskets of revolutionary propaganda at the printing shop; that is the same as having deportation for us all in those baskets! When he and Mendel didn't bring them I went there and everything was shut up; but there is a watchman at night and on Sundays, and I knocked at the doors until the watchman came. I said I had heard the foreman of the printing shop, Mr. Poldekin, would be there, and I wanted to ask him for a job. What do you think that watchman told me? He said Poldekin *had* been there with another man — that was Mendel — and Poldekin had showed this other man some covered baskets, and they had talked about them for a while, and they said they would bring a wagon for these baskets late in the afternoon, and then they went away.' Where do you think that was where Poldekin and Mendel told the watchman they were going to? My God! it was to see the game of baseball! I fell into a cold sweat; suppose that watchman had a curiosity to look into those baskets?

Blanche — (returning with vase) Mrs. Karadofsky?

Maria — Yes?

Blanche — I got it.

Maria — Oh, thank you!

(They arrange the roses in the vase)

Krimof — Besides, if they were going to that place of baseball, why could they not tell *me* and let me go with them? I am not an animal! I will tell your father and Nikolai!

(He goes angrily out through the door at the left)

Blanche — D'he say Mr. Poldekin went out to the baseball game?

Maria — Yes.

Blanche — Listen!

Maria — It is his voice.

(Poldekin's and Mendel's voices are heard in the hallway)

Blanche — (nervously) They're back.

Maria — Yes, it is he — with Mendel.

Blanche — Look here, Mrs. Karadofsky, you like Mr. Poldekin, don't you?

Maria — Oh, I do!

Blanche — Fix it so's I can speak to him by himself.

Maria — Is something ——

Blanche — (under her breath as the hall door is thrown open) Just do it!

(Poldekin and Mendel come in from the hallway, carrying two large and very heavy clothes-baskets, one on top of the other)

Poldekin — Easy, friend Mendel. We are all beasts of burden, Maria; it is proper to break our backs. Down with the rich! Down with the baskets!

(They set the baskets down)

Mendel — (pleased) Right through the streets in broad daylight!

Maria — Hush!

Mendel — (seeing Blanche) It's our washing we brought.

Maria — Nikolai has been uneasy, Mendel. Will you come and tell him why you were so late?

Mendel — Sure. A man's got a right to go to a baseball game, I guess!

(He goes into the other room)

Poldekin — Maria?

Maria — In a few moments.

(She goes out, following Mendel)

Blanche — Mr. Poldekin ——

Poldekin — Ah, kind lady! I have something to tell you.

Blanche — No! I want to tell *you* ——

Poldekin — (gaily) I claim to be first, because I have gratitude to express. You know I searched for a thing I called "the meaning of America." Let me tell you it was that talk I had with you, one day, when we first came, that helped to set me on a path that must lead to that meaning. Ah, I feel that I have almost come upon it — it is so nearly here, it might come to me, oh, almost now, within a *minute* — it is so close!

Blanche — There's somp'm might be closer!

Poldekin — Tell me what?

Blanche — You notice anybody keepin' you in sight lately?

Poldekin — Only my friend Mendel.

Blanche — Well, they *have*. You know where Endachieff is?

Poldekin — (abruptly) No, I don't.

Blanche — Welch has had him out in the country on a spree fer two days.

Poldekin — The neighbor, Welch?

Blanche — (in a breath) Welch is a plainclo'es man from the Department of Justice. They put him here the day after they let you folks off Ellis Island.

Poldekin — Then the government is *not* asleep!

Blanche — Asleep? They got you right at the start. I was onto you myself after Welch had the big Swede drunk a couple times; an' I been *helpin'* Welch, an' I ain't ashamed of it!

Poldekin — You *need* not be!

Blanche — But look here: I *don't* want to see nothin' happen Mrs. Karadofsky. I won't *let* it!

Poldekin — No!

Blanche — If I told her, she'd try to git her father out, and it can't be done. Listen: Welch has got *all* the goods out of Endachieff and that poor fish doesn't even know he's blabbed!

Poldekin — What "goods" is it, lady?

Blanche — They know you printed them two baskets full of revolution stuff against the United States. They just been waitin' fer it to *be* here.

Poldekin — Waiting for it?

Blanche — Didn't you see any strangers loafin' around the sidewalk when you come in?

Poldekin — Yes. I noticed.

Blanche — Welch is after the crowd with all this printin' and red flags right here, same as *on* you; and he wants Endachieff, too. They're goin' to turn him loose out of an automobile near here — oh, *he's* havin' a *big* time! — and about as soon as he comes up here, they'll raid you.

Poldekin — After Endachieff comes. Yes.

Blanche — Listen: you can't burn that stuff in them baskets because — just touch it and I'll *yell* — they'll be up here then quick enough. I'm not goin' to see a bunch of outsiders come into this country and try to ——

Poldekin — I comprehend indeed!

Blanche — Listen: Mrs. Karadofsky can't get out of the buildin' now; none of you can; and I'm going to stay right in this room to see nobody bothers them baskets; but the minute Endachieff comes in, I'm goin' to ask Mrs. Karadofsky over to my room. We can go right through the attic to the other side of the tenement where my room is, and you follow us, see? Welch'll never bother my room; an' I'll do that much.

Poldekin — You are most kind.

Blanche — You got an idea what it means nowadays to git caught with the truck you got in there? *You* don't look worried!

Poldekin — Oh, I am an old revolutionist; I have many expedients, and I am never worried about the police. Life has too many serious problems.

Blanche — Well, you better follow Mrs. Karadofsky and me and not stop to *chat* none when Endachieff comes!

Poldekin — You are generous to wish to save me.

Blanche — Oh, I kind-a like you. Anyhow somebody's got to get away to take care of Mrs. Karadofsky. You will take care of her, won't you?

Poldekin — I will take care of them all.

Blanche — See here! Wha'd ya mean: you'll take care of them all? You try to give the rest a tip, and you'll all go — her, too.

Poldekin — No harm shall come to Mrs. Karadofsky — none in the world. Do you think I would let it?

Blanche — Then you better depend on me — and you follow us as soon — Look out!

(Nikolai comes in from the other room. Krimof follows — and then Maria)

Nikolai — Mendel has been telling us ——

Poldekin — We have brought the baskets.

Nikolai — (stiffly to Blanche) I beg your pardon: do you wish to speak with any one here?

Blanche — Well, I'm just callin' on Mrs. Karadofsky.

Maria — She has very kindly brought us these roses.

(Mendel comes in from the other room)

Mendel — (to Nikolai) You make an awful fuss because a man don't want to miss seein' a baseball tie played off!

Nikolai — A fine fellow, you, Mendel!

Poldekin — (amiably) You reproach Mendel? It was I who talked him into going to the baseball.

Nikolai — What else have you talked him into?

Poldekin — Every kind of wickedness! I am a bad old rebel, Nikolai.

Mendel — (to Nikolai) Looka here! I don't mean to be *no*body's cat's-paw! Some o' you people expect to use the rest of us and then grab all the results yourselves; and if I ain't gonna be one o' the ones that grabs the results, then I'm through with the whole business! You make a fuss like I ain't even got liberty to go to a baseball game. I guess you must expect to boss me all the time!

Krimof — (angrily) There is a stranger here. Be careful how you speak. If I had gone to the baseball with you Nikolai would have insulted me, too, and I think he had better be careful how he talks to free men!

Nikolai — Free! This is Poldekin's influence again. Always Poldekin!

(He throws himself into a chair, staring at Poldekin)

Poldekin — We had a free afternoon, eh, Mendel? Maria, you shall go to a baseball game with me.

Maria — Shall I, Poldekin?

Krimof — Who won the game?

Poldekin — I could not tell.

Krimof — Then what did you go for?

Mendel — He didn't know no more about it than a tom-cat!

Poldekin — I knew all that was comprehensible to anybody.

Mendel — You did?

Poldekin — I knew that it was beautiful. It *is* beautiful, Maria.

Maria — Is it? Tell me.

Poldekin — Well, first you have a great green field and a blue sky all sparkling in the sunshine. Then thousands and thousands of people all desiring constantly that something impossible should happen, and then suddenly they are bitterly disappointed — and then instantly again audible with the most radiant optimism. Down below, you see the groups of athletes on the green field, almost like little Tanagra statuettes for stillness sometimes — and then all electric in action — like flying Greeks — and the great masses of people rise and shout their wishes to the athletes; but the athletes always do something much the opposite — and then the people sit down and breathe so hard you can feel it on the back of your neck. There, in the sunshine that falls on the people, you can see that everybody is an American — more than anywhere else.

Krimof — The athletes have a little ball, don't they?

Poldekin — Oh, that you hardly notice at all — the athletes themselves never wish to keep it; they do everything they can to make it go somewhere away from them; I think that is the point; to avoid having the ball remain near you. All this you barely notice because there is much else to think about. Maria —

Maria — Yes, Poldekin?

(He takes her hand)

Poldekin — I want to tell you. There was a stand with a roof, where there were boxes with wire in front of them to keep the people from falling out in their excitement. Now, if you had a little extra money to spend you could sit in one of those boxes — and when I saw that, I understood what an ideal country would be.

Maria — What would it be?

Poldekin — It would be quite a little like this country. For instance, all the people own the parks, and they are finer than the richest man's country estate; all he can do is to have a little one to himself instead of the fun of the big one with the crowd — and the workingman would get the same from his big park as the millionaire from his little one, because neither a millionaire nor a workingman can sit under more than one tree at the same time, you know. And the people own the most beautiful things; no millionaire can buy such collections as there are in the people's museums. And so when all the people have good beds, good food, and good plumbing and can go to a baseball game, all the difference between a richer man and a poorer man will be that the richer man can have in private — like those boxes with the wire — something that the poorer man can have in sunshine with the crowd.

Maria — You say it is almost so in America?

Poldekin — It is almost, and I believe it is going to be *all* true. I do believe that. They must stop the cheating that makes money out of nothing but cunning; we must see that the meaning of America is *nothing* but freedom ——

Maria — That *is* the meaning: Freedom?

Poldekin — Did I say that?

Nikolai — You also said "we," as if you were an American.

Poldekin — Why, perhaps I *can* be, Nikolai!

Nikolai — You would get yourself naturalized?

Poldekin — (wide-eyed with realization) A man belongs to the country whose meaning he feels. Here, in this country, the people who said it should have the meaning that it has, they had the *right* to say it because they were the ones that made it. They wanted a country where all who will work shall have enough, and where any man at all who will try hard enough can rise — yes, just as high as his work *deserves*. Well, I find that is the country *I* have been looking for, and I accept it and I will stay in it and ask it to accept me — and I will try to be worthy.

Nikolai — (calling through the open doorway of the other room) Podoff, do you hear him?

Poldekin — The strangers that come, and like it, should stay here. The others ——

Nikolai — Those who stay may find it changed.

Poldekin — Suppose I do not like your eyes, Nikolai. Shall I try to have others set in their place? And I tell you this people's country is more to them than your eyes are to you.

Nikolai — I do not wonder you do not like my eyes.

Poldekin — What does that mean to anybody?

Maria — It frightens *me*, Poldekin. For you.

(Poldekin puts his arm about her, reassuringly)

Poldekin — If you are frightened for me I am — happy.

Maria — I want you to be.

Poldekin — I want *you* to be.

Maria — I know.

(Podoff comes into the open doorway)

Podoff — Nikolai ——

Nikolai — Yes.

Podoff — Mendel said they brought what we expected. If that is safe, we have finished — with Poldekin. It is time to do what is necessary.

Nikolai — (agitated) Hush, Podoff. The woman from the other side of the house is here.

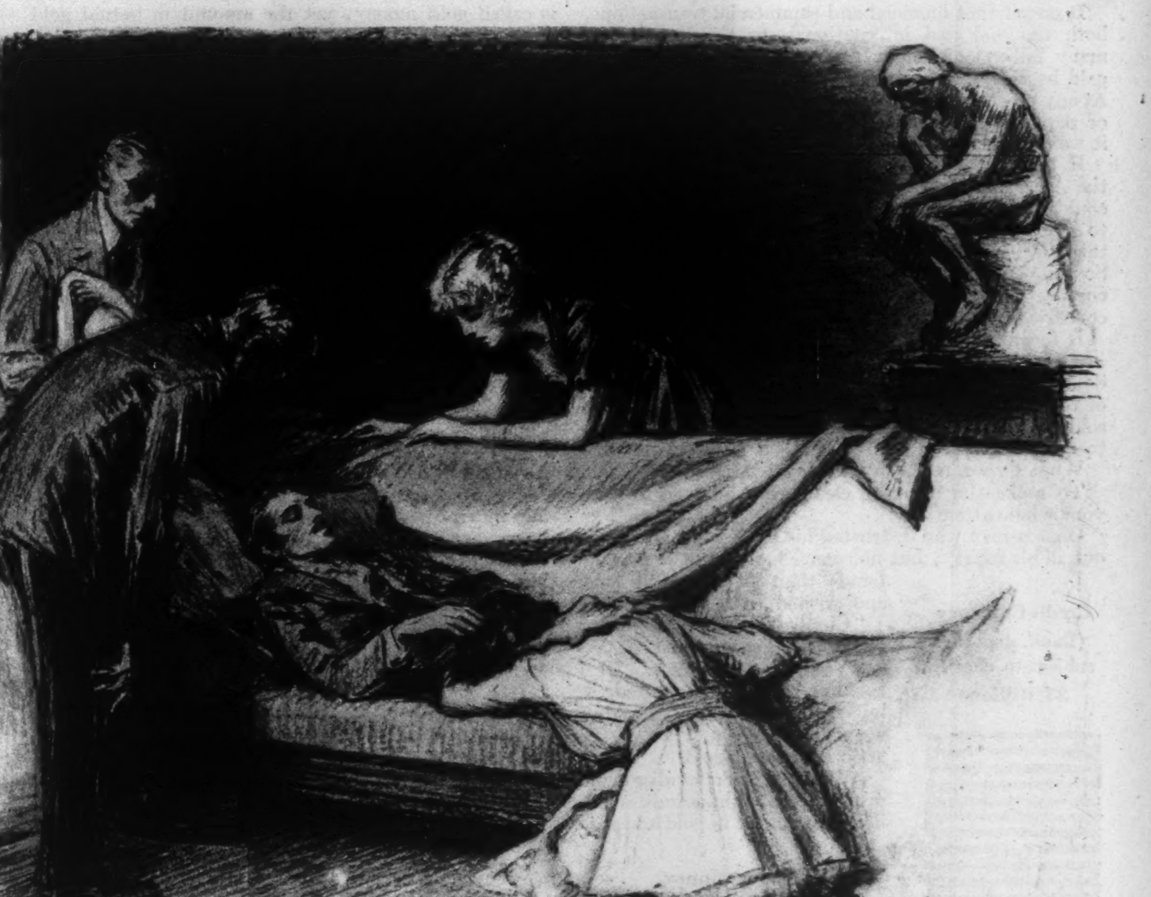
Podoff — Tell her to go.

Krimof — Wait a minute. Here comes Endachieff.

Nikolai — The dog that ran away!

(Endachieff is heard singing "I doe' wanna go home" in the hallway)

Blanche — (hurriedly) Mrs. Karadofsky, I got something over in my room I [*Continued on page 36*]



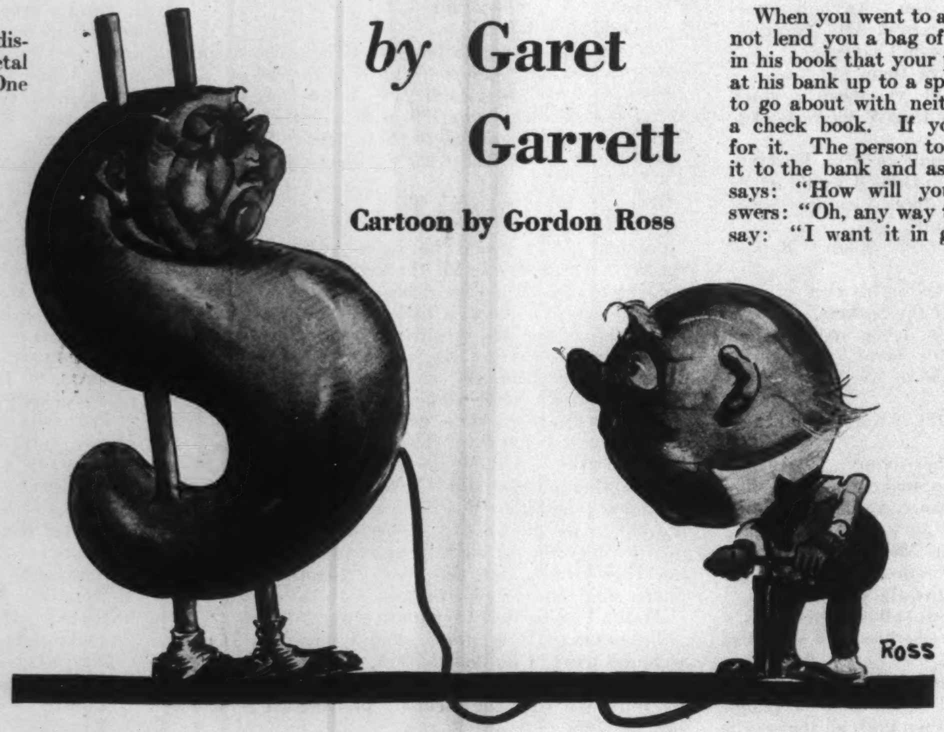
Poldekin (struck down by an assassin, speaks in a childish voice) — I have found it. (he smiles) Yes, I have found it.

Endachieff — (he touches Poldekin) Yes, he is gone.

In the Name of Gold--Hara-Kiri

by Garet Garrett

Cartoon by Gordon Ross



There has been a staggering, perpendicular increase of paper money and credit currency in relation to gold

THIS is about gold.

We undertake to speak disparagingly of the beautiful metal as a standard of value. One does so at some risk. Gold is the soul of money, and next to his own soul, it is the thing in all the world touching which man is most superstitious. This refers not to you and me alone, but equally to men of finance — in fact, particularly to them.

"Credit, not distrust, is the basis of commercial dealings," says the wise economist.

It is supposed to be so, and it ought to be so, but indeed it is not so.

The financial and economic structure of the modern world is founded on distrust. The symbol of that distrust is gold.

The world is — or until the War it was — on a gold basis.

What did that mean?

It meant that gold was the universally accepted standard of value.

It meant that in all the principal countries everything that passed as money, be it a bank note, a postal money order, your personal check, a traveler's letter of credit, or what not, was worth its face in gold.

It meant that gold was the touchstone of solvency — the solvency of nations, and the solvency of banks. If a country's paper money could be exchanged on demand for gold, then its paper money was as good as gold, and that country was sound and solvent. If at a bank you could cash a check in gold, that bank was solvent and otherwise it was not.

It meant that financial and commercial transactions, both national and international, to the amount of many billions of dollars each day were settled on a gold basis — that is, in the equivalent of gold money. At any point you could test it by refusing to take checks or paper money and asking for the actual gold, and it was bound to be forthcoming.

It meant that the twenty billion capitalization of the American railways was gold capitalization. You could take a railroad bond or a share of railroad stock to the Stock Exchange any day between ten and three o'clock and convert it into gold without notice. So you could do with the bonds and shares of all other corporations, not only in the United States but in other countries.

It meant that merchandise and property up to unimaginable figures — up to thousands of billions of dollars — were all valued in gold, and that as much of that merchandise and property as were bought and sold each day had to be settled for in money equivalent to gold.

What do we mean by money equivalent to gold? To make the meaning clear, we shall need to have your whole attention.

Once a man who distrusted his bank went and drew out all his money; but no sooner had he got it into his hands than he pushed it back and wished to redeposit it.

"Changed your mind so soon?" the cashier asked.

"Yes," said the man. "If I couldn't get it, I wanted it, but if I could get it, I didn't want it."

So it is about gold.

Although merchandise and property up to thousands of billions are valued in gold and may theoretically without limit be converted into gold, and although commercial and financial transactions in hundreds of billions are currently settled in money which is called gold money, yet the amount of actual gold money known to exist in the world is *less than ten billions of dollars*.

If all the actual gold money in banks and in circulation throughout the world were melted together it would make a block of less than thirty feet square.

On this small cube of gold rest — or did rest before the War — all our vast and complicated financial systems.

So it is clear that while the business of mankind may be transacted on a gold basis, and while everything may be valued in gold, still those who buy and sell do not give and take the actual gold. That would be physically impossible. There is nowhere near enough gold for the purpose.

But the other side of it is that people do not wish to give and take the actual gold. It is much easier and cheaper to take something that represents gold, that is, a check on your bank, or paper money. All that people want to be sure of is that the check or paper money does truly represent gold in the sense that it could be converted into gold if one wanted it.

The need for something to represent gold was first met by receipts issued against gold locked up in vaults. Then governments and bankers began to issue paper money in the form of promises to pay gold on demand; and as fewer and fewer people ever demanded the gold because the faith increased that they could get it if they wanted it, paper money in the form of promises to pay gold on demand came to be issued largely in excess of the amount of gold actually in the possession of the banker or government. There was no secret about it and experience proved it to be a safe practise.

Then evolved a third kind of money, called credit currency, in this way:

When you went to a banker to borrow money, he did not lend you a bag of gold. Instead he wrote down in his book that your personal checks would be cashed at his bank up to a specified amount. Now you begin to go about with neither gold nor paper money, but a check book. If you owe a debt you write a check for it. The person to whom you give the check takes it to the bank and asks for the money. The cashier says: "How will you have it?" Generally he answers: "Oh, any way that's handy." But if he should say: "I want it in gold, please," he would get the gold. Thus, your check may be called the equivalent of gold money, since the man to whom you give it may cash it in gold if he pleases.

Now we have three kinds of money, namely:

(1) The gold itself,

(2) Paper money issued by banks and governments against small reserves of gold,

(3) Credit currency in the form of bank checks.

There is also a great deal of silver money; but as silver under normal conditions also is convertible into gold, we simplify matters by leaving it out. Our subject is gold.

Under normal conditions there will be at a given time seven to ten dollars of paper money and bank checks to each one dollar of gold actually existing. It is all as good as gold because — well, primarily, because people think it is.

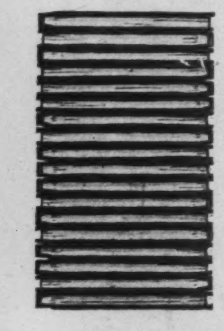
If everybody all at once wanted gold, they couldn't get it. But so long as nobody particularly wants it anybody can get it. There you have the application of the story. The man wanted his money if he couldn't get it, and didn't want it if he could.

At this point it may occur to you to say: "Yes, but all this seems to prove that confidence is the mainstay of the whole matter, and not, as you said in the beginning, distrust. People trust their governments and their bankers to pay gold on demand even if they know that if everybody demanded gold it could not be forthcoming."

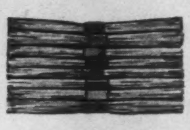
True, that does resemble confidence; but if we examine it closer we find it is a habit of confidence [*Continued on page 73*]

The Picture of Inflation

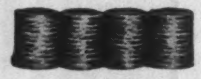
Credit Currency
(Bank deposits subject to check)
27 Billions



Paper Money
7 1-4 Billions

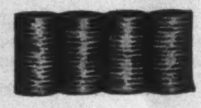


Gold
5 Billions

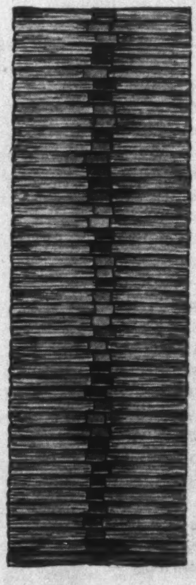


Peace Money 1914

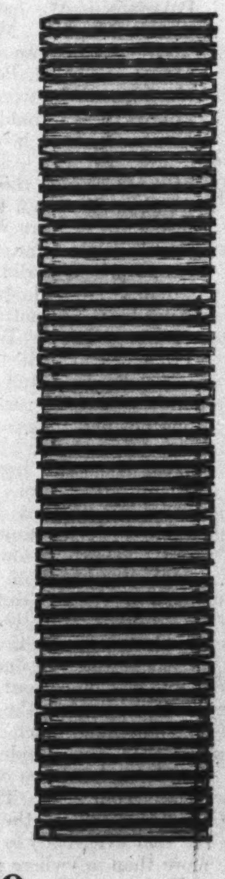
Gold
7 Billions



Paper Money
51 Billions



Credit Currency
(Bank deposits subject to check)
75 Billions



War Money 1919

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ALICE BRADY
"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO an ideal shampoo. It can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in wonderful condition."

MABEL NORMAND
"I never knew that a shampoo could be so delightful until I used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

BLANCHE SWEET
"I am pleased to indorse WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO for shampooing."

MAE MURRAY
"Shampooing with WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO always keeps my hair looking its best."

MAY ALLISON
"Of all shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."

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"It keeps my hair looking its best, and is easy to use."

PAULINE FREDERICK
"Not only is the use of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO beneficial to one's scalp and hair but the refreshing and stimulating after effects are delightful and indescribable."

ETHEL CLAYTON
"I like WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO because it leaves my hair so soft and lustrous and easy to manage."

MARION DAVIES
"WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO the kind of a hair shampoo one has hoped to find. I like it."

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant. Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

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This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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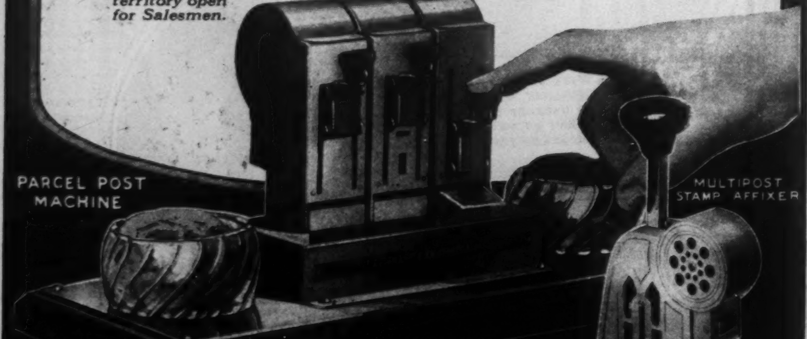

Poldekin

— *Continued from page 33*

want you to look at. Could you come and see it with me now?

Maria — Now, you say?

Blanche — Please come right now. Please do. Won't you come right quick, please?

Maria — Oh, if you ——

Poldekin — Do not go.

Maria — She said ——

Poldekin — Do not go!

Blanche — Are you tellin' her not to come with me?

Poldekin — If you forgive me — yes; I ask her to stay.

Blanche — Mrs. Karadofsky, for God's sake, come with me!

Maria — Why, what is it?

Poldekin — Stay here.

Blanche — Oh, *do* what I say!

(Endachieff comes in from the hallway)

Endachieff — Well! All the fam'ly here? Little boy ran away. Are you goin' to punish him? I just been enjoy' myself. *Please* don't do it.

Poldekin — How can they punish you? Are they the law?

Podoff — The law belongs to whatever man has the power to judge and execute sentence.

(Endachieff whimpers and crouches near Poldekin)

Poldekin — Don't fear. They have neither the law nor the power.

Podoff — Are you sure you have not been judged, too, Poldekin?

Poldekin — Old child!

Endachieff — Poldekin, who are all the strange men down-stairs and on the stairway?

(Nikolai, Krimof and Mendel are startled; they spring up crying: "What!" and "What does he say?" "Men on the stairway!")

(Blanche makes a final despairing appeal to Maria)

Blanche — Mrs. Karadofsky ——

Podoff — Is it a betrayal?

(Krimof and Mendel dash at the baskets)

Nikolai — If it's the police, that won't help us! You haven't time to get rid of them.

Podoff — Who has been treacherous?

Poldekin — No one! Be quiet!

(There is a heavy knocking on the hall door)

Maria — They will separate us in the prison. Kiss me good-bye, Poldekin.

(He kisses her quickly)

Poldekin — It is good-morning; the daylight is coming.

(The door is thrown open; Welch strides in, followed by a sergeant of police. Beyond the doorway are seen policemen in uniform and agents of the Department of Justice in plainclothes. Welch's manner is different; he has become authoritative and speaks better English.)

Welch — Get away from those baskets! Stand back from 'em. Uncle Sam wants those. Now everybody stand just where you are. Don't move one inch!

(The Sergeant goes to the baskets)

Poldekin — It is our neighbor, Mr. Welch?

Welch — It's the Department of Justice of the Federal Government, and it's the Metropolitan Police, Mr. Poldekin.

Poldekin — We are under arrest?

Welch — No, you're not, but I want you to stand damn still, all of you.

Poldekin — Why? Since we are not under arrest.

Welch — This is a decent country; you can't arrest a man on suspicion — but I'll have something to arrest you for in about twenty seconds! Then you'll be under arrest. Don't worry. Get the covers off those baskets, Sergeant!

(As the Sergeant works, cutting packages open, Welch turns to those at the door, and points to Blanche.)

Don't bother this woman. Let her go out if she wants to; she's not in it.

Sergeant — I guess this is the goods! Look at it.

(Packets of handbills and packages of flags wrapped in paper are revealed.)

Welch — Read a handbill from any of those packets. All we got to do is to find a sample of seditious matter; then we can run these people right down-stairs and into the wagon.

(Pointing out Poldekin to those at the doorway.)

Keep your eye on this one: he's the big fella here and did all the printing. Go ahead and read, Sergeant. Read it aloud.

You listen, boys.

(The Sergeant is on one knee by the baskets. He reads a handbill.)

Sergeant — "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another ——"

(He breaks off)

Say, I've read this *before* somewhere.

(He reads again)

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness ——"

(Breaking off)

I know I've heard it before! Say, what *is* this?

Welch — Hell, it's the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America! They've stuck it in there for camouflage. Try another package!

Listen, boys!

Sergeant — (reading a handbill) "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish ——"

Welch — (enraged) That's the Constitution of the United States! Try them *all!*

(Running to the baskets)

Sergeant — Looks to me like the whole thing is just made up o' them two bills.

Here's more "Declarations!" Here's more Constitutions o' the United States. Constitutions, Declarations of Independence, Constitutions, Declarations! This is a fine mess o' seditious matter, *this* is!

Poldekin — If you permit me, there is something more.

(Taking up a package)

This is not the same. Do not fear; I would not destroy it for my life. May I read it to you?

Welch — (seizing it from him) I guess this is the one we're looking for.

(Unwrapping it)

Sergeant, get into those bundles of red flags; we can hold 'em on those, all right.

(The Sergeant opens the bundles. Welch goes on)

You took a little too much interest in *this* bit of reading matter, Mr. Poldekin.

(Hands him a copy)

Now, you can read it — with me holding the other copies.

Poldekin — (to the doorway) Listen, boys.

(As he begins to read, the Sergeant discloses a multitude of very small American flags.)

(Poldekin, reading) ——

"Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars ——"

Welch — Damnation! *I* know "The Star Spangled Banner!" You don't have to read it to me!

Sergeant — *That's* the stuff we pinch 'em on, is it?

There ain't another thing here but Constitutions and Declarations and Star Spangled Banners and these red flags that's got white and blue on 'em, too!

(Pointing at Poldekin)

This "big fella" — you call him, he's sure a terrible anarchist — *he's* almost as seditious as George Washington!

Welch — I'll never trust a drunken man again!

Poldekin — You are now to arrest us for the seditious proclamations — and the flags?

Sergeant — Arrest nothin'! We'll go through the form of lookin' in your bedrooms.

(He goes into the room at the left.)

Welch — (to Poldekin) Put it over on me, didn't you?

Poldekin — No.

Welch — You can't look me in the eye and tell me you were honestly goin' to distribute *this* for propaganda to workingmen!

Poldekin — Do you think it would be bad for them?

Welch — Get out! (*Continued on page 41*)

"Like yours—and for 50 cents LESS."
"Yeah? Me for Topkis after this!"

A STUFFY night in the narrow confines of the "sleeper," then—oh, boy!—the dash for the washroom and the cool, clean suit of Topkis Athletic Underwear.

Topkis? Yes, *sir!* Topkis—with its loose-cut lines, its featherweight nainsook that rests ever so lightly on your shoulders and barely touches you elsewhere.

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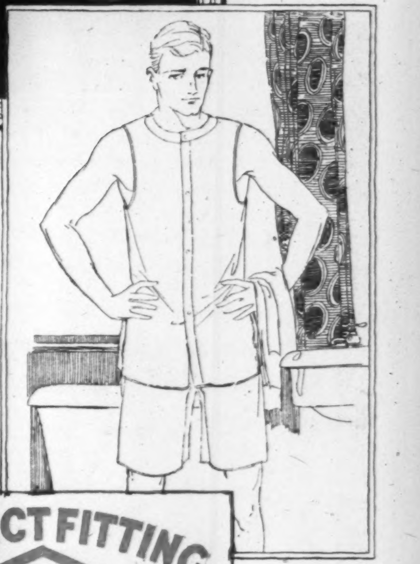

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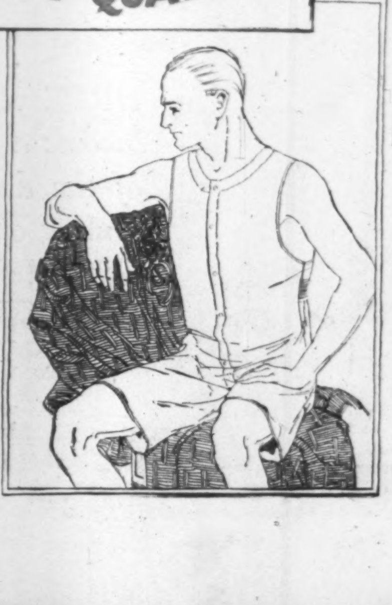

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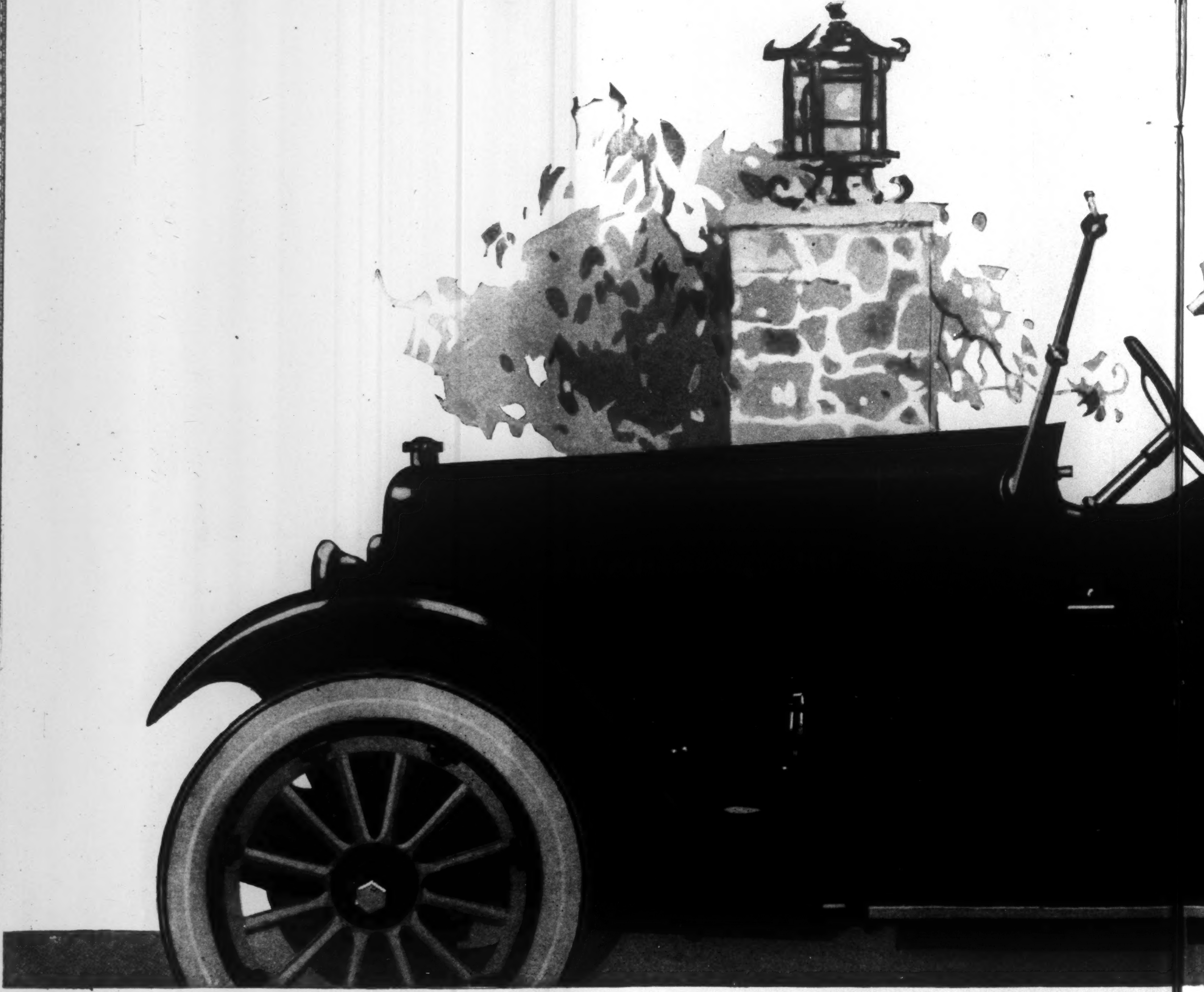

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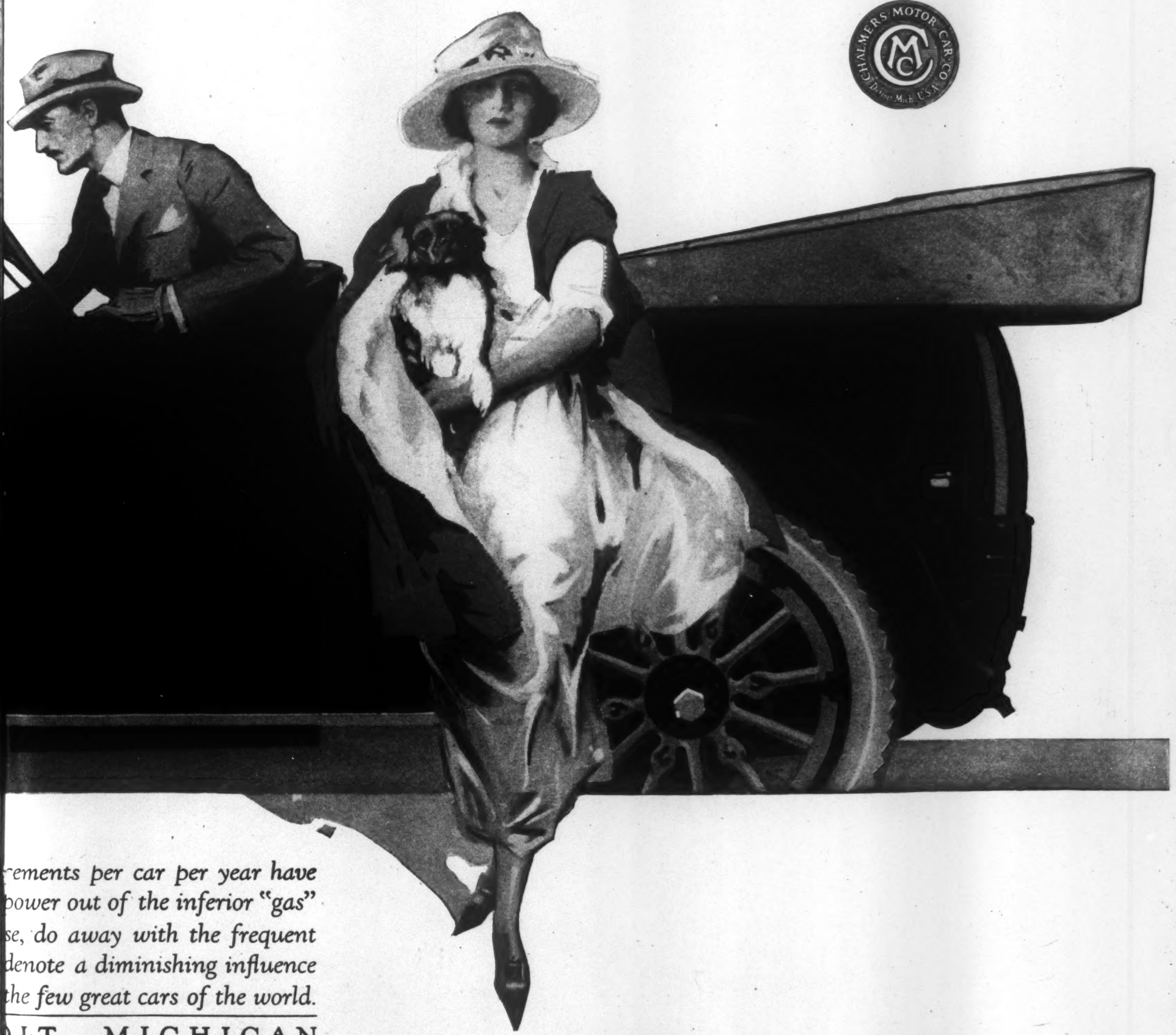
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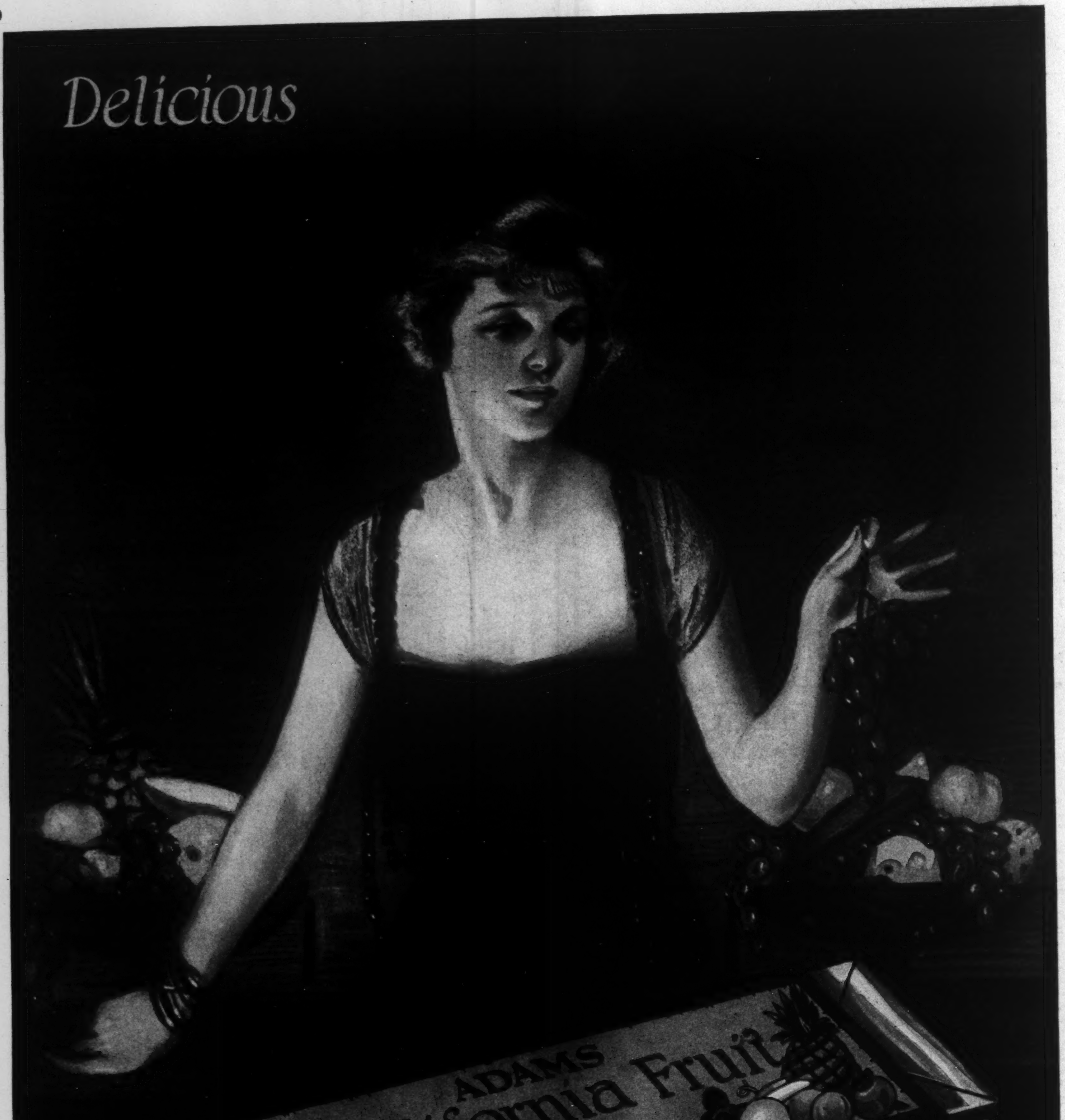

Delicious
ADAMS
California Fruit
Gum
A CHICLE A
Tutti Frutti Flavor

Painted for American Chicle Company by Neysa McMein. Copyright 1920.

Poldekin

— *Continued from page 36*

Podoff — You have understood, Nikolai?

Nikolai — I am ready, Podoff.

Sergeant — (returning) Nothin' there. Now, you people, we'll just look around and clear out probably. Where are you men's rooms?

Poldekin — On the floor below. We will have the pleasure to show you.

Sergeant — Come on, then. The rest of you stay here.

(They all start for the hallway door except Podoff, Blanche and Maria. Podoff speaks in a low, warning voice)

Podoff — Nikolai!

(Nikolai swallows and gives him a look over the shoulder.)

Maria — (catching Poldekin's sleeve) Dearest! Don't let Nikolai stand close to you.

Poldekin — (he smiles and points to the little flags) Among the stars, we are afraid of nothing.

(He marches to the door.)

(Maria seizes Endachieff's arm, urging him hurriedly)

Maria — Endachieff, keep next to Poldekin.

(Endachieff follows Poldekin; Nikolai strides after him. Poldekin turns and waves his hand cheerfully to Maria, then walks on out of sight. Blanche comes to Marie and they do not see that in the hallway Nikolai fiercely swings Endachieff back, in order to follow next to Poldekin himself.)

Nikolai — Get back, drunkard! (he runs off, following Poldekin.)

(The others have gone, except one policeman, his back to the door.)

Blanche — I guess you needn't be frightened any more.

Maria — I am! I shall be until ——

Podoff — (solemnly) Until when, Maria?

Maria — I don't know! Until always, perhaps! I think I shall *always* be frightened.

(There is a sudden hoarse outbreak of alarm, a shouting in men's voices in the hallway. Then two pistol shots. Blanche screams. Maria opens her arms as to a cross, long expected.

The shouting continues. Nikolai tries to run in through the doorway. The policeman stops him and he is seized by Welch, who swings him into the arms of the Sergeant. The Sergeant instantly plunges off into the hallway with him.)

Welch — That damn fool Nikolai shot him!

Blanche — He shot Endachieff?

Endachieff — (lurching into the doorway) No. Not me—not me.

(The shouting dies away. Poldekin appears in the doorway, Mendel and Krimof supporting him. They bring him to the sofa.)

Poldekin — Maria? I don't think he has hurt me much ——

(Suddenly he is very weak)

Perhaps I had better lie down.

(He sinks down upon the couch. Then he speaks in a childish voice)

Maria, I have found it.

(He smiles.)

Why, yes! I have found it!

(He sighs and relaxes. Welch touches Poldekin; is not sure. Endachieff with sudden dignity and gentleness comes forward)

Endachieff — Let me. At the front I have seen so many.

(He touches Poldekin, looks at him intently)

Yes. He is gone.

(Blanche picks up one of the cheap little flags, which has fallen upon the floor. She puts it in Poldekin's fingers)

Blanche — I guess maybe he'd like that.

(Podoff stands near-by. He seems to be laughing. The "Thinker" stares down at Poldekin and his flag.)

[*The End*]

The Head of Misery

[*Continued from page 21*]

was all head and no heart, it was not reasonable to expect Misery to pity the human beings whom he harassed as a matter of allotted duty.

So Manuel became more friendly with Misery, and the two talked over all Manuel's affairs; and they often talked of the two royal ladies whom Manuel had loved and loved no longer.

"For at one time," Manuel admitted, "I certainly fancied myself in love with the Princess Olrun, and at another time I was sure I was in love with Queen Freydis. And even now I like them well enough, but neither of these royal ladies could make me forget the slave-girl Niafer whom I loved in youth. Besides, the princess and the queen were horribly given to jealousy, and to squabbling with each other, and with me, too: and I could not endure this eternal bickering, which was always reminding me, by contrast, of the quiet dear ways of Niafer and of the delight I had in the ways of Niafer. So it seemed best for everyone concerned for me to run away."

"As for these proud wrangling women," the head estimated, "you are for some reasons well rid of them. Yet this Olrun has fine eyes and certain powers."

"She is a princess of the Apsaras," Manuel replied, "and therefore she had power over the butterflies and the birds and over all creatures of the air. But over her own tongue and temper the Princess Olrun has no control at all."

"Then Freydis, too, has beautiful black hair — and certain powers —"

"She is Queen of Audela, and therefore she has power over all earthen images. But Freydis's worst enemy also goes in red, and is housed by the little white teeth of Freydis."

Misery said: "You have had love from these women, you have gained power and knowledge from these women. Therefore you leave them, to run after some other woman who can give you no power and knowledge at all, but only a great deal of trouble. It is not heroic, Manuel, but it is human."

Then Manuel replied: "When I was a peasant lad, living modestly in attendance upon the miller's pigs, I loved the slave-girl Niafer. She died. I did not die, they tell me. Instead, I prospered unbelievably, so that I am to-day a nobleman, with lackeys and meadowlands and a castle of my own. Now royal ladies look upon me favorably, and I find them well enough except for their interminable tantrums and talkings. But the joy I took in Niafer is not to be found in any of these things."

"That too is an old human story," the head said. "Well, for a month of days you have served me faithfully, except for twice having failed to put enough venom in my soup, and for having forgotten to fetch in any ice that evening the devils were here. However, nobody is perfect, your time of service is out, and I must repay you as need is. Would you have happiness, then, and an eternal severance between you and me?"

"In all my travels I have seen but one happy person," Manuel replied. "He sat in a dry ditch, displaying vacant glittering eyes, and straws were tangled in his hair, but Tom o' Bedlam was quite happy. No, it is not happiness I desire."

The head repeated: "You have served me. What is it you demand?"

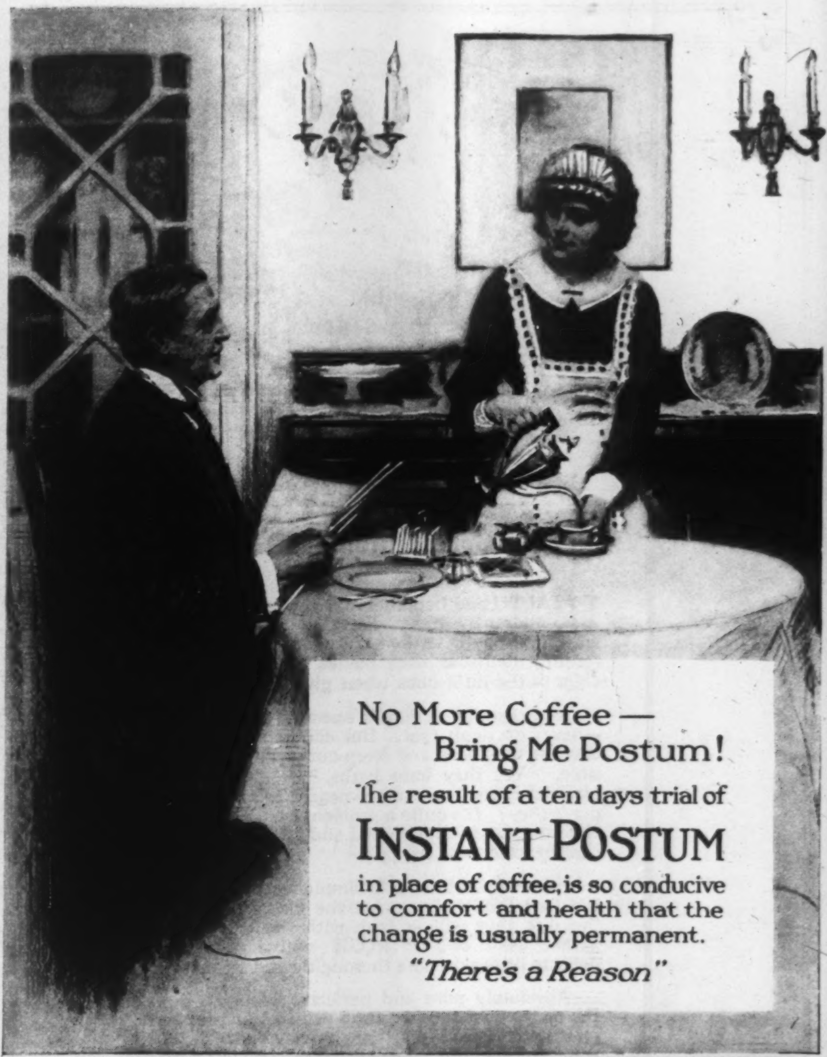
Dom Manuel said, "I demand the Niafer that was a slave girl, and is now a ghost in her pagan paradise. For I have heard that it is possible for you, Misery, to recall the dead."

Misery answered, "There is only one way to bring back the dead in flesh, and if I follow that way I shall lose my head as all the others have done."

"What is that to a lover?" says Manuel.

The head sighed, and bit at its white lips. "An oath is an oath among the Léshy. Therefore do you, who are human, now make profitable use of the knowledge and of the power you got from these women by breaking oaths! And as you have served me, so will I serve you."

Then Manuel called black eagles to him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Delatone is an old and well known scientific preparation for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. After application the skin is clear, firm and hairless, with no pain or discoloration. Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms.

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℞ For your children's happiness and health: KIRK'S JAP ROSE soap. Use as often as necessary.

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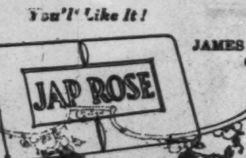

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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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THE IDEAL FLOOR COVERING IN TOWN AND COUNTRY ALL YEAR ROUND

WITH NAME WOVEN IN SIDE BINDING

in the manner the Princess Olrun had taught, and sent them into all parts of the world for every sort of white earth. They obeyed the magic of the Apsaras, and brought to Dom Manuel from Britain the earth that is called leucargillon, and they brought glisomarga from Brunbelois, and eglecopala from the Gallic provinces, and white earth of every description from all parts of the world.

Thereafter Manuel made from this earth, as Queen Freydis had taught him how to do, the body of a woman. He fashioned the body peculiarly, in accordance with the old Tuyla mystery, and the body was as perfect as Manuel could make it, in all ways save that it had no head.

Then Manuel sent a gold-crested wren into Valland: it entered the king's marmoreal palace, and went into the Princess Olrun's chamber, and fetched thence a handkerchief figured with yellow mulberries, and wet with the tears which Olrun had shed in her grieving for Manuel. And Dom Manuel sent a cliff-swallow, which returned to him with Queen Freydis's handkerchief; this was figured with blue fleurs-de-lys, and this also was drenched with tears.

Whereupon, all being in readiness, Misery smiled craftily, and said:

"In the time that is past I have overthrown high kings, and prophets and sorcerers also, in ways that ballad singers still delight to tell of. But with you, Dom Manuel, I shall deal otherwise, and I shall disconcert you by and by in a more quiet fashion. I must grapple carefully with your love for Niafer, as with an antagonist who is not scrupulous, nor very sensible, but who is exceedingly strong. For observe: you obstinately desire this perished heathen woman, who in life, it well may be, was nothing remarkable. Therefore you have sought Misery, you have dwelt for a month of days with terror, you are planning to defy death, you are intent to rob the deep grave and to despoil paradise. Truly your love is great. I it is alone who can obtain for you this woman. And as you have served me, so must I serve you. But when you have this Niafer I shall return to you in the appearance of a light formless cloud, and I shall rise about you, not suddenly but a little by a little. So shall you see through me the woman for love of whom your living was once made high-hearted and fearless, and for whose sake death was derided, and paradise was ransacked: and you will ask forlornly, 'Was it for this?' You will be content, as human contentment goes, and my triumph will not be publie: but none the less, I shall have overthrown my present conqueror, and I shall have brought low the love which terror and death did not affright, and which the laws of earth could not control: and I, whom some call Kruchina and others Béda, shall be monstrously amused by this."

"That is to-morrow's affair," replied Manuel, "and my dealings are with to-day."

Then Manuel bound the clay head of Misery in the two handkerchiefs which were wet with the tears of Olrun and of Freydis. When the cock had crowed three times, Dom Manuel unbound the head, and it was only a shapeless mass of moist white clay, because of the tears of Freydis and Olrun. Manuel modeled in this clay to the best of his ability the head of Niafer, as he remembered her when both were young and they had loved each other: and when the white head was finished he fitted it to the body which he had made from the other sorts of white earth. Thereafter Dom Manuel robed this body in brown drugget such as Niafer had been used to wear.

Now the tale tells that when Misery was dispossessed of the earth he entered (because Misery is un-Christian) into the paradise of the pagans, where Niafer the long-dead slave girl abode in bliss: and Misery came shortly afterward to Niafer, and talked with her in a thin little voice. She listened willingly to this talk of Manuel and of the days that Niafer had shared with Manuel: and she could no longer be happy in the paradise of the pagans.

Thereafter Misery went about the heathens' paradise in the appearance of a light formless cloud. And the fields of this paradise seemed less green, and the sky less radiant, and the waters of the paradisal river, Eridanus, grew muddy. The poets became tired of hearing one another recite: the heroes lost delight in their wrestling and in their exercises with the spear. "How can anybody expect us to waste eternity with recreations which are only fitted to waste time?" they demanded.

And the lovely ladies began to find the handsome lovers with whom they wandered hand in hand rather tedious companions.

"I love you," said the lovers.

"You have been telling me that for twelve centuries," replied the ladies, yawning, "and too much of anything is enough."

"Well," replied the lover, "I said it only out of politeness and force of habit, and I can assure you I am as tired of this lackadaisical idiocy as you are."

So everything was at sixes and sevens in this paradise: and when the mischief-maker was detected, the blessed held a meeting, and thrust Misery and Niafer also out of the pagan paradise, because Misery clung to Niafer in the appearance of a formless cloud, and there was no separating the two.

They turned earthward together and in a dim country on the world's rim the blended spirit of Misery and the ghost of Niafer rose through a hole in the ground, like an imponderable vapor. They dissevered each from the other in a gray place overgrown with poplars, and Misery cried farewell to Niafer.

"And it is heartily I thank you for your kindness now that we part, and now that, it may be, I shall not ever see you again," said Niafer, politely.

And Misery replied:

"Take no fear for not seeing me again, now that you are once more about to become human. Certainly, Niafer, I must leave you for a little while, but certainly I shall return. There will first be for you much kissing and soft laughter, and the quiet happy ordering of your home, and the heart-shaking wonder of the child who is neither you nor Manuel but both of you, and whose like was not ever seen before on earth: and life will burgeon with white miracles, and every blossom you will take to be eternal. Laughing, you will say of sorrow, 'What is it?' And I, whom some call Kruchina and others Béda, shall be monstrously amused by this.

"THEN your seeing will have my help, and you will observe that Manuel is very much like other persons. He will be used to having you about, and you him, and that will be the sorry bond between you. The children that have reft their flesh from your flesh ruthlessly, and have derived their living from your glad anguish, each day will be appearing a little less intimately yours until these children find their mates. Thereafter you will be a tolerated intruder into these children's daily living, and nobody anywhere will do more than condone your coming: you will weep secretly: and I, whom some call Kruchina and others Béda, shall be monstrously amused by this.

"Then I shall certainly return to you, when your tears are dried, and when you no longer believe what young Niafer once believed; and when, remembering young Niafer's desires and her intentions as to the disposal of her life, you will shrug withered shoulders. For then to go on living will yet remain desirable to you, to be sure, but the dilapidations of life will no longer move you deeply. Shrugging, you will say of sorrow, 'What is it?' And then your inability to be quite miserable any more will assure you that I have returned: and I, whom some call Kruchina and others Béda, shall be monstrously amused by this."

Said Niafer, impatiently: "Do you intend to keep me here forever under these dark trees, with your thin talking, while Manuel stays unhappy through his want of me?"

And Misery answered nothing as he departed from Niafer, for a season.

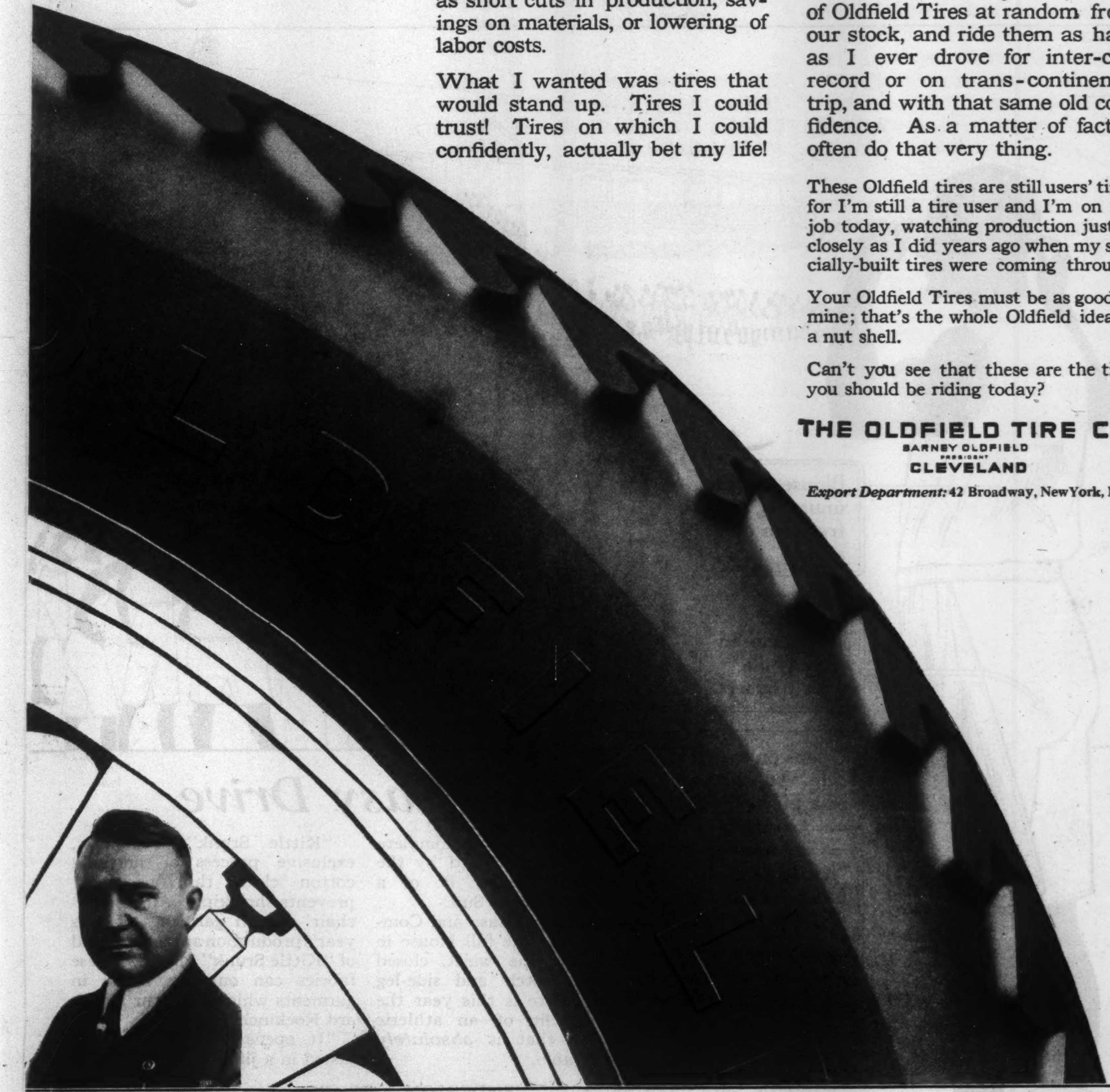
Now all this while, at the gray hut in Dun Vlechlan, in the peculiarly irrational part of the forest, lay the earthen image of Niafer: and Dom Manuel sat at the feet of it, and played upon a flageolet the air with which he had been used to call young Niafer from her sweeping and cleaning. Now he was a nobleman, and she a homeless ghost, but the tune kept its power over them, none the less, for its burden was young love and the high-hearted time of youth, so that the melody which once had summoned Niafer out of the kitchen now summoned her resistlessly from paradise.

The spirit of Niafer entered at the mouth of the image. Instantly the head sneezed, and said, "I am unhappy." But Manuel kept on playing. The spirit descended further, bringing life to the lungs and the belly, so that the image then cried, "I am hungry." But Manuel kept on playing. So the soul was drawn further and further, until Manuel saw that the white image had taken on the colors of flesh and so knew that the entire body was informed with life.

He cast down the flageolet, and touched the breast of the image with the ancient

"I'm Still a Tire User"

(An Advertisement by Barney Oldfield)



When I was building special tires for my racing cars, I was never interested in such things as short cuts in production, savings on materials, or lowering of labor costs.

What I wanted was tires that would stand up. Tires I could trust! Tires on which I could confidently, actually bet my life!

My tire ideals haven't changed a bit since I became a manufacturer.

I must be able today to take a set of Oldfield Tires at random from our stock, and ride them as hard as I ever drove for inter-city record or on trans-continental trip, and with that same old confidence. As a matter of fact, I often do that very thing.

These Oldfield tires are still users' tires, for I'm still a tire user and I'm on the job today, watching production just as closely as I did years ago when my specially-built tires were coming through.

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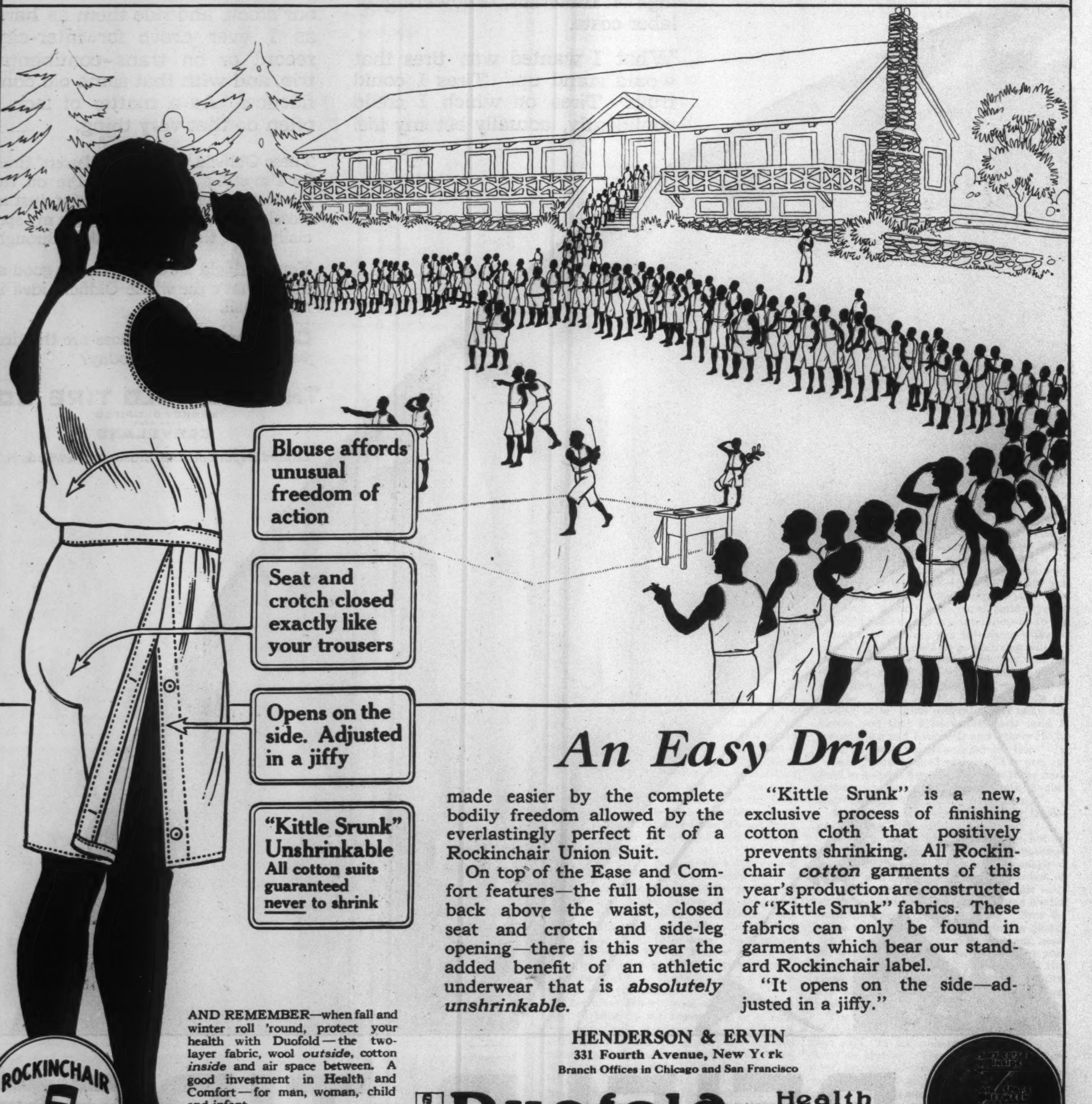

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Opens on the side. Adjusted in a jiffy

"Kittle Srunk" Unshrinkable
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An Easy Drive

made easier by the complete bodily freedom allowed by the everlastingly perfect fit of a Rockinchair Union Suit.

On top of the Ease and Comfort features—the full blouse in back above the waist, closed seat and crotch and side-leg opening—there is this year the added benefit of an athletic underwear that is *absolutely unshrinkable.*

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"It opens on the side—adjusted in a jiffy."

AND REMEMBER—when fall and winter roll 'round, protect your health with Duofold—the two-layer fabric, wool *outside*, cotton *inside* and air space between. A good investment in Health and Comfort—for man, woman, child and infant.

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ROCKINCHAIR
TRADE MARK

Duofold Health Underwear
for Men, Women and Children

formal gestures of the old Tuyla mystery, and he sealed the mouth of the image with a kiss, so that the spirit of Niafer was imprisoned in the image which Manuel had made. Under his lips the lips which had been Misery's cried, "I love." And Niafer rose, a living girl just such as Manuel had remembered through long years: and with their first kiss all memories of paradise had departed from her, and she had no more intelligence than an untutored slave girl.

They made much of each other for a while. But the first thing Niafer asked for was a mirror, and Manuel had none.

"Now but certainly I must know at once how faithfully you have remembered me," says Niafer.

So they went to the Wolflake hard by the gray hut, and Niafer gazed for a minute at her reflection in the still water.

"Is this as near as you have come to remembering me, my dearest!" she said, very sadly, as she looked down at Manuel's notion of her face. For the appearance which Niafer now wore she found to be nothing like that which she remembered as having once been hers, in the old days when she had been tolerably familiar with her mistress's mirrors, and had got frequent comfort from them.

"I have forgotten not one line nor curve of your dear face," says Manuel, stoutly, "in all these years. And when my love spurred me to make your image, Niafer, my love loaned me unwonted cunning. Even by ordinary, they tell me, I have some skill at making images: and while I do not boast of that skill—not for a moment, you must understand, because the credit of any knack which may have been given me is not due to me,—I certainly think that in this instance nobody has fair reason to complain."

She looked at his face now; and she noted what the years of living in a world wherein one must live as one best can had done to the boy's face which she remembered. Count Manuel's face was of remodeled stuff: youth had not yet gone out of it, but pleasure-seeking had etched wrinkles in it, success had hardened and caution had pinched and self-complacency had kissed it. And Niafer sighed again.

"There is no cheating time nor death," said Niafer. "No matter: I love you, Manuel, and I am content with what remains of you; and if the body you have given me is to your will it is to my will."

"My dear," said Manuel, "I think that Dun Vlechlan is unwholesome, and I am of the opinion that you and I will be more comfortable in Poictesme, where, as I must tell you, I am now a nobleman with lackeys and meadow-lands and a castle of my own."

"This is excellent hearing," said Niafer, "and I am glad that the world has had sense enough to appreciate you, Manuel, and we will have rubies in my coronet, because I always fancied them. And now do you tell me how it all happened, and what I am to be called countess of."

So with Manuel telling of his adventures, they left this peculiarly irrational part of the forest, and fared out of the high woods of Dun Vlechlan, and presently came face to face with Queen Freydis and the Princess Olrun, where these two royal ladies and their servants rode a-hunting. Olrun went magnificently this morning on a white horse, and wearing a kirtle of changeable green like the sea's green in sunlight: her golden hair was bound with a gold frontlet wherein were emeralds. Freydis, a very dark and stately lady, was in crimson embroidered with small gold stars and inkhorns: a hooded falcon sat on her gloved wrist.

Now Freydis and Olrun stared at the pallid flat-faced little peasant girl in brown drugget that was with Count Manuel. Then Olrun stared at Freydis.

"Is it for this," says Olrun, with her proud fine face all wonder, "that Dom Manuel has forsaken us? Why, the girl is out and out ugly."

"Our case is none the better for that," replied Freydis, the wise queen, who was looking not at Niafer but at Manuel.

And Manuel civilly saluted the two royal ladies, and thought they would be well enough were it not for their tantrums and their talkings. Then his gaze returned adoringly to the face he had created as he willed, and to the quiet love of his youth, and he had no occasion to be thinking of queens and princesses. Instead, he fared contentedly homeward with the one woman in the world who to his finding was desirable and lovely.

Clippings—*Continued from page 16*

two ways — either floated them on a flood tide of plutocracy, or scuttled them to failure, overnight. He had served many years in the National Guard, as a cavalryman, and when war came, he had welcomed it. But soon he had been called upon to sacrifice his personal ideals in favor of national ideals; and so he had crushed down his desire for active service, and obeyed an official request from Washington to resign from the Troop, and to speed up the production of aviation engines. There had been a thousand changes in the design of the engines; some of the changes would have required a complete rebuilding of the plant, a complete scrapping of the old machinery, and an expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars for new equipment. He had done his best to compromise between engineering common sense and Government inefficiency, and as a result, he had kept pace with the rest of the program, worked himself into stagnation, and accomplished nothing. His aircraft contracts had lost an immense sum of money for him; and before he had regained his poise, labor had revolted, credit had tightened, competitors had cut across his path, and abruptly he had found himself in control of a crippled enterprise instead of a flourishing success. The worst of it was that he didn't own the business outright. He owned a fifth interest; and it was for the other stockholders that he was now chiefly oppressed. He was spending ten hours a day at the factory. Anything less would be treachery to those who held the Mead securities.

At the conclusion, she was both breathless and impatient. "What are you going to do about it, Mr. Mead?"

"There are only three things that can happen," he said slowly, "and one of 'em's improbable and another's impossible. The improbable one is credit. I need too much; I need over half a million dollars. In these days, it can't be borrowed except on terms that would ruin us by and by, instead of now. The second thing is to sell out to a combination. That's what I'm working on now, and even if I put it over, I wouldn't quite get my stockholders out even. They'd get back about ninety per cent. of their investment. Still, it's the best solution there is in sight. The third thing is to let her slide. Naturally, I'm not going to do that. It's impossible. . . . The devil of it is that I haven't the energy I need to fight with. If I did, we might have an outside chance. We had a meeting the other day; people made statements that weren't true; and guesses that weren't accurate; and accusations that weren't fair; and after a while I simply didn't have the driving power to go on and keep the upper hand over the meeting. There were about twenty men there against me. I'd rather try to fight twenty men with my fists than to fight 'em with my brains — the odds would be better. You can knock a man down, but nobody in God's world ever *convinced* another man against his will. I'm not a quitter, but I can't put out more energy than I've got in me."

"What you ought to be doing," she said, "is concentrating on just that one problem, isn't it? Letting everything else go, and putting all your eggs into one basket?"

"There isn't a chance of it." This was the nearest that he ever came to an indictment of Amy. "I've got so many other obligations."

"I'm astonished at you! Obligations! Why don't you talk to Mrs. Mead, and explain things?"

"It's been my experience," he said, "that the less business a man takes home with him, the better off he is. Mrs. Mead's a wonderful woman, but she's like most women; she doesn't want to listen to a lot of statistics she doesn't understand. You're the abnormal person; she isn't. . . ."

She was as absorbed as though the matter touched upon her own future.

"But certainly you don't have to wear yourself out on all these silly dances, and things! That's just plain suicide. If you're

You and yours

Should brush teeth in this new way

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of teeth are now cleaned in a new way. You see them everywhere — glistening teeth.

They are pretty teeth, but there's a deeper reason for them. They are safer, cleaner. The cloudy and destructive film is every day combated.

You will use this method and have your family use it when you make this ten-day test.

To end the film

The purpose is to fight film — that viscous film you feel. It is the teeth's chief enemy.

It is that film-coat which discolors. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

The film is clinging. It enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It dims the teeth, and month after month, between dental cleanings, it may do a ceaseless damage. That is why tooth troubles come despite the daily brushing.

What dentists urge

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Authorities have amply proved it by many careful tests.

It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent — a scientific tooth paste. And leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use.

Sent to anyone who asks

A 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is sent to anyone who asks, and millions have thus proved it. Every person owes himself that test.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Now science has discovered a harmless activating method, and active pepsin can be every day applied.

Two other problems have been solved in Pepsodent. In three ways this tooth paste brings a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch the results of a ten-day test. Read the reason for them, then judge for yourself what is best.

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Watch them whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how they whiten as the film coat disappears. Cut out the coupon now.

Ten-day tube free 388

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Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Name . . . .

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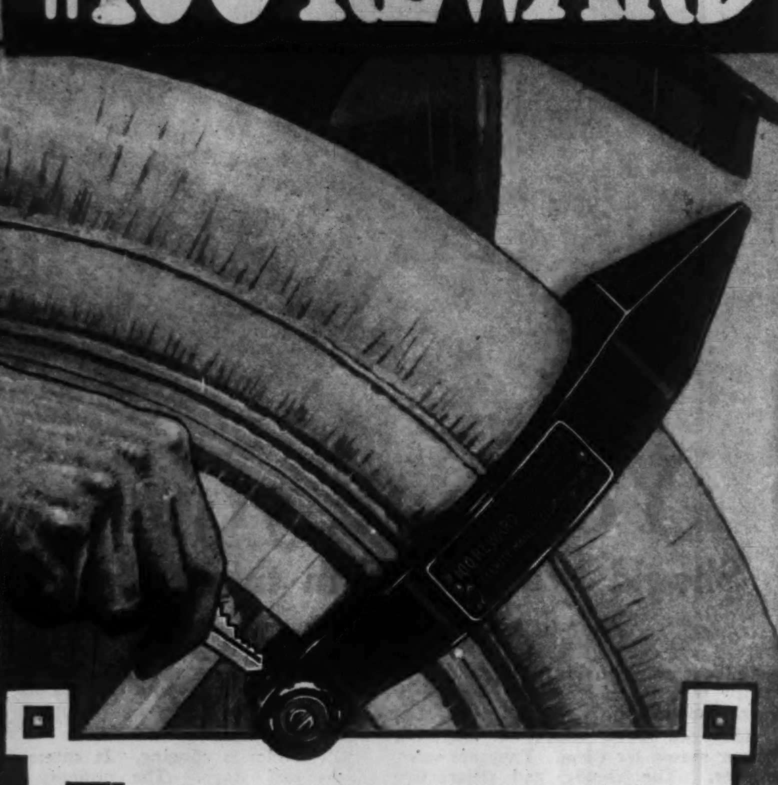
Only one tube to a family.

$100 REWARD



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going to quote obligations, I'll give you one — nobody on earth has any bigger obligation than to keep his own health."

"That's a matter of opinion. Mrs. Mead didn't expect to marry a hermit. When a man's married, he takes on a new set of responsibilities. One or two of 'em may happen to be expressed, but most of 'em are implied. I've got more of an obligation to her than I have to myself, or to any one else, haven't I? My job is to do the best I can for everybody, with Amy first, and myself last."

"And you're compromising between business and society, and you won't please either, and you'll smash yourself to boot." She pressed the turf with her foot, and didn't look at him. "Of course you know, though, that even if you do fail, you won't be a failure."

"It sounds like a paradox," said Stephen.

"It isn't at all." She suddenly faced him. "I'm going to talk to you perfectly frankly. Here you've a condition that needs every ounce of strength and every brain-cell you've got, and you're acting as though you want to kill yourself with it You look dreadfully. And if you'd only just once explain to Mrs. Mead the way you have to me — if you'd make her see that you can't hope to save your business and be a social lion, too — why, you might get somewhere. I think you're the most unreasonable man I ever knew — and just about the stupidest and the finest. Of *course* you're angry at me; of *course* you think I'm saying harsh things about Mrs. Mead, but I'm not thinking about her — I'm thinking about you. She apparently doesn't understand you at all, and it's absolutely your own fault."

"I suppose so," said Stephen, abstracted.

"If I thought for an instant she'd listen to me, I'd go to her myself."

"*No!*" said Stephen, horrified. "You mustn't do that! For heaven's sake, don't!"

"Oh, I'm not going to — it wouldn't do any of us any good. Don't look so startled. I said *if* I thought she'd take it from me, I'd talk to her myself. But that's out of the question. No one but an awfully close friend could do it. But I *wish* you'd do something about it. You're not being fair to yourself."

Stephen lifted his shoulders. "It isn't a matter of fairness. I'm simply plugging along until the dam breaks. The whole thing is out of my hands."

"YOU'RE not a fatalist!"

"No, it isn't that. I don't know what it is. Perhaps it's gone so far that I almost don't care. I'm not going to settle this thing anyway — other people are." He turned his head for a moment. "You've been a tremendous help to me ever since I met you."

His emphasis sent the color into her cheeks.

"Why, I only wish I had."

"I've thought about you a lot. I often feel as though I'm crossing a terrific gorge on a mighty narrow and mighty rotten and shaky foot-bridge. But there's a fine solid railing to it. You're the railing. Even if I don't need it, it's there. There wasn't anything specific you could do, but you've made me feel that if there had been, you'd have done it. And the more you disapprove of me, the more I want to tell you. You scold me in a way that's more uplifting than most people's praise. I may be horribly conceited, but when I get to thinking about you, I always say to myself that you're one of the few real friends, and the only real woman friend, I ever had."

"There never was a man yet," she said, "who was so big that he didn't have to have some sort of encouragement; or some sort of brake. You don't need to be goaded, you need to be held back. You are terribly conceited, but not in the way you said. *That* wasn't conceit; it's just true. But you seem to imagine you can be an Edison and a Westinghouse and a Brummell all at the same time, and it can't be done. And I know perfectly well that nothing I say is going to make the slightest difference, and that you're going right ahead and ruin your health with both eyes wide open, because you won't let Mrs. Mead realize that you're a man instead of a steam-engine. And if she doesn't appreciate you, I do!"

Stephen got to his feet. The reference to Amy was a jarring note, but outwardly he ignored it. In his inner consciousness, however, he was remotely pleased, as well as disturbed. "I've an appointment at half-past five. . . . This has been the most perfect afternoon I've spent in ages. And if matters *do* go the wrong way, I'll be gladder yet of that railing." He intended to smile down at her, but when he met her eyes, the smile stayed in his heart. "So far, all you've done is to point out how many varieties of an idiot I am. Well, if I keep on being an idiot, and the worst occurs, are you just going to say '*I told you so!*' — or are you still going to be kind to me then?"

Her eyes puzzled him. They were as direct as usual, but she seemed to be hiding behind them.

"What would you suppose? I really don't look like a fair-weather friend, do I? I hate to have you suspect me, even in fun."

"I don't suspect you; I count on you. And if I do fail —"

"There are times," she said, averted, "when I believe you'll do better for yourself if you fail, than if you don't."

He told Amy about this conversation, and he was shocked by Amy's reception of the confidence. She received his eulogies very coolly, and demanded, with indulgent amusement, to know what was the attraction about Helen Raymond. Stephen couldn't tell a hundred per cent. of the truth without giving Amy the idea that he was drawing a comparison; so that he tried to be diplomatic and succeeded only in being incoherent. Amy made a little grimace, and formed her own conclusions.

He sat next Helen at another dinner (and silently blessed his hostess), he sat out dances with her, he isolated her at a tea to which Amy guided him. He told Amy that he had valuable appointments that day, but she laughed at him, and cajoled him, and insisted that he go; and then, to his vast perplexity, took him home early. For once, he would gladly have stayed, but it was something he couldn't very well express to Amy. He couldn't even make it logical to himself.

He was still buoying up his nerves with stimulants, and altogether he had experienced half a dozen of those depressant brain-lapses, but he had reported no more of them to his physician. The prescription was obvious, and it was the one prescription he couldn't accept.

He arrived at a day when in self-respect he had to make a mild protest to Amy, and she took it nobly — and then staggered him. "Of course, dear, if you can't go, you can't go. But if all you want is to stay home and rest, why, you don't mind my going alone, do you? When I couldn't do anything for you anyway?"

Stephen reconsidered, and set his jaw. "I'd rather go with you than have you go without me."

"But, darling, it isn't as bad as that! Lots of men let their wives —"

"I don't care what other men do; I didn't marry other men's wives."

"But *darling* —"

Stephen waved his hand with finality. "It's settled, Amy." He half expected that she would offer to renounce the engagement, but she didn't.

"DON'T you *know*," said Helen to him, "that no man can serve two masters? You must be fearfully vainglorious — you're trying to serve three."

Stephen smiled at her out of eyes which had grown recessive. "It'll soon be over now," he said. "Some people haven't your insight, Helen. They think that unless a big husky like me is actually moaning with pain, he must be all right. It's only another week, at the outside. And perhaps society is a safety-valve for me. If I didn't have to go out every night, I might work."

"Haven't you had an understanding with Mrs. Mead yet?"

Stephen flushed. "I've tried it. But when she trusts me so implicitly to take care of her, and keep her happy, and to be successful — I can't go back on trust like that until I'm made to. Would you if you were in my place?"

She longed to blurt out that it was selfishness on Amy's part, and not trust, but she managed to hold her tongue.

"I've tried *so* hard to help you," she said, sorrowfully.

"You've helped every minute of every day. You've given me courage."

"I've done all I can. You make me feel very incompetent, sometimes. But if ever you do need me — that's silly, but I want to say it — you know, don't you?"

He said that he did, and he promised, in the reverse of the traditional fashion, to let her know if ever he could use her services.

This was on Monday, and on Wednesday, at mid-afternoon, he telephoned to Amy from his office. In his mind, there was a cer-

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tain savage kink of retribution; Amy had always minimized his business worries, always scoffed at any hint of a forced reduction in their scale of living. She had refused to listen to forecasts of what might happen, and now she was bound to listen to the logic of what had actually happened. There was an instant of concentrated bitterness during which Stephen hoped that she would suffer; but the mere sound of her voice put an end to his savagery.

"Amy . . . I wish you'd do something for me. I wish you'd stay home this afternoon."

"Oh, Stephen!" Her accent was pathetic. "Is it so awfully important, dear? I was just going out — it's a bridge-party for the Red Cross, and I'm on the committee."

Stephen winced, and the lines deepened about his eyes. "Couldn't you contrive to stay home for once? I'd rather like to have you."

"Why, I . . . is it anything that couldn't wait until to-night, honey? Of course, if you're ill, or anything —"

"No," he said, shortly, "I'm not ill." There was a silence of several seconds.

"You see, dear, when I'm on the committee, and you didn't tell me beforehand."

Stephen's shoulders drooped. "It's nothing that can't wait, I guess. Nothing'll change it before to-night. Go ahead to your bridge-party." A wave of acrid humor swept over him. "I hope you win."

He couldn't very well blame Amy for her inability to read his desires at long range; he could more easily blame himself, because he hadn't been categorical.

There was nothing for him to do in the office; indeed, he no longer had any responsibilities there, and he had no privileges.

Listlessly, he put on his hat, and went out to the street. He had no purpose, no impetus; he had no sense of direction or distance, but when he came to himself, he had reached a familiar corner. The remainder of his walk was voluntary.

As soon as Helen saw him, she exclaimed aloud. Tragedy was in his eyes, and in his bearing.

"Well, it's all over," said Stephen, and gave a harsh laugh. "I thought you'd want to know."

She wasn't hiding behind her eyes to-day; instead, he could distinguish in them a degree of pity which made him waver.

"You've . . . failed?"

He gnawed his lips. "The consolidation fell through yesterday. I finished up this afternoon. It feels like a pardon. The suspense isn't there any more."

She came to him, her eyes brimming. "It wasn't *your* fault."

Stephen shook his head. "It wasn't yours, either."

"You're so tired, and so depressed —"

He backed away from her. "I said I'd come to you if I needed you — well, here I am. Do you know what you can do? Don't let me be a baby about it. That's all. Don't let me talk about it. It's over and done with. And you've been the only support I've had. . . . What it means is starting over again, somehow. Somebody'll have to hire me. It's a come-down, but I'm not worried about *that*. But Amy'll think I've been a bungler. *She* can't begin over again. The contrast's going to be too much for her. I tell you I won't have a tenth of what I've had before. Not a tenth. *I* don't care, but it means moving into a cheap house, and firing servants, and staying out of society — Society!" His laugh was rasping. "As though *that* were any sacrifice."

She made her voice as calming as she could.

"Please sit down, Stephen. Please do."

He sat down, and stared fixedly at her.

"You've been mighty dear to me, Helen. I can't stay here any longer; I've got to go home. If I stay, I'll make a fool of myself."

"Stephen! Am I as useless as that?"

"Useless?" His voice sank. "Helen, if I weren't married —"

"Sh-h-h! You mustn't talk like that. You mustn't."

"But it's true. If I weren't married, I'd have asked you long ago to —"

"Stephen, you mustn't!"

He lifted his heavy eyes. "Do you know it, then? Do you know how much I've cared?"

She had to answer him, and she gave him the truth. "I couldn't help knowing it, could I?"

"It isn't disloyal to Amy. I'm crazy about her. I'm upset now on account of her. But if things had been different —"

"Yes, Stephen. Yes."

He stood up nervously. "I've got to go."

"Is Amy waiting for you? You shouldn't have come here first, Stephen."

"No. She isn't home. She's never home. She's playing bridge somewhere."

"You're going home to be *alone?*"

"Have to, I guess."

"Oh, you poor boy!"

It was the sharp note of sympathy which took away the final gram of his resistance. He made an heroic attempt to master his mood, but it was futile. His mouth began to quiver, and his hands to tremble. "Helen! You don't care *that* much! Thank Heaven that *somebody* cares!" He stumbled toward her, and she was in his arms. She was crying, and he kissed her eyes. She was trying to speak to him, and he kissed her lips. His whole frame was shaking uncontrollably.

"I love you," said Stephen, thickly. "I love you and love you and love you — better than anybody in the whole damned world — all but . . . all but Amy."

And then he collapsed.

"Mr. Alton B. Mason was yesterday appointed receiver for S. W. Mead & Co., manufacturers of gasoline engines, upon the petition of creditors whose claims aggregated $275,000. The total assets of the company are said to be $860,000 of which $500,000 is in land, buildings, and equipment. and the liabilities are $880,000."

"Stephen W. Mead, president of S. W. Mead and Co., is confined to his home, 962 Vine Street, where he is suffering from nervous prostration brought about by business difficulties. A receiver for the company was appointed yesterday."

AS SHE waited in the drawing-room of the great stone house, Helen was cumulatively impressed by the variation between these immediate surroundings, and those which Stephen had visualized for his future. She knew, from what Stephen had told her, and from what she had read in the newspapers, that for at least a little time, luxury would be foreign to him. Mechanically, she rehearsed for the hundredth time the speech she had come to make to Stephen's wife; and she even added to it a sentence or two suggested by the present atmosphere.

Amy came in quietly, and left her social graces on the threshold. She bore the evidence of a profound shock; she betrayed it in every gesture and in every inflection; but Helen, in her capacity of arbiter, gave Mrs. Mead no latitude of emotion. She couldn't enjoin herself from speculating what portion of the shock had had to do with Stephen's personal condition, and what part of it was bound up in the lesser catastrophe which was responsible for that condition. It was a bitter and a cynical conjecture, and she was almost, but not quite, ashamed of it. Amy had deserved it, and more.

"Miss Raymond." The acknowledgment of Helen's presence was without welcome.

Helen rose to meet her. "I came in for two reasons, Mrs. Mead. One of them was to ask about Stephen."

Amy's response, like her attitude, was formal. "He's doing very nicely, thank you. The doctor says he's doing as well as could be expected."

"I'm glad to hear that."

"So good of you to ask."

There was a bleak pause while Helen marshalled her resolution.

"The other reason was even more important."

"Really?"

Helen wasn't afraid of her, or of herself. She was merely afraid that she wouldn't succeed in making her message clear enough.

"I came over to offer to be the best friend you ever had, Mrs. Mead. And I want to be — oh, ever and ever so much."

Amy was unrelenting. "Thank you," she said, at length. "Thank you."

Helen rested both her hands on the arms of her chair, in order that her tremor might not be evident.

"I can talk to you frankly, can't I? We're both concerned about Stephen. I don't want to hurt you, but I do want to talk to you. And if he's getting better, every day counts."

Amy's laugh was mirthless and brittle. "I hope you haven't come with the idea of bringing me any news. If you have, you're too late. *I* know he's in love with you."

Helen's heart began to pound dangerously, but she still was able to govern her voice.

"No, he isn't."

Amy regarded her steadily. "That isn't true." Her breath began to come more rapidly. "I'm not as short-sighted as you think."

"But it *is* true. I've been a substitute, Mrs. Mead. I've been a substitute for all the understanding he wanted from you. That's what I wanted to talk over with you. I've listened to all the things you never would let him tell you. I've been interested in what he was doing. I've tried to give him the encouragement you didn't. I've been a substitute for the friend he should have had in you. I suppose he *is* awfully fond of me and I'm glad he is. I'm proud of it. I'm awfully fond of him, too. And if Stephen weren't the kind of man he is . . . What did you marry him for, anyway, Mrs. Mead? What on earth could *you* have seen in him? Let me tell you what *I've* seen in him. He's big, and kind, and gentle, and generous — he'll kill himself to help the people he loves — he's a scientific genius with business sense, and he's a patriot, and he's an intellectual. And in spite of all that, he's got the soul of a little boy. Didn't you want any of that? Was it only on account of his money? Didn't you care anything at all about Stephen?"

Amy's eyes were wide and frightened. She was impelled to shriek aloud at her visitor, to order her out of the house, out of her sight, and yet she was restrained by the awful fascination of seeing and hearing the girl who she thought had undermined her. "You've no right to speak like that. I won't permit it. You've no *right*."

Helen's voice dropped a semitone. "You've given it to me. The only reason he ever looked at me, in the first place, was because you threw him away. . . . You've been a tyrant to him, and tyrant is only another name for coward. You've used your weakness to make you a tyrant. That's even worse than using strength." She was sitting forward on the edge of the divan, and every fibre of her was tense with sincerity. "Stephen had enough load for three men to carry, and you wouldn't help him carry an ounce of it; you piled on more. He might have won his fight if you'd let him. You wouldn't do it. It isn't the failure of his business that's done this to him; it's the way you've hauled him around. You don't think he'd have told you how he felt, do you? He didn't have to tell *me;* I saw it. His pride wouldn't let him seem weak to you — and you never stopped to think what he was doing. All you wanted of him was to pay the bills, and be an escort. And when the crash came, he wasn't thinking of himself, he was thinking of you. Thinking of how your selfish little soul would cringe at the idea of backing down from your social position. *That's* what I came to tell you. Stephen wouldn't, but I will."

In spite of her righteous fury, Amy had wilted before the assault. "I can't . . . I . . . I won't *allow* you —"

"There's no question of what you'll allow. I'm *here*. Do you know the first time I ever met him? It was at your dinner at the Country Club. He almost fainted at the table, and you never saw it. That was two months ago; he's worked like a dog every day since, and you've dragged him around every night; it's a miracle he kept going as long as this. And do you know the last time I saw him? The afternoon the receiver was appointed. He wanted to see *you;* I was just a substitute when you deserted him. He had to talk to somebody. He came to me —" Amy drew in her breath sharply — "and he paid me the compliment of confiding in me what you should have heard first, and I gave him the sympathy you should have given him. I'm glad I did. I'm glad there was some one to make up for what you buncoed him out of. Yes, buncoed!"

Amy was sobbing broken-heartedly. "He kissed you. He kissed you. I know he did."

"Yes, he did. That should have been yours, too. It wasn't for me — it was for sympathy. He'd have kissed the cook or anybody else who'd showed a little humanity to him that day. He worshiped you. And you let him suffer while you went out to play bridge for charity. You know what they say about charity, don't you? I *do* care for him. Not the way you imagine, but because I'm a woman and he's a man who needs the protection of *some* woman, and can't find it in his wife. I think I must care for him infinitely more than you do. If I didn't, I wouldn't be here, would I? And you don't deserve him. I said I came to offer to be your best friend. That, or your worst enemy. Because . . . if you don't want him, I do. If you won't be human to him, I will. If you won't keep him, I'll take him away from you. And I can do it, Mrs. Mead, — I can do it, I can *do* it!"

Amy was rigid. "You — think — you can, do you?"

"I *know* I can."

There was a taut silence. And suddenly Amy choked. She gave an odd, broken laugh. She got up, and went across to the other woman, and sat down by her. Sat down, and clung to her, and laughed and cried together.

"Oh, no, you couldn't. You know it. I saw your eyes. You're not that kind. You couldn't. You wouldn't have tried. It isn't in you. You thought you could frighten me. You almost did. You didn't think you could make me suffer any more than I have these last few days, did you? I've had him all to myself since that afternoon. You *must* love him a great deal, or you couldn't have talked to me like that. Maybe you'd be a better wife for him than I've been. I've been a pig. You did frighten me. Until you threatened, and then I knew. I saw your eyes. I hope you do love him. I hope everybody loves him. But I've taken care of him for two weeks; I'm not afraid of anybody now."

The other woman was white. "You . . . you don't believe me . . . evidently . . ."

"N-neither do you."

The other woman, shorn of her power, unveiled as a reformer, embraced by Stephen's wife, broke down at last.

"I . . . I wanted Stephen to be taken care of."

"I know. You're wonderful. He said you were. You're wonderful. You'd have terrified me into being good to him, wouldn't you? I don't hate you; I need you. I never knew there was any one like you in all the world. Never anybody so brave. Tell me — would you have dared to try? Would you?"

The other woman swallowed hard. "What difference does that make? Don't you think I would have?"

"I *know* you wouldn't."

Helen's head drooped. "So do I."

At the crisis, they had given him morphine, and Stephen's self had seemed to him to leave his body and to float upward through a velvet blackness shot through with the color of flames. That essence of Stephen's self hovered momentarily over the husk of Stephen's body, pitying it, and wondering what use to make of freedom. Then freedom proved not to be wholly free; for his winging consciousness was bound to the body by a scarlet thread of pain. The thread broke, and the breaking was accompanied by the murmur of all the waves in the sea. The consciousness of Stephen flew away into the sunshine.

Long afterward, it flew down again, and descended through the soft blackness, and found its refuge in the body. Slowly, he was aware that he lived, and that the torture of nerve-terminals was gone. He said no word; he didn't open his eyes; he merely moved his hand.

SMALL, cool fingers enfolded it, and Stephen smiled. He knew that hereafter he need only to hold out his hand, and Amy would be beside him. He knew that exactly as Helen had prophesied, his failure had been a success. The only point that bothered him was that Amy never seemed to sleep. He must hasten his recovery, so as not to overtax her strength. He whispered this sentiment to her, and she laughed, and kissed him.

"Sh-h-h! Don't talk, baby! You always sleep all the morning, and I'm used to being up all night. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt Mead. Isn't it most convenient?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raymond, and their daughter, Miss Helen Raymond, of Vermont Avenue, have left for an extended tour to Japan, China, and the Philippines. They contemplate a journey of at least a year."

"Stephen W. Mead, who has begun to convalesce from his recent illness, has been elected second vice-president and assistant general manager of the Republic Engineering Corporation, a new three-million dollar concern formed by the consolidation of several local companies, including S. W. Mead and Co. (insolvent) . . ."

"Without doubt, the Charity Ball will be as usual the most significant social event of the season. A new chairman of the Executive Committee will shortly be chosen to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Mrs. Stephen W. Mead, who, to the great regret of her many friends, has canceled all her social engagements for the season."

"RENTALS 146 Stewart Avenue. ½ acre, frame house, 7 rooms and 2 baths. $2200. S. W. Mead, from City Realty Co."

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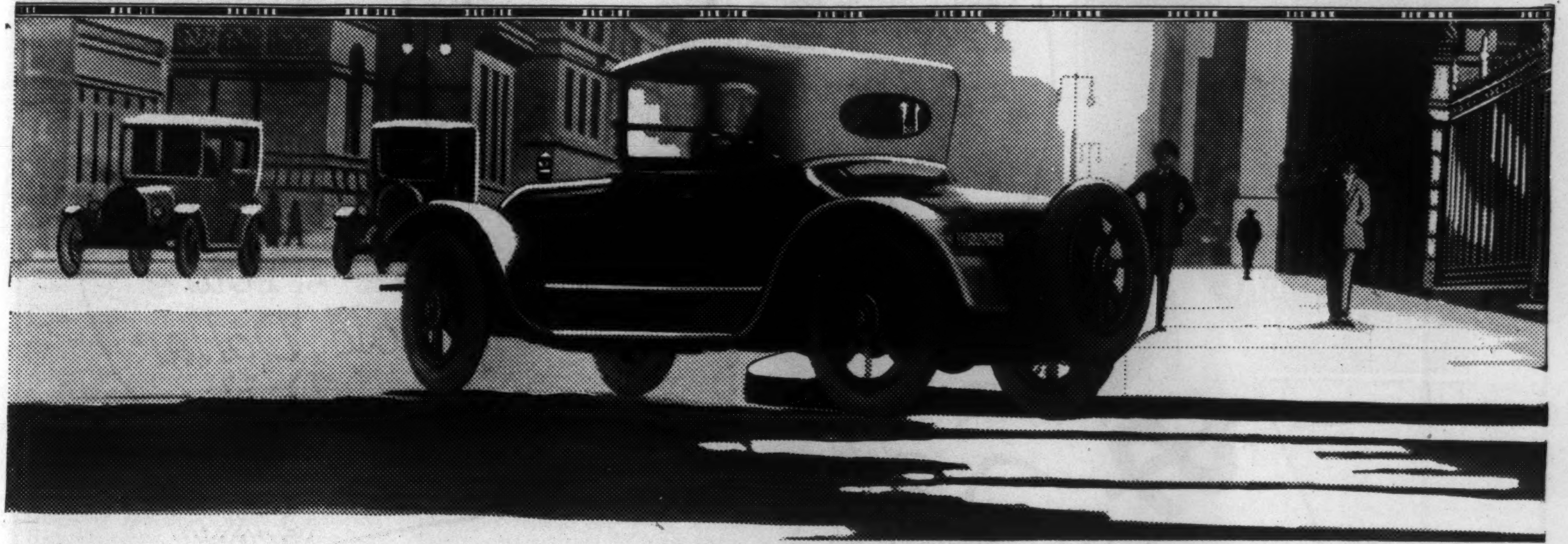

IT IS interesting to watch a car owner gradually becoming conscious of his tires. If his first tires don't give him what he has been led to expect, you will see him going back to the dealer for an allowance.

Finally he reaches the point where he prefers to shoulder his losses himself rather than argue the matter out with the dealer.

Meet him a year later and you will probably find him with two or three different makes of tires on his car.

* * *

There is less conviction in the minds of motorists about tires today than about any other subject connected with motoring.

> *The driver of the car in the foreground probably does not realize that by rounding the corner too quickly he may be taking as much as a thousand miles out of his rear tires.*
>
> *A great deal of tire trouble can be avoided by slowing down to a reasonable speed in negotiating corners.*

Despite all the claims, all the allowances, all the selling talks that are presented for the motorist's consideration, he goes along in his own way, seeking the tire that will give him the greatest economy.

Often you see him running foul of the irresponsible dealer.

But sooner or later he finds out that claims and allowances and selling talks can never take the place of performance.

* * *

More and more motorists are coming to realize that the only way to tire economy is through *better tires.* Avoiding the dealer whose idea of business is merely to fill the eye or to supply a market and going direct to the *merchant who deals in quality.*

Never has the United States Rubber Company's policy of *quality first* been more thoroughly justified or widely appreciated than it is today.

Discounting, as it does, every temptation to force production in favor of a highly specialized, wholly standardized product.

* * *

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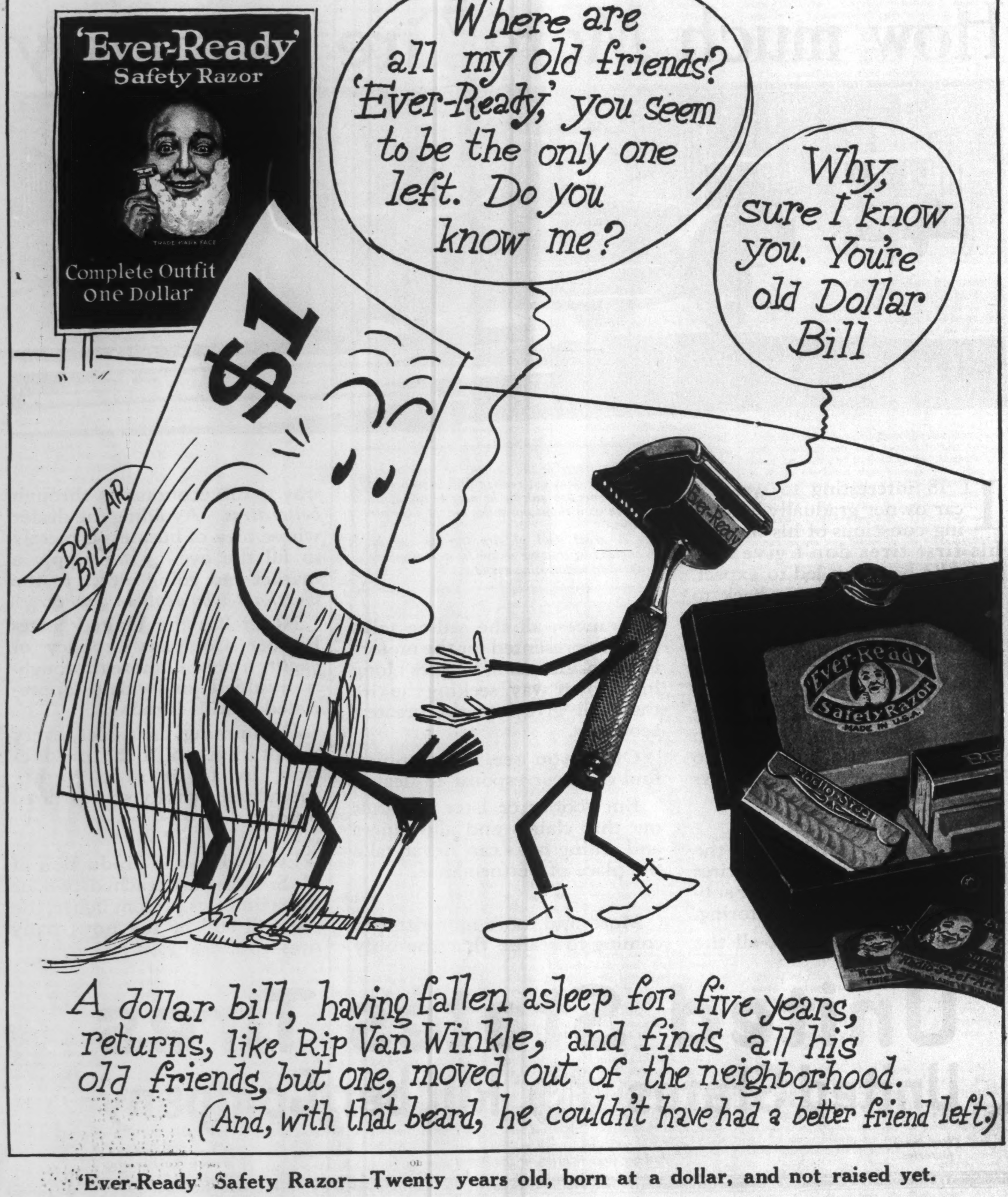
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Radio Steel

A dollar bill, having fallen asleep for five years, returns, like Rip Van Winkle, and finds all his old friends, but one, moved out of the neighborhood.

(And, with that beard, he couldn't have had a better friend left.)

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor—Twenty years old, born at a dollar, and not raised yet.

Psychologizing the Reds

— *Continued from page 17*

of radicalism to grasp the fact that these words are often "so much sound and fury"— that they are rituals, rather than a true expression of the impulses which move radical lives.

I lived among radicals for nearly eight years and for a time I took them with profound seriousness. I continued with them, made my friends among them, until I knew thousands. Some were wobblies and some were Socialist "Aldermen." Some sat at the feet of Emma Goldman, while others were Myrmidons of Lenine. There were even Christian revolutionists, such as Bouck White and Dr. Ben Reitman.

My conclusion, after these years of personal contact with them, is that radicals form a type by themselves. They are of a different temperament from other people; they are moved by a different set of emotions and impulses. No labor policy that does not take cognizance of this temperamental difference that makes men become rebels will ever be effective. We cannot abolish radicals by passing laws to suppress their doctrines. The type will still persist and it will only be deflected into other adventures. To tell the story of radicalism is to tell the story of its sharply defined types of men and women.

In my own experience I have found three conspicuous types in every radical group. First, there is a type comprising most of the leaders of radicalism, which I shall call Humanity Savers — men of titanic egos, and colossal vanities and with an absurdly undeveloped sense of humor. There is a second type composed of Hamlets and Dilettantes who have drifted into radicalism — weak, emotional men who dream impractical dreams and are carried away by fads. Below these is the third type, made up of the rank and file. To sketch these is to sketch contemporary radicalism. A few typical acquaintances stand out in my memory.

Most conspicuous in every radical line-up are the Humanity Savers. They are apostles of demagoguery. They have entered the radical movement, not so much because they want to push Marx's program, but because they want to get an audience to listen to their own programs. In my experience with radicals, I have listened to nine hundred and ninety-nine programs of emancipation. The next time I go into a radical headquarters the thousandth man will tell me his. It is from such as these that the limelight heroes of the labor movement are chosen.

Of course, Big Bill Haywood comes to mind as the outstanding representative of this type. He is the one figure, thrown up out of the turgid waters of the I. W. W., who has become a personage. He bulks in the history of his time. To his revolutionary followers, he bestrides the world of labor like an heroic colossus. To the newspaper-reading public, he embodies all that is arresting, all that is romantic, all that is glitteringly perverse in the mounting labor revolt.

When Big Bill was only a newspaper legend to me, I was also among his worshipers. To me he was the strong man of America's future — the Napoleon, the Jean Jaurès. In later days I would have characterized him as the Lenine of America's labor revolution. Then came the time when I worked beside him — was in daily contact with him. Probably no disappointment in my radical experience was as great as my disillusionment in regard to Haywood. The legend had been so glamorous, and the reality, I found, was so petty.

I found him in no wise typical of the Humanity Savers, of whom he was the chief. I found him in no wise even typical of the I. W. W. I had expected to meet a man of magnetism, of flashing inspiration and subtle plans. Instead, I met a broken, senile opportunist, an uninspired mediocrity, occupied with the petty spites of organization politics and drifting planlessly, propelled by the dying momentum of his newspaper reputation; an ease-loving man, mountainous with cloying fat, haunted by the fear of jails and the longing for peace, and yet driven by a veritable perversity to follow the most strenuous of careers. Such is the present-day Haywood.

An illustration will fill in the picture. I was present some months ago at a bitter combat between Haywood and the then editor of *Solidarity*. It was a silly shindy — one of those encounters where grown men, suddenly become boys, bawl epithets and obscenities at each other. There were wild threats and an ugly moment when we thought they would fight. Most of us were evil enough to wish that they would. Finally it was ended by sheer exhaustion of lung power and the editor of *Solidarity* rushed up-stairs and wrote out his resignation. Haywood had demanded that a page of each issue be set aside for a communication signed by him. The editor objected to the "signed" part of it. Therefore the brawl. Afterward Haywood got his page.

What a commentary this, upon the career of America's most illustrious revolutionist — fighting and scheming to get his name in the I. W. W. papers! And yet it is such incidents that fill his daily life. Haywood has a horror of the day when leadership will slip from him and, like all weak men who feel that they must live up to a fickle fame, he is standing still.

Now for the Humanity Savers. Haywood is unlike them for he has lost hope, and the true Humanity Saver hopes to the end. To find them we must search among the humbler "great." We must go to those whose egomania is an open, unstudied attitude. There, in caricature perhaps, we will catch all the fatuousness, all the braggart picturesqueness of the type. And thus we come to Trip Hammer Johnson.

Johnson, of all the radicals, has discovered the secret formula for saving humanity. How? — you may ask. By demagoguery, by oratory, do you say, thinking of Haywood? In a stern, hard voice Trip Hammer Johnson will tell you that you are wrong, pitifully wrong.

"It's vibrations," says Johnson. "Genuine Tom-Cat Vibrations. Show me a man who can throw a Tom-Cat Vibration, and I will show you a man who will rule the world."

And after a pause —

"And that's me!"

Our Greatest Menace—The Sleeping Voter

THERE is a lot of talk in the land about the "Reds," about bolshevism and other perils, but very little about our greatest menace—The Sleeping Voter. That he is a menace—and just as much a menace now as before the days of the direct primary—is shown in an article—the first of a series—entitled

"Has the Direct Primary Made Good?"

by Henry M. Hyde

in McClure's for August

Perhaps you have never heard of Trip Hammer Johnson. There was a time when France had never heard of Napoleon, Johnson will remind you. To be sure, Trip Hammer doesn't flash in the spotlight, like Bill Haywood. He has never run for President, like Gene Debs. If you would understand the Humanity Savers you must know Johnson. Radicalism numbers among its followers countless Johnsons, each dreaming of world power, but Trip Hammer, with his many vibrations, is the most interesting specimen of the type.

He is easily found by those who seek his wisdom. Go down State Street, in Chicago, past the "L" into that blighted district "south of Van Buren." Turn into the twenty-five-cent hotel at the corner of Congress Street. On the second floor, sprawling in somber taciturnity before a window, you will find him.

You will know him by his gigantic beetlebrow. You will know him by his huge body, by his heavy, drooping mustache which he is forever twisting, by his dreamy blue Norsemen's eyes, by the three deep wrinkles that furrow his forehead as he sits and cerebrates. Perhaps Johnson won't talk to you after you find him for he may think you are a spy. Spies have followed him for twenty years, he says. And if you are so tactless as to interrupt him in one of his more thoughtful moments, he will "throw vibrations" at you and drive you away.

I remember my first encounter with Johnson. I was sitting at a table in a Radical "hang-out" on the North Side, drinking coffee with Sirfessor Wilkesbarre, another Humanity Saver. Trip Hammer suddenly thrust his dour face into the room, and seeing the Sirfessor, came to the table and challenged him to debate. Long conversation followed.

I was extolling the virtues of the I. W. W. Wilkesbarre had a philosophy of his own, a sort of Friedrich Nietzsche-Ragnar Redbeard jumble, which he called Supermanity. He was assailing me hotly as I dilated on industrial unionism and the creed of Haywood. Johnson was disdainfully silent; he favored me with a pitying gaze, and then leaned back in his chair emitting audible symptoms of boredom. At last, in mock seriousness, I shook my finger at my listeners.

"When the crisis comes," I demanded, "when the system crashes in confusion and chaos — if you repudiate the I. W. W., who is there who can step forward and take charge of the world?"

As one man they both arose.

"Supermanity will!" barked the Sirfessor.

"I will!" roared Johnson, thumping himself on the chest.

That reply is characteristic of Trip Hammer; he is ready at all times to take charge of the world. The Sirfessors may trust in philosophies to save humanity, but Trip Hammer knows that humanity can be saved only by Trip Hammer.

Once I attempted to flatter Johnson and met with disaster. He had been boring me for two hours, dilating upon Havelock Ellis and Krafft-Ebbing. Suddenly I burst out in mock enthusiasm.

"Johnson! You are one of the greatest scientists in the world —— "

"Stop!" Johnson's voice rang out venomously as he pointed his finger rebukingly at me.

"'One of the greatest' — *Rot!*" he bellowed. "I am the *greatest!*"

Of course, to such an announcement, I could make no reply.

He pulled a sheaf of well-thumbed greasy papers from his pocket and shook them at me belligerently.

"Let you I. W. W. coyotes beat that!" he boasted. His voice dropped confidentally.

"I am the master-mind of the revolution. In these papers lies the secret of perpetual motion! Discovered by me! I have merely to act, and the world is in my hands. I'll show you! *One* of the best —*huh?* Wait till Johnson's trip hammer falls."

In his lighter moods, the great man amuses himself by throwing vibrations at the ladies Not that he is a ladies' favorite. On the contrary, ladies seem strangely uneasy and bored when the "master-mind" engages them in conversation. When they have made a hasty exit, Johnson will chuckle merrily:

"See that? She was deadly afraid. I was throwing vibrations at her and she knew that I had her in my power. It was my Tom-Cat Vibrations."

And so he gets joy even out of rebuffs. Everything is grist in the mill of his gigantic vanity. Such is Trip Hammer Johnson. And such, in more or less degree, are all the Humanity Savers. Johnson's ego is but an extreme specimen of the type. All of them are egotists, all of them are boastful, all are tedious, dreary bores. And yet, everyone of them dreams, like Johnson, that some day he will rule the world. Gilbert K. Chesterton once said of a man: "He is an egoist without an ego." He might have said it of these men.

In 1917, when the first victories of bolshevism burst into the news a wave of excitement ran through the radical groups. I was in Chicago and I remember the goings-on in the Socialist and I. W. W. National offices. There was a wild scramble of egos. There were hot struggles between personalities, each seeking to overshadow the other. All felt that it was now or never. For was not bolshevism coming? Who was to be the future Lenine, the destined Trotsky? Each felt the call of greatness in his own breast.

There was one great man who bellowed to the crowd at headquarters: "I am ready! Robespierre slumbers in this bosom." Another began to read the life of Jean Paul Marat. Little Louis Fraina startled everybody by growing a beard á la Trotsky. Bill Haywood began to wear Gladstone collars. John Reed affected proletarian garb and howled like a Comanche. All the while, in the background, sat Trip Hammer Johnson, watching with his cold, scornful eyes, chuckling ironically from time to time, wallowing in the delirious thought which he whispered sometimes to those he trusted:

"Let them all rave! They'll have to come to me in the end — when Johnson begins to throw vibrations."

I sometimes wonder if Trip Hammer was not the sanest of them all.

There was another Humanity Saver I was going to draw because he was so strikingly typical. But now I can't, for I have just learned that he was a villain. He was certainly true to form. He had the steeple skull, the bulging irregular forehead, the pugnacious jaw. He had the Messianic way of talking. His conversation was colored with the very idiom of Marx. He was filled with all manner of banal humanitarianisms and moist sentimentalities and conventional radical hallucinations. What a splendid lay figure to illustrate the type!

But yesterday I learned that he wasn't a Humanity Saver at all. He was a secret service man. They found the badge in his pocket. One must step with care in this world of Humanity Savers.

Then there is the second type, the Hamlets. Radicalism is crowded with Hamlets. They are men with gorgeous visions and feeble wills. Their brains swim with alluring plans, plans that are always lost in words. Artzibasheff drew an immortal picture of this type in his Russian Yourri. They pose and they gesture and they fume with theatrical earnestness, but they never work. The Hamlets are more likable perhaps than the Humanity Savers, because they are not so savagely serious. They are not egomaniacs, because they believe in nothing not even themselves. They are derelicts of the spirit. They drift,

There was an old Socialist called "Constructive" Powell. Every time there was a Socialist gathering, he would get the floor and bawl for something "more constructive." At the opening of every business meeting he would rise, and in grave, impressive voice, announce that he was going to bring a fateful project before the party under the head of "new business." And each week the project would be something staggeringly new. The party should start a daily newspaper, a co-operative ice plant, a Socialist college, a high-class magazine, a state-wide referendum, and countless similar undertakings.

Sometimes his comrades would be artless enough to pass Powell's motions. In such cases, Powell would appear at the next meeting, repudiate the first project, and demand a special order of business for the presentation of a new and "more constructive" one. We could never keep up with Powell. He always abandoned his ventures before the rest of us could begin.

The party started a weekly paper. Powell appeared at the following meeting with a typewritten document. Every big advertiser in the city was listed, and after each name, Powell read off a huge amount of money, usually in the thousands.

"Comrades," he said impressively, as he shook his black-rimmed spectacles at us, "I can secure that amount of advertising from each of these big men, if we run a hundred thousand copies. According to my figures, we can clear expenses and pay a dividend of *one thousand dollars a week* to each member of this local. Therefore, I do solemnly move that we print an edition of one hundred thousand copies of our paper."

For a moment, Powell had the meeting stampeded. A thousand dollars a week apiece! Capitalism began to seem much sweeter to these revolutionists. At last, somebody mentioned the fact that it would cost several thousand dollars to print and distribute such an edition and that we had just one hundred dollars in the treasury. Powell wilted.

One of the official organs of the I. W. W. printed in Chicago is edited by Joe J. Jordan. Of the many revolutionary Hamlets I know, Joe J. Jordan is the most interesting and appealing. He is so typical, so dilettanteishly radical. My first impression of Jordan was a beery one. He burst in upon me one day, jovially jingled, and began to read me some of his own poetry. He plied me with questions.

"Fellow worker!" he said, poking his index finger into my ribs. "I know I'm drunk. But I'm proud of it. So long as this damnable capitalistic system lasts, I'm going to get drunk every month as a protest against it. There's nothing else for a man to do under this damnable system."

JORDAN will write remarkable verse and he will make fervent speeches. He will burn with plans and ideals. But suddenly we find him disillusioned — something new has come to him which seems more alluring — and he turns a mental somersault, or he gets drunk.

An English publicist once said that the revolutionists would never change their environment because they would always change their minds. And a great many of these men who want bolshevism are Hamlets, Joe J. Jordans, professional changers of mind. Much in the labor movements that seems so frightfully sinister to outsiders is but the play-heroics of these Hamlet dilettantes.

It is from the two classes — the Humanity Savers and the Hamlets — that the American revolutionary leaders come. Below these two groups of spectacular ones, we find the third division — the radical rank and file. And we must draw a contrast here. The radical leadership is absurdly harmless. We have little to fear from Egomaniacs like Johnson, or from Hamlets like Jordan. But to the radical rank and file we must concede an element of menace.

The rank and file contains many silent and sinister fanatics. It includes embittered, illiterate men, to whom direct action is the only language of expression. It is the rank and file that roars on the picket lines. It is the rank and file that battles policemen and slugs the "open shoppers."

This is true particularly of the I. W. W. and the Anarchists. The I. W. W. has its tinsel heroes and its speechifying emotion-squeezers. But there is an almost unprecedented independence of action on the part of the rank and file. Probably no leader could bend the I. W. W. membership. Haywood himself does not dare to do more than drift with the tide.

In 1917, when ninety-three of the picked leaders were sent away to long terms in Leavenworth, there was none of the panic in the I. W. W. which Judge Landis had expected. Instead, there was an expectancy of rejuvenation. New leaders would come to the front. Old personal machines would be broken up. One of the highest officials in the I. W. W. gloated over the situation to me.

"The 'brain battery' has been sent away," he exulted, with copious oaths. "Now we can grow. The 'stiffs' will take hold."

Where the I. W. W. is strong — in the Northwest, in the Canadian O. B. U. — there we find this aggressive rank and file in the foreground. The I. W. W. rank and file is a composite type. We see him in tiresome repetition in the "bindle stiffs" of the lumber country, in the "gandy dancers" of the western railroads, in the "go abouts" of the harvest-belt and in the migratory boomers of the metal mining-camps. He is not a vivid personality and he is bleakly unattractive to those who have an eye for romance. He is narrow, cynical, envenomed. He can and will fight, but that is all.

Yet he is potentially dangerous. His poverty and misery of lot are constant breeders of envy and hate. He harkens to his wild-talking leaders and his naïve mind never doubts, once it has absorbed an idea. He rushes out with fanatical zeal to light the torches of revolt. Working in one of the I. W. W. offices is Sven Swanson, a fine example of the type.

Swanson hasn't always been a workingman. Time was when he was a high school teacher in a western city. But he felt the call of the Revolution, and began to exhort his pupils. The school board discharged him and high school circles saw him no more. He next came to the surface as a clerk in an I. W. W. office. Now, Sven Swanson is a proletarian of the proletariat.

You feel the contrast between him and the Humanity Savers and the Dilettantes as soon as you meet him. He isn't seeking a place in the sun. He is never found in the high places of the I. W. W. He is not a poet, an artist nor an orator. He is content to keep books and toil slavishly "for the cause." He gets inspiration from his own humility and self-immolation. To him, the Revolution is a great never-ceasing mill into which men's lives must be forever drawn and crushed for the final glory of the great "cause."

Swanson is not a likable man. His figure is tall and gaunt, his voice is harsh and tuneless. His talk is of no other subject than the Revolution. On his head is the inevitable I. W. W. cap, and shapeless shabby garments flap around his long spare limbs. He never reads, except books on the I. W. W. and on Russia. He never looks at the "capitalist" press. He never attends the "capitalist" moving picture shows. He keeps books for the I. W. W. with an almost ecstatic joy.

Far off in a western city, Swanson has a family. They didn't follow him into the I. W. W. On the contrary, they have boiled with indignation ever since he left them. So Sven has changed his name. The I. W. W. pays him $35 a week and each week he sends his family $28 and lives on the other $7. He cooks roots and lentils and rice and thin stews over the office gas-stove. He drinks hot water. He is lean, hungry, but he lives within his $7 a week and intoxicates himself with revolutionary drudgery. He has no sense of humor. He would fight to the death for the I. W. W. On any other subject he is coldly apathetic. To see and know Swanson is to see and know the thousands of this nameless I. W. W. rank and file.

The Socialist party rank and file is quite different. There is little inclination to self-sacrifice among them. Their belief is but a mob-belief, it has little depth. The typical hack-horse of the Socialist party — the "Jimmy Higgins," they call him — is the man who believes that some day the party will elect a mayor in his city, as in Milwaukee. When that day comes, he dreams that he will be swept into office as an alderman or a city appointee. He discharges party duties diligently in the hope of that day. Perhaps he dreams of a social revolution eventually, but the election of a socialist mayor seems much more alluring.

The average socialist party man clings to his home and the conventional family habits, and usually he has a bank account. The average I. W. W. is so immersed in the future that he scorns all the conventionalities and cautions of the present. He puts on a black shirt and makes a profession of revolt.

Such are the men who want bolshevism. The contemporary radical movement in this country contains neither Napoleons nor Lenines. It is led by Quixotic figures, some egomaniacs, some dilettantes. The egomaniacs may be as windy as Johnson or as arrogant as Bill Haywood, but they are all related, they all vibrate with the single chord of self. The dilettantes may be as crapulous as Jordan or as urbane as Max Eastman, but Dilettantes and Hamlets they remain because agnosticism is their only pilot. By neither of these classes can new worlds be reared, for their *metier* is to destroy and criticize — not to construct. They are professional "againsters." They lack all the sane solid qualities that have made other men creative.

And now we come back to the question asked at the beginning of this article: "Is radicalism a philosophy or is it only a temperament?" My guess is that by and large it is mostly temperament. If this is true, the successful antidote, the successful labor policy of the future, will be one based upon a psychological understanding of radicalism — a recognition of the fact that it is a brewage of certain human elements, easily defined, readily isolated.

McCLURE'S *will publish in an early number another article by Mr. Varney entitled "X-Raying the Red Philosophy."*

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The Four Sons of Eve

— *Continued from page 10*

immense public to inspire admiration and desires, even though she may be far from thinking of satisfying them.

As there were no other men in the world as yet save her husband, so little interesting to her, Eve thought of the blessed who were in heaven and had visited her when she lived in Paradise.

"But God is a King," explained Uncle Strap at this point, "and those who surround him try to be perfect courtiers, adopting all his sentiments and passions with even more violence than the interested party himself. No sooner had the Lord become angry with Eve and her husband and driven them from Paradise, than all the inhabitants of heaven cut her and Adam, refusing to speak to them."

Sometimes when Eve was contemplating herself on the clear, crystal-like surface of a small lake which served as a mirror, she would hear overhead a rumor of wings. It was some archangel or celestial minister. Eve knew his name; remembered perfectly that he had been introduced to her and had attended her afternoon receptions in Paradise. But no matter how much she coughed, hummed or tried to attract his attention by assuming interesting postures, the aerial traveler would refuse to recognize her, flapping his wings to get away as rapidly as possible.

"What is the use of being beautiful and well dressed when one does not receive visits, cannot hold receptions and must live like an outcast from good society!" she would complain.

In a rage, she would tear her most original gowns as soon as made; she would then cry desperately. As a relief from all her misfortunes she would pick a quarrel with poor Adam, accusing him of being responsible for the loss of Paradise.

"You, yes, it is your fault!" she would rage. "It was you who made me lose Paradise and all my excellent friendships. It was you who fixed up with the serpent the plot that angered the Lord."

"If you gave a little more attention to our children," Adam would dare to suggest. "And devoted less time to your gowns. . . ."

Her indignation at these vulgar hints from her husband would make Eve wax poetical.

"You poor, poor idiot!" she would reply, "how can I make you understand? Look at the wind. It is less interesting than Eve; it lacks a body, and yet it moves not without wrapping itself in a mantle of dust when it travels along the roads or in a cloak of dry leaves when it journeys through the woods!"

OCCASIONALLY a cherub would fly around the farm like a lost pigeon. A fugitive for a few hours from the celestial choruses, he had ventured to the lower regions of the earth, hoping to obtain forgiveness for this escapade by telling the kind Lord everything he had seen and how human affairs were getting on after the first sin. Eve, with the eyes of a curious woman, was not long in discovering the chubby head, hidden behind the thick foliage of a tree spying on her.

"My child! . . ." she would call up to him, smiling one of her best smiles; "Do you come from above? How is the Lord?"

The celestial child, upon being found out, would draw near and drop upon the lap of the first woman.

The Lord was the same as ever; immutable and magnificent.

"When you see him," Eve would recommend, "tell him that I deeply regret my disobedience. . . . The fine time I had in Paradise! What splendid afternoon receptions we had there! How *chic* they were! And the celestial tarts!"

This was another of her regrets — the celestial tarts. She missed them as much as her distinguished connections. Adam tried in vain to sharpen his wits to find an adequate substitute; he made corn cakes and served them with the honey of bees recently subdued; he dried the grape, inventing the raisin before there was wine and making pudding with it. Neither of these could make his wife forget the sweet tarts that she used to order from heaven for the receptions she gave in Paradise from five to seven.

"Tell him also," Eve would continue to instruct the angel, "that we have to work a great deal and suffer even more. Tell him we want to see him again, just once again, that he may hear our apologies and know our troubles. My husband and I want to be sure that he does not bear us any ill will."

"I shall do as you say," the winged child would reply.

Then the angel would flap his wings twice and presto! — he was lost in the clouds.

Many and frequent were the messages of this kind sent without Eve receiving any response. Generally the cherub never returned to the human dominions, but once in a while Adam's wife would recognize the face of the celestial flier.

"I know who you are, my little fellow," Eve would admonish. "You were around here last week. Did you deliver my message to the Lord? What did he reply to my petition?"

THE angels nearly always remained silent or mumbled a few meaningless words, like well-bred boys who know that one must never say disagreeable things to a lady.

"But he must have said something," poor Eve would insist. "Come, now, speak!"

And it so happened that she met once one of the most daring cherubs—a little fellow with a roguish face who answered her:

"Yes, ma'am; he *did* say something. When I gave him your message the Lord answered: 'But is that pair of scoundrels still alive?'"

Eve chose to believe that it was a childish prank. The Lord could not have said that. If he continued to remain invisible it was due, no doubt, to his being very busy managing his infinite dominions which scarcely left him a moment for rest.

One morning her faith in the divine kindness was rewarded. A heavenly messenger-boy came hopping down from cloud to cloud, paging Eve at the top of his voice.

"Listen here, woman," he said breezily, "if it does not rain this afternoon, the Lord may come around for a short visit. It's so long since he saw the earth! Last night, talking to Michael, the archangel, he said: 'I wonder what has become of that pair of rascals. I'd like to see them again!'"

Eve was overwhelmed by the announcement of this visit, despite the fact that she had desired it so vehemently. She shouted after Adam who was in a neighboring field, his back bent over his work, as usual, and he came running.

"There was some excitement on that farm, boys!" explained Uncle Strap. "It was just like the eve of a patron-saint celebration in one of our Spanish villages, when the women start fixing the house and begin to make preparations to cook the grand meal of the following day. Well, Adam's wife swept and washed the floor of the parlor, the kitchen and the bedroom. Then she put a new spread on the bed and scrubbed the chairs with soap and sand. She next turned her attention to the family clothes, and when she saw that her husband's lamb-skin coat was not presentable, she made him in a few minutes a shirt of dry leaves. For a man it was good enough!"

Then Eve had devoted the rest of the time to her own embellishment. She stood perplexed before the few hundred gowns which she had designed and stored away.

"My lands! What shall I put on to receive such a powerful personage?" she asked herself. "I haven't a thing to wear!"

She looked fondly for one brief moment at a long, black gown of severe cut which did not show a single line of her white body. She thought at once that all those coming to visit her were men and that it would not be right to receive them so austerely. She had just selected one of those mixed dresses which was extremely daring at one end and compensatingly prudish at the other, when a veritable tempest of cries and screams broke upon her. An uprising of her numerous progeny! There were scarcely a hundred of them, and yet it seemed that the entire world was screaming. For the first time in her life, Eve took a good look at her children. They were too ugly to be presented to the Almighty. Their hair was tangled, and their noses crusty with dirt.

Eve, absorbed entirely by her fashions, had neglected them for months.

"How can I present these rogues to the Lord?" she exclaimed in despair. "The Lord is going to say that I am slovenly, and a poor mother. The fact is that the Lord is a man and men don't realize how hard it is to take care of so many brats."

And, thereupon, she began to abuse Adam as if he were solely responsible for the state of neglect in which the children found themselves.

But time flew and something had to be done. After many doubts and much hesitation, she selected her favorite sons (Is there a mother who does not have them?) and washed and dressed them becomingly. The others she drove toward a stable, and locked them up despite their protests.

They were coming! Eve barely had time enough to rearrange her dress, smoothing the wrinkles made during her struggle with the wretched children, and to give her hair a final touch.

On the line of the horizon, a cloudlike column, very white and luminous descended from heaven until it touched the earth. The earth resounded with the beating of innumerable wings and the music of a great chorus whose hosannas seemed to echo and re-echo through infinite space.

The first celestial tourists were beginning to alight from the interior of a cloud in which they had arrived; some were already walking along the path which led to the farmhouse surrounded by such radiance that it seemed as if all the stars of heaven had come down to play among Adam's wheat-fields.

First came the guard of honor, a detachment of archangels arrayed from top to toe in shining, golden armor. After sheathing their flaming swords, all approached Eve to greet and compliment her, assuring her that she grew younger every day and that she was just as pretty and attractive as when she was in Paradise.

"All soldiers are like that," explained Uncle Strap. "Wherever there is a woman, there they go as if the order to charge had been sounded. Some of them, bolder than the others, stretched their arms trying to combine action with words, and Eve had to use her broom. They fled before her counter-offensive and ran all over the orchard."

Uncle Strap chuckled and continued:

"Poor Adam didn't know what to do. 'There go my figs and my peaches, — all my fruit!' and he threw up his hands. I think he would have preferred to have been hit by a cyclone. He swore a little but kept his temper like the tactful man he was."

The Lord had arrived. His beard was of shining silver and on his head he carried a splendent triangle which flashed like the sun. Behind him came Michael in armor richly inlaid with precious stones arranged in fantastic designs, followed by the ministers and high dignitaries of the celestial court.

"The Creator greeted Adam with a pitying smile," said Uncle Strap. "'How are you getting along, poor fellow?' the Lord asked him. 'Has your wife got you into any new adventures?' And he gave Eve a little slap in the face, the sort of slap one gives to a person with a bad reputation but likable ways, and he said, 'Hallo, you scapegrace; have you turned over a new leaf?'"

Overwhelmed by so much simplicity and affability, the couple offered the Lord the only thing they had at home which resembled a throne — an armchair!

"And it was some chair, boys!" exclaimed Uncle Strap enthusiastically. "Roomy, comfortable, made of strong carob wood, with a seat of the finest esparto-grass braid — the sort of armchair that only the parish-priest of a rich village could afford."

The Lord, comfortably seated in the armchair, and quite pleased, was hearing all about Adam's affairs, his hardships, the troubles he had to get food for himself and his family.

"SERVES thee right, Adam," he would answer, his resplendent beard bisected by the most engaging smile. "That will teach thee never again to disobey thy elders, and, especially, never to follow again the advice of a woman. Didst thou think thou hadst come to the world to get free meals as in Paradise, and follow thy own caprices? Suffer, my son; work and endure, and thus wilt thou learn to respect thy superiors."

Then the Creator would look at Eve. At first his glances were full of curiosity and anger. She was the first woman he had ever seen dressed. Whence came that rare animal of fantastic plumage, that wingless parrot whose absurd shape and discordant colors he had been unable to conceive even in his wildest moments of creative frenzy when he made the world?

Eve, realizing that she was being observed, would assume postures of studious carelessness. She would artfully place herself in positions which showed her charms and finery to the best advantage. And she would smile the sweetest smile!

"And the Almighty," Uncle Strap commented, "began to admit that there was a certain charm in those feminine creations which at first had seemed to him so incoherent. 'Frivolous, she is the same frivolous young woman,' whispered the Lord, speaking of Eve, to the mighty champion Michael, who followed him everywhere and stood now behind his armchair. 'This girl is the same little goose we knew. But that frippery isn't bad at all. I admit that it is not bad at all.'"

It is possible that these considerations, together with Eve's best smiles and Adam's humble silence, softened the Lord's heart. He seemed to regret his previous asperity and added kindly:

"Don't think that I am going to forgive you and permit you to return to the pleasures of Paradise. What is done is done. My curse must be expiated. My word is sacred; if I broke it I would deny myself. . . . But since I have come into your home, I shall not go away without leaving some remembrance of my stay. To you there is nothing I can give; you are accursed. But your children are innocent and it is my wish to give them a gift. I thought you had a larger progeny. Four only! . . . My presents certainly will not ruin me. Come, Eve, bring forth your children."

THE four imps lined up in front of the Almighty and he looked them over carefully for a long while.

"Step forward!" said the Lord at last, designating a fat, serious, keen-eyed little fellow who had been watching the proceedings with knitted brows and a finger stuck in his nose. "Thou shalt be given the power of judging thy equals. Thou shalt be the dispenser of Justice; at thy pleasure shalt thou interpret the laws made by the others. Thine will be the privilege to say what is right and what is wrong, changing thy opinion every century. Thou shalt subject all delinquents to the same rules which will be about as wise as trying to cure all the sick with the same medicine. Thy position will be the most secure, the most impregnable. Men will eventually question all things and doubt everything; some day they will discuss me and even deny my existence. But fear thou not for thyself. Thou shalt be august and infallible Justice without which life is impossible. Even those who pride themselves in their utter unbelief will become indignant if any one with the audacity of a madman should dare to question thy usefulness. If thou shouldst perchance blunder terribly, the majority will conceal thy horrible error in the name of 'the inviolability of judicial judgments.'"

Then he motioned to another boy to step forward. This one was a dark, jolly, frisky little man with a sharp-pointed head, strong jaw, and ears which projected somewhat from his skull. He always carried a club in his right hand to beat his brothers. At mealtime he snatched the best morsels from the others, threatening them with his cudgel. When he came within a few paces of the Almighty, he stood at rigid attention, arms straight down at his sides, eyes front, like a well-drilled German soldier.

The Lord said:

"Thou shalt be the warrior and chieftain. Thou shalt lead men unto death as a butcher drives the herds to the slaughter-house; and despite this, all shall admire and acclaim thee, even the sons of the slaughtered, for thou shalt use as fetishes of inexhaustible power the words 'Glory, Honor, Country and Flag." Men will have laws and commandments which will bid them 'Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' But like a demigod, thou shalt live beyond Good and Evil. If the others kill, they will be adjudged criminals and will end their days in a prison or on the scaffold. Thou, on the other hand, shalt be the greater in proportion as thou killest, and when the people shall see thee covered with human blood, they will exclaim, 'Behold the hero!'

"Shouldst thou desire to seize a territory, the first thing thou must do is to use force and occupy it, exterminating all those who try to stop thee. Thou wilt never fail to find jurists who will

[*Continued on page 59*]

A King and His Court

IT has been said that the only throne which remains unshaken is baby's. He reigns supreme while adoring parents seek untiringly to give him every comfort. How carefully the tender, flower-like skin must be bathed,—what gentle treatment is necessary if the scalp is to be kept healthy, and the hair soft and silky. Mothers know all this and many of the wisest use Resinol Soap. They know it is perfectly pure and will keep baby wholesome and sweet,—at the same time tending to prevent rashes and chafing.

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The Logical Field for Motor Trucks

by Benjamin F. Fitch

UNDER wartime pressure the benefits of coöperation and co-ordination were proved by transportation systems developed in France. The hitherto ample facilities, both shipping and railroads, and their disjointed terminals were laced up by motor-trucks over night with a resulting tremendous increase in tonnage capacity.

If necessity is the mother of invention, the motor-truck can aptly be termed that mother's most notable child, because of all the available transportation facilities it alone was decorated with the *Croix de Guerre*.

How best to capitalize our wartime transportation experience for relief of present overtaxed transportation facilities with a resulting extension of commerce is the subject of the hour. Unless a solution is soon found we will suffer a curtailment of industrial activities to the extent of personal hardships and individual deprivations within the near future.

Embargoes caused by congestion are compounding with alarming rapidity and have awakened every thinking man to an appreciation of our national transportation deficiencies. All look to the motor-truck as a solution, but, due to the absence of concerted effort, there is too much theorizing with resulting overconfidence in possibilities which never will materialize until selfish corporate and individual perquisites are discarded and a spirit of coöperation is developed.

Every medium of transportation has its possibilities and its limitations. Co-ordination demands the allotment of each to the field of service in which it can be utilized to its greatest efficiency. The high cost of transportation is the result of non-intelligent allotment of equipment and is reflected in the present chaotic condition.

It is foolish to advocate motor-trucks as a panacea for all transportation evils. Such misplaced enthusiasm is doubtless the greatest detriment to universal adoption of the truck, for prospective users are thus invited to demand transportation returns on their truck investment to meet which the truck was never designed. As a war emergency measure the "ship by truck" slogan helped to some extent because the cost of time was of greater consideration than the per ton mile cost of transportation.

Now the situation is different, for the per ton mile cost of transportation becomes an ingredient in the manufacturing and marketing cost of every commodity and, unless the rates for that ton mile are kept within reasonable bounds, our national production activities will suffer.

Just as volume production counts for lower manufacturing costs in an industry, so does volume tonnage count for a decrease in the cost of transportation. It is just as illogical to consider trucks with commodity load limits of from five to seven and a half tons in transportation competition with railroads, as it is to compare the tonnage cost of railroad transportation with the tonnage cost of water transportation.

The labor expense of handling freight is the prime element affecting transportation costs. For this reason short haul rates in all forms of transportation are out of all ratio with long haul rates. In actual competition with railroads the truck can compete as far as its operating costs permit it to work within the limits of existing tariffs, plus that portion of the through cost which is represented by the cartage rates paid by consignees and consignors between freight station and store door.

It is impossible to prophesy the actual limitations of truck competition with railroads without a detailed study of rate classifications and average distribution from the centers from which it is proposed to operate fleets of trucks. Industrial activities in various cities differ. One community may be populated by skilled artisans in a specialized production, which enjoys a nationwide distribution; trucks will not be of much assistance to that community; but, on the other hand, there are cities or towns whose activities are largely merchandising and whose shipments are to local points; there the truck can be used within the mileage limitations of the published tariff, plus the previously mentioned cartage cost to consignee and consignor between stations and warehouses.

Considering the dual influence of economic merchandising and pyramiding costs to obtain trade, it is impossible for any one to state the mileage limitations of trucks in competition with our public carriers. Therefore, it is best to pass the question along to merchants and shippers for their individual consideration; they know best the opportunities of their particular line of trade. It is safe however, to say that all business taken away from the carriers at an increased cost to the consumer results in actual economies to the carrier, because of the fact that by present practise the short haul tariffs are confiscating the profits from long haul tariffs, thus decreasing the financial returns of railway security holders.

Since the constantly increasing labor costs in the handling of freight are directly reflected in railroad earnings, and since to the scarcity of labor is due the interrupted movement of freight, it would appear that the curtailment of the carriers' demands upon physical labor is of prime importance. It is necessary unless the public is to be saddled with constantly increasing assessments in the form of rising rates.

THE motor-truck will never prove a solution of our transportation problem in competition with the railroads, because at best it only offers better service at higher rates—but, as an adjunct to the service of our common carriers, if used to consolidate and distribute unit loads at all principal industrial or terminal points for the immediate release of our carriers' box-car equipment — it is indispensable. The logical field for motor transportation is in the service of railroads at terminal points. Its potential efficiency, so used, is unlimited, and in this field the result will be transportation economies, whereas in competition with the carriers it will only create transportation extravagances.

The standard American box-car in local way service is a hindrance to economic operation. A possible solution of this transportation difficulty is the unit container.

All the railroads entering Cincinnati, progressively agreed to utilize a unit container system of handling freight. While the service is but started, the benefits are apparent, for the bulk movement of freight in these unit containers passes by motor-truck between freight stations, over city streets. Sixty-six thousand freight cars annually are already released at Cincinnati for main-line service, and available trucking labor works at thirty per cent. greater efficiency. In addition over 300,000 switch cut movements, which previously handicapped through-line traffic, are eliminated, all with the result that the Cincinnati terminal, previously noted for congestion and delays, is now efficiently operated.

Years ago a horse transfer company carted all this freight between stations, but the increase in volume outgrew their equipment until in 1918 they handled approximately but forty per cent., the remaining sixty per cent. being loaded in box-cars, for switching to connections. These box-cars suffered ever-increasing delays in transit and consumed both trackage rights and switch-engine efficiency to the hindrance of the movement of through cars.

Further complicating the situation was the demand for movement of a large volume of freight between main freight stations and the suburban or zone stations. Drays were impossible in this service and all such freight was moved in box-cars from sub-stations to the main stations for consolidation in line cars.

The Motor Terminals Company developed an operating system and equipment, which was adopted by the railroads to secure relief. Two hundred and twenty-five of these containers on platforms within the freight houses are used between the twenty-eight stations of the seven railroads entering Cincinnati. On the inbound platforms there are now containers for each station movement demand. So located, they function as sorting bins to which freight enjoys a direct run from car. If a railroad has a daily movement demand to six stations, six of these empty containers are on its inbound platform, but, where platforms are long, there are two and in some instances four groupings of bodies, thus shortening hand trucking distances.

When loaded, these bodies are dispatched under seal by motor-truck to another station for unloading, reloading and redispatch. They are handled to and from motor-trucks by traveling cranes. These cranes are electrically operated both for lift and travel and one man unloads and reloads a motor-truck within a minute. Operating schedules permit but five minutes delay to a truck at each station.

The remarkable thing is that fifteen trucks are to-day handling the freight between main stations, which would have required 250 drays, and in addition are making a long haul of all sub-station freight, which would have had to move by cars even if 250 transfer drays were available.

This service is only the cornerstone of ultimate terminal practise in which trucks are absolutely indispensable because they meet the demands of railroads at approximately fifty per cent. of the cost of previous operation.

When the terminals are equipped, these unit containers can be loaded not only for stations and shippers within the terminal, but for way stations or local points on the rails between terminals.

With the motor-truck and demountable unit bodies lacing up terminal facilities, demands on labor will be minimized, operating efficiency assured and the flexible truck, as a terminal auxiliary, can discharge the ever-fluctuating volume demand of short haul movements through the simple expedient of re-routing. Thus will the motor-truck's radius of operation establish itself through experience of competitive costs in moving these unit containers over rails or over roads. Regardless of the radius within which a truck can work at its highest efficiency, the fact remains that trucks will ream out the small neck of our transportation bottle, assuring to railroads the same freedom of movement within terminals which they enjoy in line transportation.

The Cincinnati experiment has established the logical field for motor-trucks in transportation. Their adoption and use by the railroads will prove the salvation of our common carriers. Industry will then enjoy a continuous uninterrupted movement of all merchandise commodities, less the burden of cost now harnessed on them by congestion and resulting embargoes. With such possibilities, why advocate motor-trucks in costly competition with railroads?

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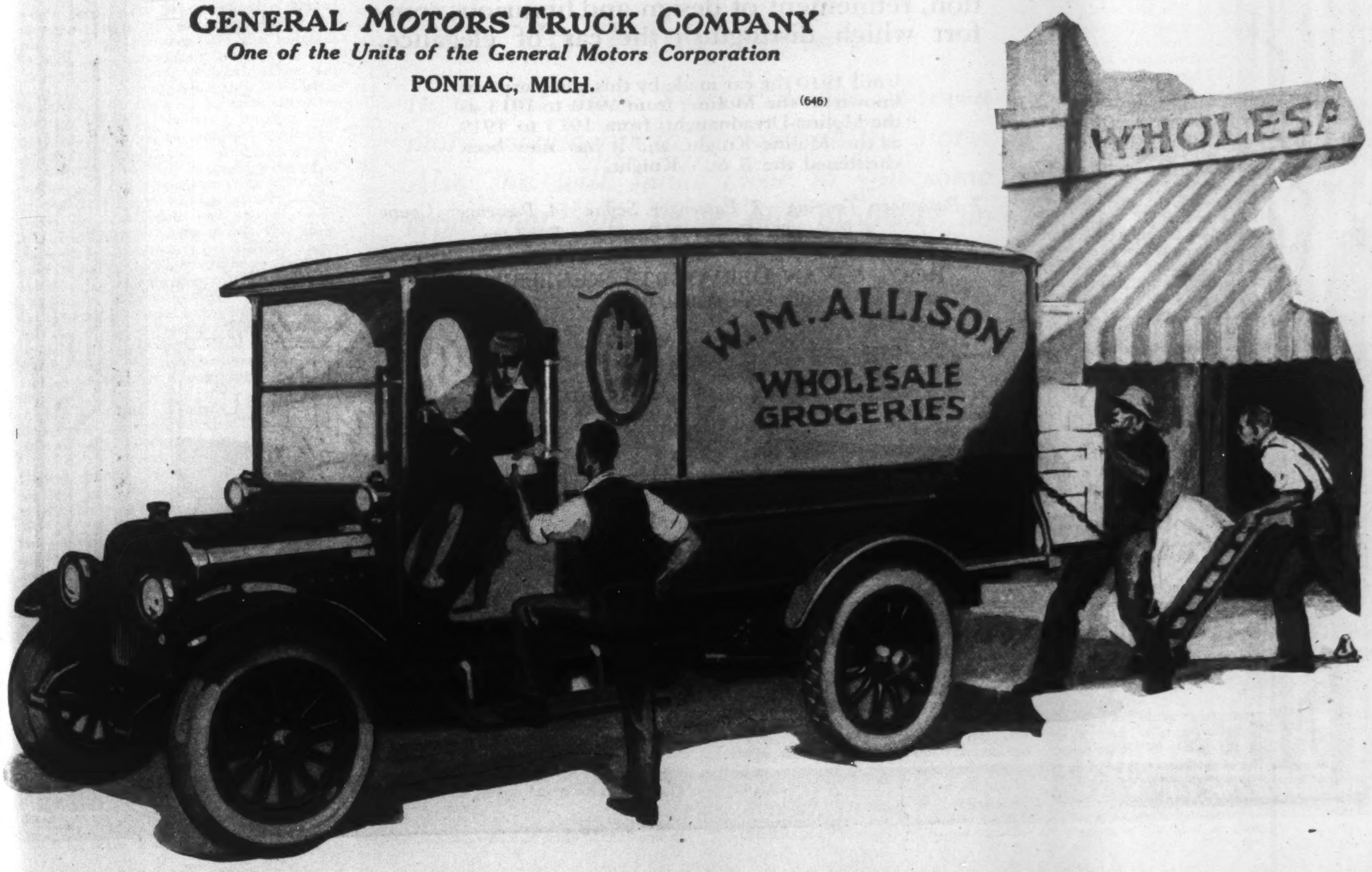

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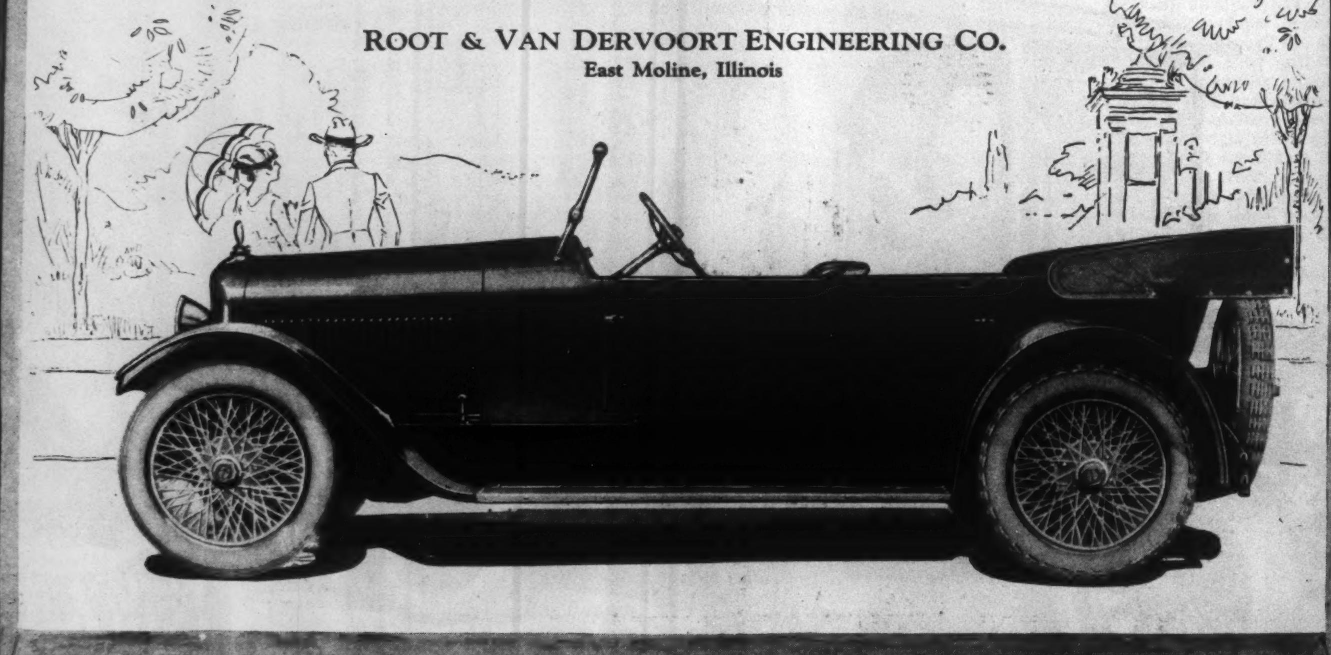

The Four Sons of Eve

— *Continued from page 54*

prove that thou hadst a clear right to the conquered lands. Strike hard and thou shalt conquer. Thou wilt be right as long as thou art victorious. No one will dare bring the conqueror to account; nay, even the priests of all the religions will chant pæans of praise in their temples to celebrate thy triumph. Drown the land in blood, put the people to the sword, burn their cities, kill, destroy — poets will sing thee, and historians will record thy deeds with greater enthusiasm than if thou wert a benefactor devoted to the conquests of peace. Those who attempt to imitate thee without wearing a dress of a certain pattern and color will drag a chain and ball in prison. Enough. Thou mayst retire.

"Let the next one come forward."

The third one was slender, bilious, fidgety, with shrewd eyes.

The Lord thought a moment before deciding upon a present. Then he said:

"Thou shalt control the wealth of the world. Thou shalt be the merchant and the banker. To the kings thou shalt lend money and this will enable thee to treat them as thy equals. If thou succeedest in ruining a whole nation for thy own profit, the world will admire thy ability. Thy great financial coups will spread panic over the entire universe, giving the cities hours of mortal anguish. Thy victories in the Stock Exchange will be echoed by the suicidal shots of thy victims and the mourning of their families. Thou wilt precipitate incomprehensible wars and speed ruinous peace treaties. Thou wilt cause the sending of battleships and armies to support unjust and usurious claims against weaker nations. Thy children will patronize the noblest arts, pensioning with modest unobtrusiveness chorus girls, opera singers, or mere wearers of fashionable gowns. Thou shalt have arrived too late upon the scene on account of thy business affairs to be the Mæcenas of this class, and wilt be satisfied to be the patron of painters. The most absolute disparity of opinions will accompany the memory of thy name for a generation or two. For thy name, like those of tenors and actors, will only live as long as those who knew thee. 'He was a servant of human progress,' some will say, remembering thy fleets of merchantmen and the railroads which thou audaciously sent across the deserts. 'He was a scoundrel,' others will affirm, bearing in mind that thou hadst left a graveyard full of laborers for every kilometer of tracks laid. 'He was a monster. To make his millions he sacrificed more lives than a conqueror. . . .' And both groups will be right; both will be speaking the truth, because the most humorous thing in the life of men is that they will be eternally talking about truth, absolute and unquestionable truth, when, as a matter of fact, that absolute truth will be nothing but a dream. There will be always as many truths as there are interests. . . . Keep this ever fresh in thy memory and follow thy path."

The fourth stepped to the front.

"The Lord just roared when he saw the looks of the little rascal," said Uncle Strap. "Ah, but he was a pretentious little cuss! The Almighty knew at once that this was the mother's pet."

And so he was. The only time when Eve had doubts about the justice of her preference was when she compared this boy with his large-eared brother, the one who always carried a cudgel. Woman feels an irresistible attraction for the warrior. But as soon as her darling opened his mouth, Eve was completely subjugated and had to recognize his superiority over all the others.

The Lord continued to examine the diminutive personage with undisguised amusement. He took mental note of the boy's broad shoulders, large head, and deep brow. His eyes were haughty and there was a certain disdainful air of royalty about his lips. Comedian and king — he had something of each.

The boy stood in the presence of the Creator with complete self-possession, one hand on his breast and the other resting on a chair, and he raised his head as if he were inspired or posing for the sculptor of his future statue.

He had all the arrogance of a Senator — a senator whose growth had been arrested in childhood, keeping the physique of a boy of ten.

His mother knew him well. If he was hungry and wanted a piece of bread, he would not howl for it like a normal boy.

"Dame Eve, I rise for a question of privilege," he would say with a premature sense of the niceties of parliamentary usage. "May I have a piece of bread?"

And so, whenever Eve needed some one to keep her numerous progeny quiet, while she devoted herself to one of her dressmaking tasks, she would always call on him for help.

"Come, dearie," she would say. "Be a good boy and amuse your brothers for a little while with one of your speeches."

And the little fellow, carried away by his own eloquence, would talk and talk, saying nothing in particular, but giving his mother time to finish a dress while he held forth.

"Thou shalt be the king of the world," said the Almighty. "Thou shalt be the orator — that means everything. Despite their power, thy brothers will live under thy shadow. The warrior will obey thee; the judge will stand by thee to maintain his position. The banker will ask thee to be his lawyer and will entrust to thee the defense of his foul deals. Thou wilt speak well and this will be sufficient for the world to proclaim thee the most learned man on earth. Without need of reading anything, thou wilt speak fluently on all subjects; thy knowledge will be second-hand and yet people will believe thee a predestined man. In troublous times, thou wilt be the only hope of thy country. 'Let's place him at the head of the Government,' they will say. 'He speaks better than the rest of them.'

"Humanity will be guided by this sort of logic: to govern a nation, to administer its treasure, to command its forces, there is nothing like the ability to make a good speech; nothing like the power to speak fluently and tirelessly. When the time comes to make war, an orator will be placed at the head of the armies, and when peace has to be negotiated, it will be entrusted to a Congress of orators. The word even more than the sword will rule the world. Speak, my son, speak eloquently and everlastingly, and the earth will be thine."

Poor Adam wept in silence out of sheer gratitude to the Lord for his bountiful mercies. His sons had just received complete dominion over the earth.

Meanwhile it was evident that Eve was nervous and restless. Several times she had been on the point of interrupting the Lord, of speaking one word, just one word, but she had held back at the last moment. How could she dare cut off the stream of royal gifts which was pouring over the heads of her sons. . . . But remorse gnawed her mother's heart. She thought of the poor children locked in the stable who were going to be left out of the distribution through her fault.

"I am going to show them to the Almighty —" she whispered to Adam.

"It's too late," objected her husband. "It would be asking too much. The Lord would be angry."

Precisely at that very moment the Archangel Michael who had come to the home of the two reprobates half-heartedly, was urging his Divine Majesty to take leave. He could no longer bear this unexpected visit and was politely protesting against it with all the circumspection of a Minister of War who has a proper regard for the whims of his royal master.

"Your Divine Majesty, it is growing late. The sun is very low on the horizon; the nights are cool. At Your Majesty's age, it would be . . ." he said.

Michael was worried. There was sadness in the eyes of the blond warrior; many a silver thread dimmed the glitter of his golden locks. He had Satan on his mind. Satan, also, had once been blond, arrogant, militant as his conqueror, and was now ugly, dejected, and despised, like all defeated rebels.

During long centuries, Michael had permitted the celestial painters and sculptors to exhibit him with Satan, his adversary and former comrade, fallen at his feet, subdued by his mighty spear. There had been no danger that any subject of the heavenly realms should ever take a notion to go over to the enemy's camp. Ah, no! They were far too clever to make such an egregious mistake. But now it was different. Satan was beginning to stir as if he would make another attempt to renew the struggle. He was counting on an extraordinary reinforcement. He felt that fresh troops were drawing near to join the battle on his side. Undoubtedly, Satan was depending on the assistance of the men who were going to people the earth. And Michael foresaw a succession of battles from which he might not always emerge victorious. Ah! who could tell what the future held in store for him? The rôles might be changed. Satan might win and rise up after the battle flushed with the arrogance of the conqueror, tramping under foot the erstwhile victorious and now crushed Michael.

"Sire," he said again, "let us withdraw from the contact of these beggars."

And the Lord rose from his armchair. From outside the farmhouse came the shrill notes of the Archangels' silver trumpets sounding "assemble." The members of the divine escort descended from the trees, shaking them so much that not a single fruit, not even a leaf was left on them. The passage of a cloud of locusts could not have done as much damage.

The guard of honor lined up in two files on each side of the door and presented arms to their sovereign as he passed out slowly, leaning on Michael's arm. Suddenly Eve ran across their path.

"A moment, Your Majesty," she cried. Then she ran to the stable and pushed the door open.

"I have not told the whole truth," she cried pathetically, heart-broken with remorse. "There are more of them. Have mercy on these poor little ones. Give them something, my Lord. Remember them in your divine munificence."

The Almighty looked with stupor and disgust upon that rabble. The divine minister knitted his brow, his right hand instinctively feeling for the sword hilt. He recognized the enemy in that seething mass of human wretches. It was on these monsters that his infernal adversary counted for the future. They were the last reserves, the troops of despair. What a pity that he could not crush them right then and there. . . .

"Let us go, My Lord," said he, gently pushing his sovereign. "We must not give anything to this *canaille*. It is better that they should perish."

And he pushed Eve with even greater rudeness, ordering her to get out of the way and not to insist any more on her presumptuous petition.

"I can't do it, my poor woman," the Lord excused himself. "I have nothing left to give away. Their four favored brothers have carried off everything. Don't cry. Don't break your heart. I shall think it over more carefully. Perhaps I shall find something else. We shall see later on."

But the mother refused to be satisfied.

"Now, Your Majesty! Give them anything now. Who knows when you will return to these parts? A small gift for each of them. An employment, some occupation. What are my poor children going to do in the world?"

The Archangel was about to order a squad of the divine detachment to carry off the tenacious woman, dragging her, if necessary, when the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, found a solution. He was anxious also to leave the farm and get away from the loathsome rabble.

"The Lord stroked his great silvery beard," explained Uncle Strap, and said, "'I've got a job for them, my good woman, and it's no easy job. These fellows will wait upon, and work for their brothers for ever and ever.'"

And after a pause, Uncle Strap, wound up as follows:

"You and I and the rest of us, who spend our lives bent over the soil to eke out a miserable existence, are the descendants of those unlucky ones whom our first mother locked up in the stable."

There was a long silence. The reapers seemed to be pondering over the strange tale. Suddenly a voice asked out of the darkness,

"But what about the women?"

Uncle Strap looked around the circle, puzzled and perplexed.

"What women are you talking about?" he asked querulously. "What have they got to do with the story?"

"Well," the questioner explained, half apologetically. "I can't see how Eve could have boys only. She must have had some girls also. If she had not had any girls, why, there couldn't be any women now, could there? And we got a lot of them, Uncle Strap. I ask: what did she do with her daughters? Did our first mother present any of them to the Lord so that he might give them something, or did she lock them up in the stable?"

A murmur expressive of curiosity, restlessness and expectancy went around the circle, as when the tense silence of an electoral college is broken by an unexpected challenge. All eyes were focused on the old man who looked at the ground and scratched his head with an air of doubt. Suddenly he smiled.

"You can see," he said, suavely, "that the man who asked that question is young and inexperienced. Eve was a woman and knew too well the needs of women to waste any time with useless petitions. The Lord with all his power cannot give women anything after they are born."

There was a long pause. Uncle Strap enjoyed keenly the puzzled silence which followed his remarks.

"Before they are born," he proceeded, exegetically, "God can give them beauty, charm and, sometimes, he even gives them talent, but after they are in the world, man is their only hope. To him they owe everything. For them is the work of the poor, the power of the ruler, the exploit of the soldier, and the money of the millionaire. They also are the ones who bend with the greatest ease the rigid decrees of justice. No; they need nothing from God. They have enough with man. The only bond between the happy and the unfortunate is that all of us work for women or because of them."

"Ain't Nature Wonderful!"
By Edna Ferber
It is, but Miss Ferber makes it even more wonderful in her delightful story. Also she will make clear to you some types that you know but probably do not understand; she will tug at your heart-strings, she will make you smile,
In McClure's for August

Rainy Week

— *Continued from page 23*

the Bridegroom was inclined to agree with her. But stronger than anybody's sense of justice, it was a composite sense of humor that sped Rollins to his heart's desire. Even Ann Woltor, I think, was curious to see just how Rollins would figure as an engaged man.

The May Girl's parting with George Keets was at least mercifully brief.

"Does he kiss my hand?" questioned the May Girl.

"No — I think not," flushed George Keets. Having no intention in the world of kissing any woman in earnest, it was not in his code, apparently, to kiss a young girl in fun. Very formally, with that frugal, tight-lipped smile of his which contrasted so curiously with the rather accentuated virility of his shoulders, he rose and bowed low over the May Girl's proffered fingers. "Really it's been a great honor. I've enjoyed it immensely!" he conceded.

"THANK you," murmured the May Girl. In a single impulse everybody turned to look at Rollins, only to find that Rollins had disappeared.

"Hi, there, Rollins! *Rollins!*" shouted young Kennilworth. "You're losing time!"

As though waiting dramatically for just this cue, the hall portières parted slightly, and there stood Rollins grinning like a Cheshire Cat, with a great bunch of purple Orchids clasped in one hand!— Now we are sixty miles from a florist and the only neighbor of our acquaintance who boasts a greenhouse is a most estimable but exceedingly close-fisted flower-fancier who might under certain conditions, I must admit, give bread at the back door, but who never under any circumstances whatsoever has been known to give orchids at the front door. Nor did I quite see Rollins even in a rain storm actually breaking laws or glass to achieve his floral purpose. Yet *there* stood Rollins in our front hall, at half-past nine in the morning, with a very extravagant bunch of purple orchids in his hand.

"Well,— bully for you!" gasped young Kennilworth. "Now — that's what I call — not being a Mutt!"

Beaming with pride Rollins stepped forward and presented his offering, the grin on his face never wavering.

"Just a — just a trifling token of my esteem, Miss Davies!" he affirmed. "To say nothing of — of —"

The May Girl, I think, had never had orchids presented to her before. It is something indeed of an experience all in itself to see a young girl receive her first orchids. The faint astonishment and regret to find that after all they're not nearly as darling and cosy as violets or roses or even carnations,— the sudden contradictory flare of sex-pride and importance,— flashed like so much large print across the May Girl's fluctuant face.

"Why — why they're — wonderful!" she stammered.

Producing from Heaven knows what antique pin-cushion a hat-pin that would have easily impaled the May Girl like a butterfly against the wall, Rollins completed the presentation. But the end it seemed was not yet. Fumbling through his pockets he produced a small wad of paper, and from that small wad of paper a large old-fashioned seal ring with several strands of silk thread dangling from it.

"Of course at such short notice," beamed Rollins, "one couldn't expect to do much. But if you don't mind things being a bit old-timey,— this ring of my great uncle Aberner's — if we tie it on — perhaps?"

Whereupon, lashing the ring then and there to the May Girl's astonished finger, Rollins proceeded to tuck the May Girl's whole astonished hand into the crook of his arm, and start off with her, — still grinning like a Chessey Cat,— to promenade the long sheltered glassed-in porch, across whose rain-blurred windows the storm raged by more like a sound than a sight.

The May Girl's face was crimson!

"Well,— it was all your own idea, you know,— this getting engaged!" taunted Kennilworth.

It was not a very good moment to taunt the May Girl. My Husband saw it I think even before I did.

"Really, Rollins," he suggested, "you mustn't overdo this arm-in-arm business. Not all day long! It isn't done!— Not this ball-and-chain idea any more!— Not this shackling of the betrothed!"

"No, really, Rollins, old man," urged young Kennilworth, "you've got quite the wrong idea. You say yourself you've never been engaged before — so you'd better let some of us wiser guys coach you up a bit in some of the essentials."

"Coach me up a bit?" growled Rollins.

"Why you didn't suppose for a minute, did you," persisted young Kennilworth tormentingly, "that there was any special fun about being engaged? You didn't think for a moment, I mean, that you were really going to have any sort of good time to-day? Not both of you, I mean?"

"Eh?" jerked Rollins, stopping suddenly short in his tracks, but with the May Girl's reluctant hand still wedged fast into the crook of his arm, he stood defying his tormentor. "Eh? *What?*"

"Why I never in the world," mused Kennilworth, "ever heard of two engaged people having a good time the same day. One or the other of them always has to give up the one thrilling thing that he yearned most to do and devote his whole time to pretending that he's perfectly enraptured doing some stupid fuddy-duddy stunt that the other one wanted to do. It's simply the question always of — who gives up! Now, Miss Davies for instance —" Mockingly he fixed his eyes on the May Girl's unhappy face. "Now, Miss Davies," he insisted, "more than anything else in the world to-day what would you like to do?"

"Sew," said the May Girl.

"And you, Mr. Rollins," persisted Kennilworth. "If it wasn't for Miss Davies here — what would you be doing to-day?"

"I?" quickened Rollins. "I?" across his impatient, irritated face, an expression of frankly scientific ecstasy flared up like an explosion. "Why those shells, you know!" glowed Rollins. "That last consignment! Why I should have been cataloging shells!"

"There you have it!" cried Kennilworth. "Either you've got to sew all day long with Miss Davies,— or else she'll have to catalog shells with you!"

"*Sew?*" hooted Rollins.

"Oh, I'd just love to catalog shells!" cried the May Girl. In that single instant the somewhat indeterminate quiver of her lips had bloomed into a real smile. By a dexterous movement, released from Rollins's arm, she turned and fled for the door. "Upstairs, you mean, don't you?" she cried. The smile had reached her eyes now. In another minute it seemed as though even her hair would be all laughter. "At the big table in the upper hall?— Where you were working yesterday?— One, on one side of the table — and one — the other? — And one, the *other!*" she giggled triumphantly.

With unflagging agility Rollins started after her.

"What I had really planned," he grinned, "was a walk on the beach."

"Arm — in — arm?" mused young Kennilworth.

"Eh! You think you're smart, don't you!" grinned Rollins.

"Yes, quite so," acknowledged Kennilworth. "But if you really want to see Smartness on its Native Heath just pipe your eye to-morrow when I dawn on the horizon as an Engaged Man!"

"You?" called the May Girl. Staring back through the mahogany banisters her face looked fairly striped with astonishment.

"YOU certainly announced your desire," said Kennilworth, "to go right through the whole list. Didn't you?"

"Oh, but I didn't mean — everybody," parried the May Girl. Her mouth and her eyes and her hair were all laughing together now. "Oh, Goodness me,— not *everybody!*" she gesticulated, with a fine air of disdain.

"Not the married men," explained the Bride.

"No, I'm sure she discriminated against the married men," chuckled the Bridegroom.

"Well,— she sha'n't discriminate against *me!*" snapped young Kennilworth. Absurd as it was he looked angry. Young Kennilworth, one might infer, was not accustomed to having women discriminate against him. "You made the plan and you'll jolly-well keep to it!" affirmed young Kennilworth.

"Oh, all right," laughed the May Girl. "If you really insist!— But for a boy who's as truly unselfish as you are about nursery-governessing other people's Pom dogs,— and saving your last taste of anything for your Old Daddy,—you've certainly got the worst manners!"

"Manners!" drawled George Keets. "This is no test. Wait — till you see his Engagement Manners!"

"Oh, she'll 'wait' all right!" sniffed young Kennilworth, and turned on his heel.

Paul Brenswick, searching hard through the Shipping News in the morning paper, looked up with a faint shadow of concern.

"What's the grouch?" he questioned.

Standing with her hands on her Bridegroom's shoulders the Bride glanced back from the stormy window to Kennilworth's face with a somewhat provocative smile.

"Well — it *was* in the mind of God, wasn't it?" she said.

"What was?" demanded young Kennilworth.

"The rain," shrugged the Bride.

"Oh — damn the rain!" cried young Kennilworth. "I wish people wouldn't speak to me! It drives me crazy I tell you to have everybody babbling so! Can't you see I want to work? Can't anybody see — anything?" Equally furious all of a sudden at everybody, he swung around and darted up the stairs. "Don't anybody call me to lunch," he ordered. "For Heaven's sake don't let any one be idiot enough to call me to lunch."

EVEN Ann Woltor's jaw dropped a bit at the amazing rudeness and peevishness of it.

It was then that the beaming grin on Rollins's face flickered out for a single instant of incredulity and reproach.

"Why — Miss Woltor!" he choked, "you didn't have your tooth fixed — after all!"

With a great crackle of paper every man's face seemed buried suddenly in the Shipping News.

"No!" I heard my Husband's voice affirm with extravagant precision. "Not the slightest mention anywhere of any maritime disaster."

"Not the slightest!" agreed George Keets.

"Not the slightest!" echoed Paul Brenswick with what seemed to me like quite unnecessary monotony.

It was the Bride who showed the only real tact. Slipping her hand casually into Ann Woltor's hand she started for the Library.

"Let's go see if we can't find something awfully exciting to read to-day," she suggested. Once across the library threshold her voice lowered slightly. "Really, Miss Woltor," she confided, "there are times when I think that Mr. Rollins is sort of crazy."

"So many people are," acquiesced Ann Woltor without emotion.

Caroming off to my miniature conservatory on the pretext of watering my hyacinths I met my Husband bent evidently on the same errand. My Husband's sudden interest in potted plants was bewitching. Even the hyacinths were amused I think. Yet even to prolong the novelty of the situation there was certainly no time to be lost. about Rollins.

"Truly Jack," I besought him, "this Rollins man has got to be suppressed."

"Oh, not to-day — surely?" pleaded my Husband. "Not on the one Engagement Day of his life? Poor Rollins — when he's having such a thrill?"

"Well,— not to-day perhaps," I conceded with some reluctance. "But to-morrow surely! We never have been used you know to starting off the day with Rollins! And two breakfasts in succession? Well, really, it's almost more than the human heart can stand. Far be it from me," I argued, "to condone poor Allan John's lapse from sobriety or advocate any plan whatsoever for the ensnaring of the very young or the unwary; but all other means failing," I argued, "I should consider it a very great mercy to the survivors if Rollins should wake to-morrow with a slight headache. No real cerebral symptoms you understand — nothing really acute. Just —!"

"Oh, stop your fooling!" said my Husband. "What I came in here to talk to you about was Miss Woltor."

"'Woltor' or 'Stoltor'?" I questioned.

"Who said 'Stoltor'?" jerked my Husband.

"Oh, sometimes you say 'Woltor' and sometimes you say 'Stoltor'!" I confided. "And it's so confusing. Which is it— really?"

"Hanged if I know!" said my Husband.

"Then let's call her Ann," I suggested.

With an impulse that was quite unwonted in him my Husband stepped suddenly forward to my biggest, rosiest, most perfect pot of pink hyacinths, and snapping a succulent stem in two thrust the great gorgeous bloom incongruously into his button-hole. Never in fifteen years had I seen my Husband with a flower in his button-hole. Neither, in all that time, had I ever seen him flush across the cheek-bones just exactly the shade of a rose-pink Hyacinth. I could have hugged him! — He looked so confused.

"Oh, I say,—" he ventured quite abruptly, "Miss Woltor and I, you know,— we never went near the Dentist yesterday!"

"So I inferred," I said, "from Rollins's observation. What *were* you doing?" Truly I didn't mean to ask but the long-suppressed wonder most certainly slipped.

"Why we were just arguing!" groaned my Husband. "Round and round and round!"

"Round—what?" I questioned — now that the slipping had started: "Round and round the country?"

"Country *nothing!*" grinned my Husband unhappily. "We never left the Place!"

"Never —left the Place?" I stammered. "Why, where in Creation were you?"

"Why, first," said my Husband, "we were down at the end of the Driveway right there by the Acacia trees, you know. She was crying so I didn't exactly like to strike the State Highway for fear somebody would notice her. And then afterward — when I saw that she really couldn't stop —"

"Crying?" I puzzled. "Ann Woltor — crying?"

"And then afterward," persisted my Husband, "we went over to the Bungalow on the Rock — and commenced the argument all over again! Fortunately there was some tea there and crackers and sardines and enough firewood. But it was the devil and all getting over! We ran the car into the boat-house and took the punt! I thought the surf would smash us but—"

"But what was the 'argument'?" I questioned.

"Why about her coming back!" said my Husband. "She was so absolutely determined not to come back! I never in my life saw such stubbornness! And if she once got away I knew perfectly well that she never *would* come back! That she'd drop out of sight just as —— And such Crying!" he interrupted himself with apparent irrelevance. "Everything smashed up altogether at once! — Hadn't cried before, she said, for eight years!"

"WELL, it's time she cried, the poor dear!" I affirmed sincerely. "But ——"

"But I couldn't bring her back to the house!" insisted my Husband. "Not crying so,— not arguing so!"

"No, of course not," I agreed.

"I kept thinking she'd stop!" shivered my Husband.

"Jack," I asked quite abruptly, "Who *is* Ann Woltor?"

"Search me!" said my Husband, "I never saw her before,"

"You — never saw her — before!" I stammered. "Why — Why you called her by name!— You —"

"I knew her face," said my Husband. "I've seen her picture. In London it was. In Hal Ferry's studio. Fifteen years ago if it's a day. A huge charcoal sketch all swoops and smouches.— Just a girl holding up a small hand-mirror to her astonished face. — '*The woman with the broken tooth*' it was called."

"Fifteen years ago?" I gasped. "'*The — the woman with the broken tooth!*'— What a — what a name for a picture!"

"Yes, wasn't it?" said my Husband. "And you'd have thought somehow that the picture would be funny, wouldn't you? But it wasn't! It was the grimmest thing I ever saw in my life! Sketched just from memory too it must have been. No man would have had the cheek to ask a woman to pose for him like that,— to reduplicate just for fun I mean that particular expression of bewilderment which he had by such grim chance surprised on her unwitting face. Such shock! Such *astonishment!* It wasn't just the astonishment you understand of Marred Beauty worrying about a Dentist. But a look — the stark, staring, chain-lightning sort of look of a woman — who, back of the broken tooth — linked up in some way with the accident of the broken tooth, saw something — suddenly — that God Himself couldn't repair! —— It was horrid I tell you! It haunted you! Even if you started to hoot you ended by arguing! Arguing and — wondering! Ferry finally got so that he wouldn't show it to anybody. People quizzed him so."

"Yes, but Ferry?" I questioned.

"No," said my Husband. "It was only by the merest chance that I heard the name Ann Stoltor associated in any way with the picture. Hal Ferry never told anything. Not a word. But he never exhibited the picture I noticed. It was a point of honor with him, I suppose. If one lives long enough, of course, one's pretty apt to catch every friend 'off guard' at least once in his facial expression. But one doesn't exhibit one's deductions I suppose. One mustn't at least make professional presentation of them."

"Yes, but Ann Woltor —Stoltor," I puzzled. "When she tried to bolt so? Was it because she knew that you knew Hal Ferry? When you called her 'Stoltor' and dropped the lantern so funnily when you first saw her, was it *then* that she linked you up with this Something — whatever it is that has hurt her so?— And determined even then to bolt at the very first chance she could get?— But why in the world should she want to bolt?" I puzzled. "Certainly she's had to take us on Faith quite as much as we've taken her. And I?— I *love* her!"

In the flare of the open doorway George Keets loomed quite abruptly.

"Oh, is this where you bad people are?" he reproached us. "We've been searching the house for you,"

"Oh, of course, if you really need us," conceded my Husband. "But even you — I should think — would know a Flirtation when you saw it — and have tact enough not to butt in."

"A Flirtation?" scoffed Keets. "*You?* At ten o'clock in the morning? All trimmed up like an Easter bonnet? And acting half scared to death?— It looks a bit fishy to me, — not to say mysterious!"

"All Husbands move in a mysterious way their Flirtations to perform," observed my Husband.

From one pair of half-laughing eyes to the other George Keets glanced up with the faintest possible suggestion of a sigh.

"Really, you know," said George Keets, "there are times when even *I* can imagine that marriage might be just a little bit jolly."

"Oh never 'jolly'," grinned my Husband "but there are times I frankly admit — when it seems a heap more serious than it does at — other times."

"Less serious, you mean," corrected Keets.

"More serious," grinned my Husband.

"Oh, for goodness sake, let's stop talking about us," I protested, "and talk about the weather!"

"It was the weather that I came to talk about," explained George Keets. "Do you think it will clear to-day?" he questioned.

For a single mocking instant my Husband's glance sought mine.

"No, not — to-day, George," he said.

"U —— m!" mused George Keets. "Then in that case," he brightened suddenly, "If Mrs. Delville is really willing to put up a water-proof lunch — we think it would be rather good sport to go back to the cave — and explore a bit more of the beach perhaps — and bring home Heaven knows what fresh plunder from the ship-wrecked trunk."

"Oh, how jolly!" I agreed. "But will Mrs. Brenswick go?"

"Mrs. Brenswick isn't exactly keen about it," admitted Keets. "But she says she'll go. And Brenswick himself and Miss Woltor — and Allan John —" It was amusing how everybody called Allan John "Allan John"— without title or subterfuge or self-consciousness of any kind.

With their arms across each other's shoulders the Bride and Bridegroom came frolicking by on their way to the foot of the stairs.

"Oh, Miss Davies!— Miss Davies!" they called up teasingly. "Are you willing that Allan John should go to the cave to-day?"

Smiling responsively but not one atom teased, the May Girl jumped up from her tableful of shells and came out to the edge of the balustrade to consider the matter.

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"Allan John! Allan John!" she called. "Do you really want to go?"

"Why, yes," admitted Allan John, "if everybody's going."

Behind the May Girl's looming height and loveliness the little squat figure of Rollins shadowed suddenly.

"Miss Davies and I are not going," said Rollins.

"Not — going?" questioned the May Girl.

"Not going," chuckled Rollins, "unless she walks with me!" He didn't say "arm-in-arm." He didn't need to. That inference was entirely expressed by the absurdly triumphant little glint in his eye.

I don't think the May Girl intended to laugh. But she did laugh. And all the laugh in the world seemed suddenly "on" Rollins

"No — really, People," rallied the May Girl, "I'd heaps rather stay here with Mr. Rollins and work on these perfectly darling shells. One — on one side of the table — and one on the other."

"We are going to have lunch up here — in fact," counter-checked that rascally Rollins with a blandness that was actually malicious. "There is a magnificent specimen here I notice of 'Triton's Trumpet.' The Pacific Islanders I understand use it very successfully for a Tea Kettle. And for tea cups. With the aid of one or two 'Hare's Ears' which I'm almost sure I've seen in the Specimen Cabinet —"

"'Hare's Ears'?" gasped the May Girl.

"It's the name of a shell, my dear,— just the name of a shell," explained Rollins with some unctuousness. "Very comfortable here we shall be, I am sure!" beamed Rollins. "Very cosy, very scientific, very ro-romantic, if I may take the liberty of saying so. Very —"

"Oh, Shucks!" interrupted George Keets quite surprisingly. "If Miss Davies isn't going there's no good in anybody going!"

"Thank — you," murmured Ann Woltor. At the astonishingly new, and relaxed timbre of her voice everybody turned suddenly and stared at her. It wasn't at all that she spoke meltingly, but the fact of her speaking meltedly, that gave every one of us that queer little gasp of surprise. Still icy cold, but fluid at last, her voice flowed forth as it were for the very first time with some faint suggestion of the real emotion in her mind. "Thank you — Mr. Keets," mocked Ann Woltor, "for your enthusiasm concerning the rest of us."

"Oh, I say!" deprecated George Keets. "You know what I meant!" His face was crimson. "It — it was only that Miss Davies was so awfully keen about it all yesterday! Everybody, you know, doesn't find it so exhilarating."

"N-o?" murmured Ann Woltor. In the plushy black somberness of her eyes a high-light glinted suddenly. Suppressed tears make just that particular kind of glint. So also does suppressed laughter. "I was out in a storm — once," drawled Ann Woltor. "I found it very — exhilarating."

With a flash of rather quizzical perplexity I saw my Husband's glance rake hers.

Wincing just a little she turned back to me with a certain gesture of appeal.

"Cry one day and laugh another, is it?" she ventured experimentally.

"Going to the Dentist isn't very jolly,— you're quite right," interposed the Bride.

"No, it certainly isn't," sympathized everybody.

IT was perfectly evident that no one in the party except my Husband and myself knew just what had happened to the dentistry expedition. And Ann Woltor wasn't quite sure even yet, I could see, whether I knew or not. The return home the night before had been so late,— the commotion over Allan John's whistle so immediate,— the breakfast hour itself such a chaos of nonsense and foolery. Certainly there was no object in prolonging her uncertainty. I liked her infinitely too much to worry her. Very fortunately also she had a ready eye, the one big compensating gift that Fate bestows on all people who have ever been caught off their guard even once by a Real Trouble. She never muffed any glance I noticed that you wanted her to catch.

"Oh, I hate to think, Ann dear," I smiled, "about there being any tears yesterday. But if tears yesterday really should mean a laugh to-day —"

"Oh, to-day?" quickened Ann Woltor. "Who can tell about to-day!"

"Then you really would like to go?" said George Keets.

Across Ann Woltor's shoulders a little shrug quivered.

"Why, of course, I'm going!" said Ann Woltor.

"Good! Famous!" rallied George Keets. "Now that makes — how many of us?" he reckoned. "Kennilworth?"

"No, let's not bother about Kennilworth," said my Husband.

"You?" queried George Keets.

"Yes, I'm going," acquiesced my Husband.

"And you, Mrs. Delville, of course?"

"No, I think not," I said.

"Just the Brenswicks then," counted George Keets. "And Allan John and —"

Once again from the railing of the upper landing, the May Girl's wistfully mirthful face peered down through that amazing cloud of gold-gray hair.

"ALLAN JOHN — Allan John!" she called very softly. "I'd like to have you dress warmly — you know! And not get just too absolutely tired out! And be sure and take the whistle," she laughed very resolutely, "and if anybody isn't good to you — you just blow it hard — and I'll come."

As befitted the Psychic necessities of a very cranky Person With a Future, young Kennilworth was not disturbed for lunch.

And Rollins, it seemed, was grotesquely genuine in his desire to picnic up-stairs with the May Girl and the Shells. Even the May Girl herself rallied with a fluttering sort of excitement to the idea. The Shell Table fortunately was quite large enough to accommodate both work and play. Rollins certainly was beside himself with triumph, and on Rollins's particular type of countenance there is no conceivable synonym for the word "triumph" except "ghoulish glee." Really it was amazing the way the May Girl rallied her gentleness and her patience and her playfulness to the absurd game. She opposed no contrary personality whatsoever even to Rollins's most vapid desires. Unable as he was either to simulate or stimulate "the light that never was on land or sea," it was Rollins's very evident intention apparently to "blue" his Lady's eyes and "pink" his Lady's cheeks by the narration at least of such *sights* as "never were on land or sea"! Flavored by moonlight,— rattling with tropical palms,— green as Arctic ice,— wild as a loon's hoot,— Science and Lies slipped alike from Rollins's lips with a facility that even I would scarcely have suspected him of! Lands he had never visited — adventures he had never dreamed of — cannibals not yet born — babble — babble — *babble — babble!*

As for the May Girl herself, as far as I could observe, not a single sound emanated from her the entire day, except the occasional clank of her hugely over-sized "betrothal ring" against the Pom dog's collar, or the little gasping phrase, "Oh, no, Mr. Rollins! Not *really?*" that thrilled now and then from her astonished lips, as elbows on table, chin cupped in hand, she sat staring blue-eyed and bland at her — Tormentor.

It must have been five o'clock, almost, before the Beach Party returned. Gleaming like a great bunch of storm-drenched Jonquils, the six Adventurers loomed up cheerfully in the rain-light. Once again George Keets and the Bridegroom were dragging the Bride by her hand. Ann Woltor and my Husband followed just behind. Allan John walked alone.

Even young Kennilworth came out on the porch to hail them.

"Hi, there!" called my Husband.

"Hi, there, yourself!" retaliated Kennilworth.

"Oh, we've had a perfectly wonderful day!" gasped the Bride.

"Found the cave all right!" triumphed Keets.

"Allan John found a — found an old-fashioned hoop-skirt!" giggled the Bride.

"The devil he did!" hooted Rollins.

"But we never found the trunk at all!" scolded the Bridegroom. "Either we were way off in our calculations or else the sand — "

In a sudden gusty flutter of white the May Girl came round the corner into the full buffet of the wind. It hadn't occurred to me before just exactly how tired she looked. "Why, hello, everybody — " she began, — faltered an instant, — crumpled up at the waist-line, — and slipped down in a white heap of unconsciousness to the floor.

It was George Keets who reached her first, and gathering her into his long, strong arms, bore her into the house. It was the first time in his life I think that George Keets had ever held a woman in his arms. His eyes hardly knew what to make of it. And his tightened lips, quite palpably, didn't like it at all. But after all it was those extraordinarily human shoulders of his that were really doing the carrying!

Very fortunately though for all concerned the whole scare was over in a minute. Ensconced like a queen in the deep pillows of the big library sofa the May Girl rallied almost at once to joke about the catastrophe. But she didn't want any supper, I noticed, and dallied behind in her cushions, when the supper-hour came.

"You look like a crumpled rose," said the Bride.

"Like a poor crumpled — white rose," supplemented Ann Woltor.

"Like a very long-stemmed — poor crumpled — white rose," deprecated the May Girl herself.

Kennilworth brought her a knife and fork, but no smiles.

George Keets brought her several different varieties of his peculiarly tight-lipped smile, and all the requisite table-silver besides.

Paul Brenswick sent her the cherry from his cocktail and promised her the frosting from his cake.

The Bride sent her love.

Ann Woltor remembered the table napkin.

Allan John watched the proceedings without comment.

It was Rollins who insisted on serving the May Girl's supper. "It was his *right*," he said. More than this he also insisted on gathering up all his own supper on one quite inadequate plate, and trotting back to the library to eat it with the May Girl. This also was his *right*, he said. Truly he looked very funny there all huddled up on a low stool by the May Girl's side. But at least he showed sense enough now not to babble very much. And once, at least, without reproof I saw him reach up to the May Girl's fork and plate and urge some particularly nourishing morsel of food into her languidly astonished mouth.

It was just as everybody drifted back from the dining-room into the library that the May Girl wriggled her long, silken, childish legs out of the steamer-rug that encompassed her, struggled to her feet, wandered somewhat aimlessly to the piano, fingered the keys for a single indefinite moment — and burst ecstatically into song!

NONE of us except my Husband had heard her sing before. None of us indeed except my Husband and myself knew even that she could sing. The proof that she could smote suddenly across the ridge of one's spine like the prickle of a mild electric shock.

My Husband was perfectly right. It was a typical "Boy Soprano" voice, a Chorister's voice — clear as flame — passionless as syrup. As devoid of ritual as the Multiplication Table it would have made the Multiplication Table fairly reek with incense and Easter Lilies! Absolutely lacking in everything that the Tone Sharks call "color," — yet it set your mind a-haunt with all the sad crimson and purple splendors of memorial windows! Shadows were back of it! And sorrows! And mysteries! Bridals! And deaths! The prattle alike of the very young and the very old! Carol! And Threnody! And a fearful Transiency as of youth itself passing!

She sang —

"There is a Green Hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where our dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us — all."

and she sang

"From the Desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with — fire!
And the winds are not more fleet
Than the wings of my — de — sire!"

Like an Innocent pouring kerosene on the Flame-of-the-World the young voice soared and swelled to that lovely, limpid word "desire." (In the darkness I saw Paul Brenswick's hand clutch suddenly out to his Mate's. In the darkness I saw George Keets switch around suddenly and begin to whisper very fast to Allan John.) And then she sang a little nonsense rhyme about Rabbits which she explained rather shyly she had just made up. "She was very fond of Rabbits," she explained. "And of dogs, too — if all the truth were to be told. — Also cats."

"Also — shells!" sniffed young Kennilworth.

"Yes, also shells," conceded the May Girl without resentment.

"Ha!" sniffed young Kennilworth.

"O — h, a — jealous lover, this," deprecated George Keets. "Really, Miss Davies," he condoned, "I'm afraid to-morrow is going to be somewhat of a strain on you."

"To-morrow?" dimpled the May Girl.

"Ha! — To-morrow!" shrugged young Kennilworth.

"It was the Rabbits," dimpled the May Girl, "that I was going to tell you about now. It's a very moral song written specially to deplore the — the thievish habits of the rabbits. But I can't seem to get around to the 'deploring' until the second verse. All the first verse is just scientific description." Adorably the young voice lilted into the nonsense —

"Oh the habit of a rabbit
Is a fact that would amaze
From the pinkness of his blinkness and
the blandness of his gaze,
In a nose that's so a-twinkle like a merri
— perri — winkle —
And — "

Goodness me! — That *voice!* — The babyishness of it!—And the poignancy! Should one laugh? Or should one cry? Clap one's hands? Or bolt from the room? I decided to bolt from the room.

Both my Husband and myself thought it would be only right to telephone Dr. Brawne about the fainting spell. There was a telephone fortunately in my own room. And there is one thing at least very compensatory about telephoning to doctors. If you once succeed in finding them, there is never an undue lag in the conversation itself.

"But tell me only just one thing," I besought my Husband, "so I won't be talking merely to a Voice! This Dr. Brawne of yours? — Is he old or young? Fat or thin? Jolly? Or — ?"

"He's about fifty," said my Husband. "Fifty-five perhaps. Stoutish rather, I think you'd call him. And jolly. Oh, I — "

"Ting-a-ling — ling — *ling!*" urged the telephone-bell.

Across a hundred miles of dripping, rain-bejeweled wires, Dr. Brawne's voice flamed up at last with an almost metallic crispness.

"Yes?"

"This is Dr. Brawne?"

"Yes."

"This is Mrs. Delville — Jack Delville's wife."

"Yes?"

"We just thought we'd call up and report the safe arrival of your Ward and tell you how much we are enjoying her!"

"Yes? — I trust she didn't turn up with any more lame, halt, or blind pets than you were able to handle."

"Oh no — *no* — not at all!" I hastened to affirm. (Certainly it seemed no time to explain about poor Allan John.)

"But what I really called up to say," I hastened to confide, "is that she fainted this afternoon, and — "

"Yes?" crisped the clear incisive voice again.

"Fainted," I repeated.

"Yes?"

"*Fainted!*" I fairly shouted.

"Oh, I hardly think that's anything," murmured Dr. Brawne. His voice sounded suddenly very far away and muffled as though he were talking through a rather soggy soda biscuit. "She faints very easily. I don't find anything the matter. It's just a temporary instability, I think. She's grown so very fast."

"Yes, she's tall," I admitted.

"Everything else all right?" queried the voice. The wires were working better now. "I don't need to ask if she's having a good time," essayed the voice very courteously. "She's always so essentially original in her ways of having a good time — even with strangers — even when she's really feeling rather shy."

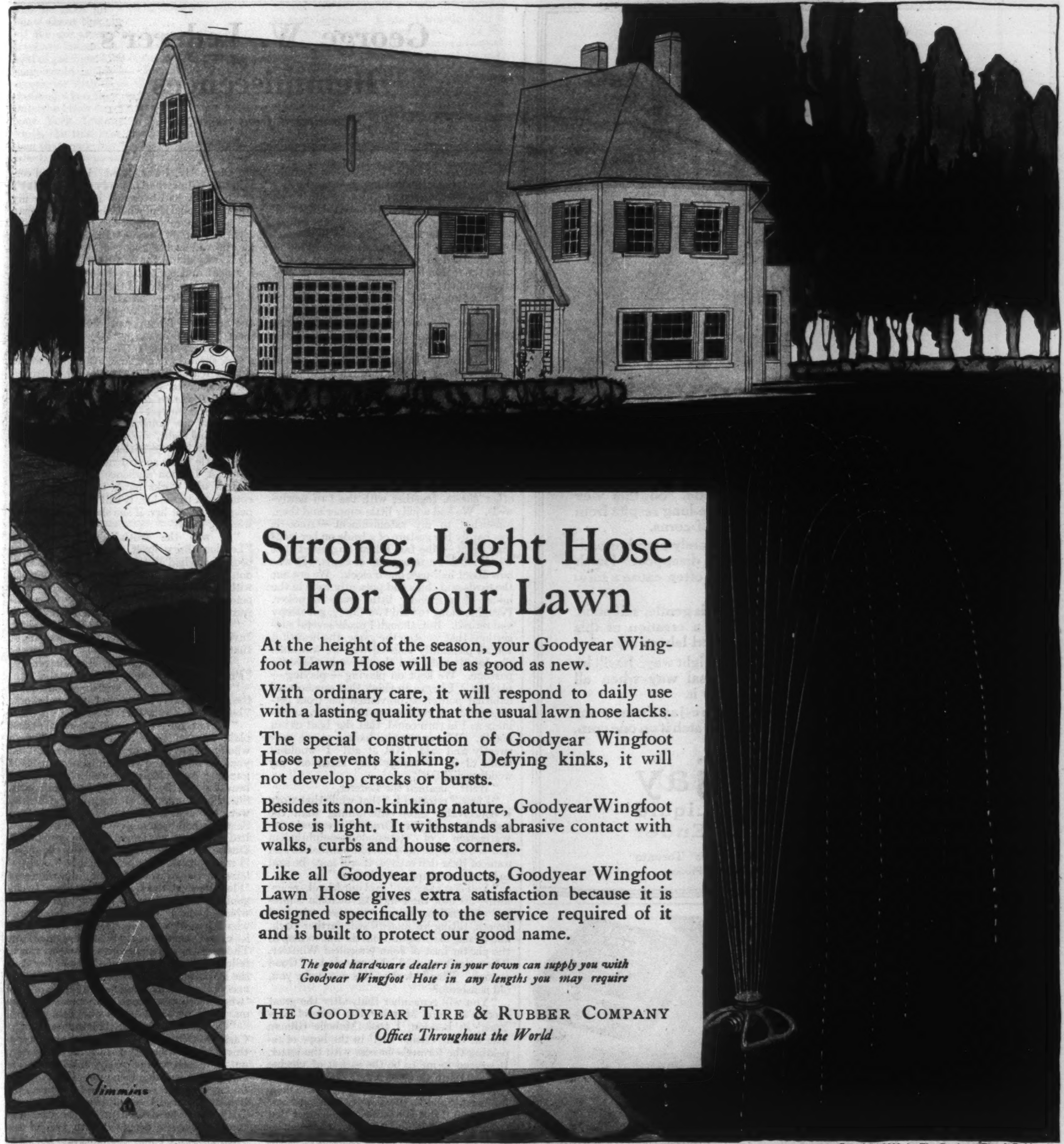
"OH, she's having a good time, all right," I hastened to assure him. "Three perfectly eligible young men all competing for her favor!"

"Only three?" laughed the voice. "You surprise me!"

"And speaking of originality," I rallied instantly to that laugh, "she has invented the most diverting game! She is playing at Being-Engaged-to-a-Different-Man — every day of her visit. Oh *very* circumspectly, you understand," I hastened to affirm. "Nothing serious at all!"

"No, I certainly hope not," mumbled the voice again through some maddeningly soggy connection. "Because, you see, I'm rather expecting to marry her myself on the fifteenth of September next."

[*To be continued*]



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George W. Lederer's Reminiscences

[*Continued from page 25*]

I decided to capitalize her decision as publicity material. I called my press-agent and told him to work up the idea for all it was worth. He did and, on the day that the newspapers played up the story big, Lillian sent word to me that she wanted to see me. I went back to her dressing-room and found her wreathed in smiles. I imagined that I knew the reason for those smiles. 'It proved great publicity stuff, didn't it?' I asked her, returning smile for smile. 'Great!' she replied. 'But I'll have something better for you to use to-morrow. I married Giovanni Perugini, the tenor in this company, at noon to-day.'"

Our friend looked at me with the expression of a parade passing through a triumphal arch.

"Just a moment," he said. "Wait till I've finished." And did I detect something akin to a confident chuckle?

"Well," he went on, "it was a fact. Furthermore, she invited me to join a small supper party she was giving that night in her apartments in celebration of the event. I went and, when I arrived, found three or four other guests, together with the two newlyweds. We had a jolly little supper and then, somewhat to my astonishment — since it was hardly the gesture of a bride on her wedding night — the fair Lillian suggested that we all sit down to a game of cards. It was now about half-past one o'clock. We got out the cards and chips and presently were in the midst of a friendly little game of poker. Perugini, along toward two-thirty, got sleepy and retired. But, though I made several suggestions that we stop the game, the beautiful Lillian pleasantly insisted that we continue. She loved cards, and they were her favorite pastime. We kept on playing — playing — playing. I began to think that our hostess' habitual politeness prevented her from getting rid of us, so I suggested to her, as politely as I in turn could, that she boot us out bodily. Whereupon she looked at me very sweetly and said, 'Not at all! I wouldn't think of it. I *always* play cards on my wedding nights!'"

"Well?" beamed the Lederer.

"I fear," retorted I, "that while that story is conceivably more entertaining than the inside story of Dr. Orndorff's esoteric investigation of tetraiodophenolphthalein and tetraiodophenoltetrachlorophthalein and some of their derivatives, it still may be said to leave something to be desired."

"You don't say so!" said our friend, re-igniting his now three-inch Invincibilia Supremo Magnifico, taking another abysmal breath, tilting his *fauteuil* still farther back, and raising his brogans from the ink-well up to the plaster bust of John Greenleaf Whittier. "You don't say so!" he repeated. "Good enough. Then how does this one strike you, old penseroso?

"You will remember that, after the great success of Edna May in 'The Belle of New York' in London, I took Mabelle Gilman over in 'The Casino Girl' in the hope of repeating the former's success with the latter. It seemed to me to be the easiest of cinches to accomplish this, since the Gilman girl was much prettier than the May girl, much more intelligent, and — theatrically — much more competent. But you will also remember that — in spite of this, and to my astonishment — Mabelle Gilman proved in London to be the worst kind of frost. The real reason for this has never been told. Here's the story:

"On Gilman's opening night, Edna May entered the theatre with a party of friends while the first act was in progress and while Gilman was on the stage. (This was after Edna had scored her big success in 'The Belle'.) The moment the audience caught sight of her, it jumped to its feet and cheered and applauded her, forgetting Mabelle Gilman's presence on the stage completely. Gilman, however, went on with her work and, before the evening was over, had so entirely won the attention and admiration of the audience that it, in turn, forgot Edna completely, cheered and applauded Mabelle and, at the finish, insisted upon her making a speech.

"Obviously, I was elated. I felt dead certain that Gilman had not only equalled May's success, but had exceeded it. Imagine my consternation, then, when the business began falling off more and more on each successive night. I couldn't understand it. If Gilman had proved such a knockout on the opening night, why didn't the crowd come back to see her again and again, as in the case of the May girl? But not only did the first-night crowd not come back — scarcely any one came at all. On the fifth night — still puzzling over the matter — I happened after the play to meet Marie Tempest in one of the Strand restaurants. Marie Tempest was, and still is, a very shrewd woman, and I thought I would get her reason for the débâcle. I broached the subject to her. This was her answer and, as I was to discover from subsequent proofs, the correct solution of the mystery. 'At one point in the second act on the opening night,' she said, 'Mabelle Gilman wiped a bit of perspiration from her forehead. That little thing spelled ruin for her in London. A London audience may admire an actress who works hard, but it will never come back to see her, it will never talk to its neighbor about her, if she shows any *signs* of working hard!'

"It was the truth," added Lederer. "London threw itself at Edna May's feet because she had all that listlessness that London adores. But it would have nothing to do with Mabelle Gilman, a much more competent actress, because she made its audiences feel that she was working hard."

"Well," said he, gazing at his now two-inch Invincibilia Supremo Magnifico, "how about that one, Prof. Dr. Crabapple?"

"You are getting warmer," I condescended. "Pray continue."

"Good enough," he smiled, unbuttoning the three lower buttons of his waistcoat; "here goes with another:

"I'll not, for reasons that are more or less plain, tell you the name of the young woman who figures in this story. She was — I'll tell you this much, and you can have your fill of guessing her identity — one of the most beautiful of the famous 'Florodora' girls. She, like a number of the other girls who were to become famous in the celebrated Sextette, had been in my Casino shows and I had given her to Tommy Ryley who, with Dunne and Fisher, was producing the piece. (I may remark, in passing, that it was stipulated in the contract for the appearance of 'Florodora' at the Casino that I was to organize, select and approve Ryley's company, which I did.) This illustrious beauty of whom I speak was noted for her fresh, clean look and her thoroughly well-maided air. The many newspaper stories about her rarely failed to allude to her as one 'who looked as if she had always just stepped out of a tub,' as one 'who was as neat as a daisy,' as one 'whose teeth were like so many pearls,' and so on. Well, here is the other side of the picture.

"On the first-night of 'Florodora' at the Casino — November 11, 1900, by the way — this celebrated beauty rushed in, completely out of breath, about twenty minutes before the curtain was due to go up. 'I have been dining with Mr. ——, a friend of mine,' she palpitated, 'and I lost all track of the time.' With that, she dashed up to the dressing-room which she occupied with two of the other girls and, before changing into her stage costume, grabbed a tooth-brush lying at hand and began vigorously to brush her teeth. 'Just a minute!' exclaimed one of her roommates. 'But that's *my* tooth-brush you're using!' The beauty stopped. 'Gee, I'm so sorry,' was her rejoinder; 'I thought it had been left here by some girl in the show that closed last week.'"

Our Lederer looked over at me.

"Eh?" And he lifted a right eyebrow.

"You are getting warmer by the minute," I granted. "Pray be good enough to continue."

Our Lederer surveyed his now one-inch Invincibilia Supremo Magnifico, gave a lusty drag at it, expelled a noble cloud of smoke, patted his lungs a resounding wallop, and observed, "Good enough. How" — and here he fixed me with a do-or-die gaze — "how about this one?

"We are always hearing musical comedy actresses lament that if only they could get hold of the right kind of catchy song number they would be made. But it has been my experience with them that they never know the song when they do get their hands on it. Only the other day I read an interview in the New York *Tribune* with Marie Cahill in which she told how she had discovered the song that made her — 'Nancy Brown' it was called; you remember it well — and how overjoyed she was when she found it. 'That song,' she said, 'put me on the road to stardom. How lucky it was that I detected its value at once.' Or words to that effect. Here is the true story. I had engaged Marie Cahill for my production of 'The Wild Rose' and was casting around for the right kind of song for her. The choice finally narrowed down to two. One was 'Nancy Brown'; the other was a so-called ballad song of the 'Green Fields of Virginia' species. Since it was as plain as day even to a blind man that 'Nancy Brown' was the song for Cahill, I gave her the copy of it and asked her what she thought of it. 'I don't like it at all,' was her answer. 'In the first place, it hasn't any individuality: it's too tame to get over. What's that other one you have in your hand?'

"I showed her the other song, and she jumped at it. She insisted that it, not 'Nancy Brown,' would make her. I knew that she was talking nonsense and told her so, but I couldn't convince her. After a long and futile conversation, I said all right, let her keep the script of the other song, and told her to go ahead and study it. Then I proceeded to convince her against her will that she ought to sing 'Nancy.' I would whistle it in her presence. I got two members of 'The Wild Rose' company to learn the tune and casually whistle it around the stage during lulls in the rehearsals. I slyly got her maid to learn the melody and hum it. This kept up for about a week. Finally, the reluctant Marie asked me what the tune was that 'everyone (as she put it) seemed to have on their brain.' I told her it was the song she didn't want to sing. 'Well,' she said, 'I suppose I might try it — but I have my doubts about it still.' The rest you know. Marie Cahill sang the song and became famous."

Our friend sucked the half-inch butt of his quondam regal Invincibilia Supremo Magnifico. An unmistakable touch of the glee of the conqueror was in his tone as he gazed upon me again and framed his words:

"And now do you agree that the trivial untold story is often more interesting to the average person than the more important history, say, of the financing of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company's Winona and St. Peter extension or the findings in the matter of endocardial lesions developing during pneumococcus in horses?"

I looked at what remained of my own once elegant six-inch Partagas Extremoso Delicioso Grandioso.

I hesitated a moment.

"It is possible — it is quite possible." I vouchsafed. "But let us leave it to the reader."

The fourth article in the fascinating "George W. Lederer's Reminiscences" series, by George Jean Nathan, will appear in August McClure's

The Bracelet

—Continued from page 30

devil three quarters of the year, vast jungles of silence and luxuriant growth. You never saw such rich land. Anything you put in the ground will grow, even a tin can, if you give it the right start. You can make a fortune there if you've got the nerve to stick it out. After a while you get used to the silence and the loneliness. I have. I love it now. I don't believe I'll ever be happy away from it.

"Camaguey is the little town where I left the railway and made straight for the jungle. My plantation's about ten miles from there. I thought I had said good-bye to civilization when I first arrived, and, just to jolly myself up a bit, I used to ride into town each week and spend an hour or two loafing round. Mind you, it isn't really a town, just a street and a hotel with a very pretty *patio* where I could get something to drink. That," he admitted after a long sip from the glass, "was before I found whiskey and the tropics are deadly enemies.

"That is where I first saw her — in the *patio* of the hotel. It was about two months after I had arrived. To see a woman, a civilized woman, in a smart riding-habit, white, with a broad black hat shading her delicate, beautiful little face — well, it was a shock I wasn't able to manage very successfully. I'm not the sort to pick up acquaintances with strange women; but, down there, a sweet, fresh-looking American girl — she was ummistakably American — Well, I couldn't resist going up and speaking to her. We were quite alone in the *patio* except for the two Jap waiters who were not listening to us — at least, I didn't think they were. I told her who I was, what I was doing there, and expressed my surprise at finding an American girl in that part of the world. She didn't say much. I suppose I didn't give her much chance to.

"At any rate she listened, which was a sort of comfort to me, though she told me nothing about herself or her reason for being in that God-forsaken corner. I was in for having a long talk, but when I sat down I saw that she was, not exactly displeased, but evidently worried about something. She kept glancing toward the entrance of the *patio* as though she were expecting some one to come for her. Finally she rose and with a nod and a smile that was somehow terribly sad, went out of the hotel. Without saying a word about it, she gave me to understand that it was impossible for her to be seen talking to me, not that she objected herself, but that there was some reason for it. When she rose to go I noticed, for the first time, the bracelet she wore over her glove — this bracelet. Left alone, I asked the Jap who she was. He shook his head and said he didn't know. Of course he was lying, and after a goodly-sized tip, he grew more communicative, though not entirely frank. All I could get out of him was that she had been on a plantation in the neighborhood for the last year. With Americans? He didn't know. She came into town very seldom; this was only the third time he had seen her. The proprietor of the hotel was more satisfactory. He said she came into town always with Señor Albeniz Don Luis, as they called him, the owner of the largest *hacienda* in that province. What she was doing there with him he didn't know. Don Luis was not a man to discuss his affairs with any one. His *hacienda* was a world in itself; what went on there was known only to the peons employed on the plantation, and they had learned from experience to keep their mouths shut.

"That's all I found out about her that day. But I didn't forget her. When you are off the map and a pretty girl suddenly appears, a girl no one knows anything about, and disappears as quickly as she had come, you find yourself thinking about her a good deal, especially if she gave you a smile that told you all sorts of things and nothing at all and left you with the feeling that she was miserably unhappy.

"I used to ride over in the direction of Don Luis's *hacienda* pretty often, hoping to catch another glimpse of her. I went so often that I aroused the suspicions of the old Spaniard's workmen. Whenever I reached the road that led into his property, I was always stopped by some one and told that no trespassing was permitted. The thing got on my nerves. I couldn't get it out of my head that the girl was being held there, a sort of prisoner, a — well, I didn't know what. Of course I had no reason to believe anything of the sort, but you know how you get ideas and can't get rid of them. I think it was the way she had watched that door all the time I was talking to her and the smile she gave me when she left that made me know something was wrong. I would have taken an oath that she was miserably wretched, even before I knew the whole truth of the ghastly affair.

"Two months later I met her in Camaguey again. Met doesn't exactly express it. I saw her riding out of the town just as I was coming in, and beside her, riding the handsomest black horse I ever saw, was Don Luis. Strangely enough, it was the first time I had ever seen him, and I was so intent upon looking at him that before I knew it

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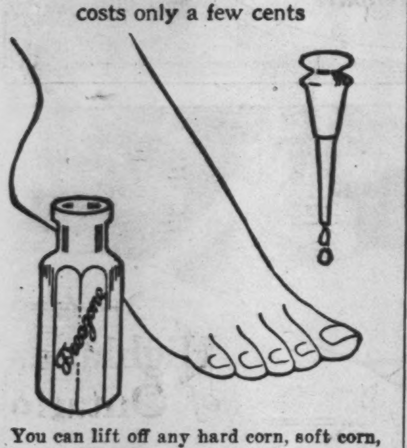

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they had passed and disappeared down the dusty road. He was about as picturesque a scoundrel as I have ever seen; half Cuban, half Spaniard, very dark, extraordinarily handsome, and with a concentration of malevolence that you sometimes find so striking in that race. His look, as his eyes rested on me for a bare second, was as black a curse as was ever hurled at me. I don't think she looked at me as we passed; at least there was no signal of recognition.

"Six months passed before I saw her again. It was in the *patio* of the hotel. She was sitting there with Don Luis, drinking one of those concoctions of crushed pineapple. I passed near her and took a seat at a table on the other side of the *patio*. Her face was toward me. I was shocked at the change in her. She was still pretty, very pretty, perhaps more striking than she was before, for now there was a sort of haggard beauty about her, a despair, a tragedy. She was frightfully thin; she looked dead tired and spent; and yet, in spite of all this, she was still dainty and pretty. Do I make myself clear?

"THEY sat there an hour. The only sound that broke the silence came from two brilliantly colored birds that were chained to perches set among the red and green and yellow tropical foliage. But I sat on there, determined to stick it out as long as they did, and hoping all the time that I might get a word to her. She needed help, she needed it badly. I was fully convinced of that now. She needed both physical and moral help. If she didn't get it soon, she wouldn't be able to hold out. That was written plainly enough on her face. You may wonder why I didn't talk to others and plan something. But you don't know that country. What did I know? Nothing — except that the girl looked ill. But almost anyone looked ill who spent too much time in such a climate. I probably looked worse myself, for I was full of fever at the time. That she was being held there by Don Luis, that she had been lured away from civilization by him and was now tight in his clutches, a prisoner, worse than a solitary prisoner, as he was the only living soul she appeared to have converse with — all this I could have told and been shown by others that it was entirely my imagination. That was exactly my position. She had given me no signal of distress. I was taking everything on my own shoulders without even being asked.

"Finally Don Luis got up and walked toward the entrance of the *patio*. The moment his back was turned she drew a piece of paper from her bag, wrote something on it, rolled it into a small ball and tossed it into the shrubbery behind her chair. Then she looked at me, indicated with a nod the direction she had thrown the paper, rose and followed Don Luis out of the hotel. A few moments later, through the arches of the entrance, I saw her ride past, accompanied as always by her black shadow. Then I found the paper. On it was written: 'To-night at ten — your house.' Well, you can imagine how I felt. At last her call for help had come. I was ready.

"I rode home in the dusk, got out my pistols and looked them over, and told my servants, both of them half-breeds, to wait in the kitchen that night until I dismissed them. I hadn't an idea how she was going to manage her escape from Don Luis; at any rate I was determined to be prepared for any pursuit on his part. If she came to me for protection she was going to have all I could give her.

"You've never been in the tropics? No. Then you don't know the silence and mystery of the nights there. There's something luminous about them, something big that you don't have up here. The stars are bigger, too. They come right down and hang about you. Sometimes you'd swear, if you put out your hand, you'd touch them. It was a June night, hot and still. As I walked up and down the pavement in front of my house — I had put out all the lights except those in the kitchen where the two half-breeds were awaiting my orders — I looked out into the stillest, deadest world you can imagine. There wasn't a sound.

"I waited quietly until eleven o'clock. By twelve I was restless. A half hour later I was impatient. She hadn't been able to manage it! She couldn't get away! Or — she had been caught in her attempt to escape!

"At one o'clock I went to the kitchen, awakened one of the half-breeds and told him to saddle my horse. I had decided to go in search of her. I couldn't wait any longer. Just as I gave the order the silence of the night was broken. The sound came from a long distance, but it was unmistakable — the regular, clicking sound of hoofs. I countermanded the order and ran toward the road. In a few minutes she rode up, slid from the horse and peered into my face. 'Ah, you had not given me up! I lost my way; took the wrong road. You see — I did not know exactly where you lived.' I called to one of the servants and turned the horse over to him. 'Are you followed?' I asked her. 'I think not. I met no one on the road.' I led the way toward the house. When I reached there, my other servant was holding the door open for us. I nodded to her to go in, then I called the man aside and impressed upon him, in a way one learns to do down there, that nothing was to be said about the incident.

"I took her into the house and made her sit down in the darkness — if you'd call it darkness. I could see her ghastly white face as plainly as I see yours now. Then her courage gave out. She cried like a baby She wasn't much more than a baby — eighteen. Think of it! And leading a life like that! I didn't try to calm her — or say anything. I just walked up and down the room, up and down. It seemed hours before she pulled herself together. Then I made her eat something and drink a glass of cocoanut milk. Do you know it? The most soothing drink in the world! Then —"

HE broke off abruptly, leaned forward and pressed his hands to his temples as though the memory of what he was telling had suddenly oppressed him; and while he was in this attitude Julian came into the room.

Their meeting was that of two schoolboys, boisterous, jolly, bluntly affectionate, tempered slightly, on Martin's part, by the mood the story had created in him.

"No one but the gods arranged your arrival," Julian cried. "It couldn't have been better timed. I didn't wire you to come because I knew you'd do it, even if it were against all your interests." He stopped and, with a nod toward me, laughed gaily. "You know what I'm talking about!"

"Oh, yes, he told me everything. You're a nice old dog to play a trick like this on me. You're the last of my pals to take the plunge. I'm now left solitary and alone."

"Your own fault. Do it too!"

Whilst they stood there talking, the bracelet which Martin still held in his hand fell to the floor. Both of them stooped to pick it up.

"Hello — been robbing me of my jewels!" Julian laughed, turning to the desk and placing the bracelet in its case. "My fiancée gave me this last week. There's some sort of a patent clasp to it. She asked me to take it to a jeweler and see if he could open it. I'd forgotten all about it."

Martin's expression, as Julian turned his back, was nothing short of tragedy. I have never seen a man's face when he was receiving a death sentence, but I imagine Martin's expression at that moment must have been something very like the agony of such a moment. I thought he was going to fall where he stood — but he did not — he turned swiftly toward the table where he had put the glass of whiskey and reached for it, tried to pick it up, and found his hand trembling so that, instead, he sank down in a deep chair and, when Julian turned back to him, managed a smile.

"I'm the happiest man living," Julian went on in his enthusiastic way. "You don't know what it means to find, all of a sudden, the woman you have been looking for — say, for thirty-five years. You'll be consumed with jealousy when you see her. Just wait! And only a month ago I didn't know she was living. Think of it! I wish I had a picture of her to show you —" He stopped, felt in his pocket and drew out a pocketbook. "I believe I have a little snapshot of her." He found it and held it out to Martin. "It won't give you a complete idea of what she's like — but it's suggestive. What!"

He stopped abruptly, surprised that Martin should return the picture to him without looking at it.

"I'd rather wait," Martin said, his face again pale with effort, "until I see her in the flesh. First impressions are very lasting with me. Besides, I hate snapshots. If you don't mind, I'll wait until to-morrow."

"You're the same queer old duck you always were," Julian said, throwing the photograph on the table and drawing a chair up close to Martin. "You don't want even to hear about her, I suppose. That would no doubt prejudice you, too."

Martin managed another successful smile. "Yes, I hate advance opinion. Let me judge for myself to-morrow. Besides, the mere fact of your loving her has already prejudiced me in her favor. Where are you going for a honeymoon?"

"Out west somewhere — we haven't quite decided," Julian said casually, rising and going toward his bedroom. "Come in here with me while I change."

He disappeared through the door and for a few moments Martin and I were alone in the room, though I don't think he was conscious of my presence. The moment was too tense for him to be aware of surroundings. He sat where Julian had left him, very still, very white. Then, as though irresistibly impelled, he rose slowly and moved toward the table. For a few seconds he stood perfectly still, staring at the wall, then his glance gradually lowered to the table and rested on the photograph. He made no sound, hardly a movement, then his whole body seemed to quiver, but before I was aware of what his next step would be he had passed through the door which led into Julian's room.

A few minutes later I left to dress for dinner. It was with intense relief that I got out of the room and away from the overcharged atmosphere. I was almost certain that I knew what Martin would try to do — remain silent. That was clear enough, but the doubt in my mind was whether he would be strong enough to maintain that silence. He had gone to pieces for a moment, which was due, no doubt, to his having been interrupted in the crucial moment of the story and, in that mood, shocked by what Julian had told him. He had pulled himself together magnificently. I tried to picture him alone with Julian, their conversation, Julian's exaltation, Martin's wracking problem. Then, the story itself! How had it ended!

AT dinner Martin was as gay as anyone, perhaps gayer. He drank a good deal, he told some excellent stories, he applauded loudly all toasts to the bride — in fact, he gave the impression of a man bubbling over with carefree happiness. To me it appeared exaggerated, but, of course, I had reason to view it that way.

When we had all seen Julian to his rooms and bade him good-bye to meet next morning at the church, Martin was still the jolliest of the crowd. I shook hands with him as he was climbing into a motor with several of the party who were going on to a cabaret. Our eyes met for a second. I knew then that he knew I knew — and that he trusted me. But no word was spoken, no look exchanged which might have been interpreted as meaning anything.

I called up Julian early the next morning to know if anything remained to be done before the wedding. He replied with a shade of disappointment in his voice. Martin had just sent him a note saying he had received a cable from Cuba calling him back there immediately. He had not even had time to return to gather up his belongings which he had left in Julian's rooms. He was leaving on the boat that sailed at eleven o'clock. Something had gone wrong on the plantation.

I have never seen Martin since. Julian tells me he never hears from him — he seems to have given himself over completely to life in the tropics. Julian is one of the happiest men it is my luck to know. His wife has made all of his friends hers, not such an ordinary thing as it may sound, particularly when the man in the case was an exceptionally popular bachelor. Even that expression in her eyes which I had once termed somewhat unsatisfactory, I see no longer. They have two children.

Only once in the years that have passed, have I heard Julian mention Martin's name in her presence. It occurred when I was spending a few days with them at their country home. We had finished dinner and were sitting on the veranda, smoking, in the darkness. During one of those long, comfortable silences, that are possible only among very close friends, a servant brought the evening papers and some letters to Julian. He got up and went to a window, through which the light was streaming, and tore open several of the letters.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Here's a letter from John Martin. Where do you suppose he has gone! — to Ceylon. Says he has bought a coffee plantation out there, and is going to live on it." Julian sighed. "I suppose we'll never see him again. One more friend lost!"

It was certain that nothing had happened to enlighten him.

His wife was in the darkness. I could not see her face. She said nothing.

The Golden Dragon

—*Continued from page 20*

She remained with lashes downcast until a movement of surprise from Wan-li warned her of an event wholly unexpected. The conversation from the opposite pavilion burst into louder volume, and the group suddenly dissolved; some laughingly and resolutely, others with hesitation, approached the place where Mei-li stood.

Ahead of them all, beside Lu Chang-yu, strode Kang Yu-pei. They paused at a respectful distance, and Lu made the unaccustomed introductions.

"This," he said, indicating Wan-li, "is my stupid thorn, and the other is that unworthy and immodest sister, Mei-li."

"Ah," murmured Kang, bowing low, "in France you would have said, 'This is my dear wife, and the other is my sweet sister'."

The blushes in Mei-li's cheeks were red beneath even the thick jacket of rice powder, and there was a troubled pleasure in the eyes of Wan-li. Over Kang's uniformed shoulder she saw the ominous approach of her mother-in-law, and trembled.

But Mrs. Lu, though wrath inflamed her at the impropriety, let it blaze silently within. Wan-li could see that this offense, too, was to be laid at her door.

Kang Yu-pei somewhat grasped the situation, and his demeanor toward the August One was without blame. In respect and propriety he became instantly flawless.

Curiously, Mrs. Lu did not banish the young women to the inner chamber, though it was evident that her misgivings were as heavy as her wrath. She let them stay, munching shyly at moon-cakes, in spite of the fact that she could see the astonishment of the servants, and though she knew the terrible potency of their gossiping tongues.

The clash of drums grew deafening, and presently the moon swam above the tiles of a barrier roof, the lines of which were silvered and softened in the white effulgence. Torches danced through the courtyard on the way to a miniature pagoda standing at the center in the full light of the moon. The interior of this shrine, piled high with firewood, leaped into flames that darted from window-like apertures.

"My son's exalted guest," spoke the old woman to Kang Yu-pei, "is doubtless not pleased at the ancient customs of my miserable household. Perhaps the superior learning of the barbarians has not taught him the meaning of this festival."

"Honorable Tao-tai," answered Kang, in flawless deference, "thy illustrious son's unworthy guest has learned little, but, though the ignorance of this poor worm will at once be apparent, he begs leave to assure you of his familiarity with the legend of the Festival of the Moon."

With his words, his demeanor, Mrs. Lu could find no fault. She presently turned to her daughter.

"The goddess waits, and the flames are high; burn your *sycee* and begone to your place."

Mei-li fluttered toward the blazing pagoda with its circle of men who fanned the flames, and tossed aloft her string of silvered paper ingots, which, in the process of fiery dissolution would ascend to the moon goddess as a currency of spiritually negotiable form. Suddenly, as her flaring sacrifice melted into a more brilliant banner of flame, there was a toppling, crashing movement in the flimsy structure, and an ominous showering of sparks. Before even the first cry of alarm, the pagoda had fallen, a writhing mass of timbers and fire.

It was Kang Yu-pei, not the gaping servants, who was first to reach Mei-li. She had been caught by a flaming stick as she leaped aside, and had fallen in the midst of a wreckage of embers. He picked her up, clasping her unnecessarily close, and, curiously, looking into her eyes to discover the extent of her hurts. She was silent, yet she was no longer shy; her eyes met his unabashed. A long streak of charcoal had been brushed across one cheek, yet she did not feel its sting; and he appeared to see nothing but the pair of jet-fringed ovals reflecting twin images of the moon."

When she had reached the inner chamber, and the commotion had ceased, Mei-li vowed an extra candle to the moon goddess; for had she not looked into the eyes of one she knew for a lover?

And Kang Yu-pei, drowsily inattentive both to the rice-wine and the conversation of his host, found his thoughts seeking a comparison with the women of other lands; for them the process was not greatly complimentary, since their charms must now suffer by contrast with those of a certain girl of Old China.

Yet the way of romance in Cathay is bordered by a thousand hedgerows of convention that may not be overleaped at a lover's thought. It was inevitable that Kang Yu-pei should depart, and that the matrimonial procedure between the families of Lu and Hu should go on.

Wan-li, seeing Mei-li's renewed grief, dared still further to impede the August One's will. Kang Yu-pei came to her before he left, and propounded an astonishing question, half smiling at his mocking mixture of conventional terms with the unconventions of the West.

"Does the charming broom-and-dustpan of that distinguished Great-Man, Lu, think that the Lotus Bud, Mei-li, golden as the lilies of Kwan-Yung that were born of the kiss of the sun upon the amber goddess of Lao-Tze — do you think she looks kindly upon a poor worm like me?"

Tossing modesty to the evil spirits of the air, Wan-li answered him:

"In her heart thou art greater than Buddha."

His smile faded, and he wore a startled gravity; but he said no more. Yet into the lily-petal fingers of Wan-li, before the day ended, there came the guilt of a secret, written in Kang's hesitating French — a message that sent a heightened glow of both dismay and elation into her carmined cheeks. From her hands went a similar message in her own round, Roman script.

At the end of a week the bride's dowry of furniture and utensils, in a procession of coolies and bearers extending half a *li*, went winding down the hill to the village of the Hus. Reluctantly, Mei-li took her part in the ceremony of "sifting four-eyes," her wedding garments being placed, one by one, in a sieve over a brass bowl full of burning charcoal, while the celebrants chanted the magic words: "A thousand eyes, ten thousand eyes, we sift out; gold and silver, wealth and precious things we sift in."

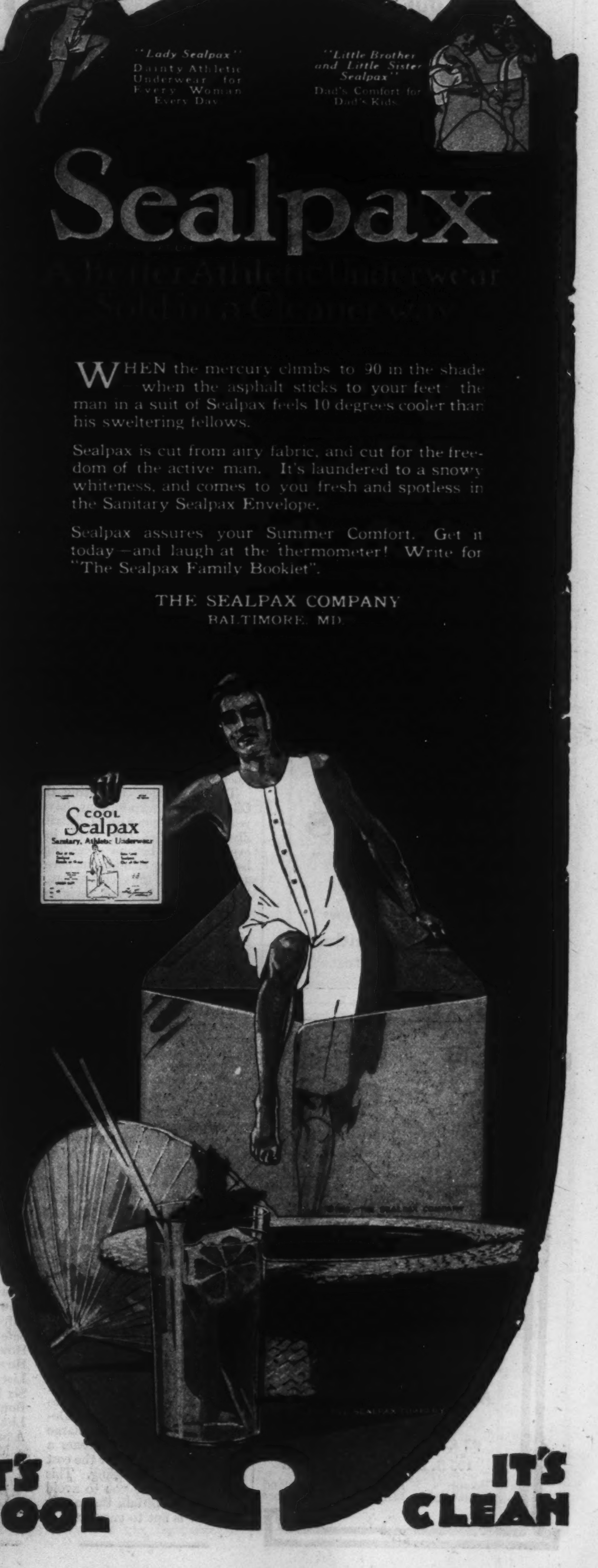
A bride must weep for three days before her wedding, but it required no play-acting for Mei-li to observe the rite. Her tears were real. A similar make-believe is required on the day of the ceremony. The bride must conceal herself when the wedding-chair arrives at the door, thus modestly hiding whatever desire she may have for marriage. But with Mei-li the concealment was unfeigned; it was necessary, so well did she conform to the custom, for her mother to devote a wrathful half-hour to the task of revealing her.

In the end it was necessary to face the inevitable, and Wan-li lent tearful assistance in the adjustment of the bride's veil of pearls. Rice-cakes were being tossed in a quilt at the gateway of the outer court, and when this ceremony was done Mei-li, stilling her sobs, was shut within the tinseled red-and-gold chair. A volley of firecrackers, accenting the shrill wail of violins, set the procession in motion, and Mei-li gazed her farewell through the lattice of her bridal cage.

Wan-li tearfully watched the palanquin, the banner-bearers, the official umbrella carriers, and the hired rabble of red-garbed street urchins, until the procession had vanished in its serpentine progress toward the home of the bridegroom; then she went within to minister to the wishes of the August.

It was only a little time until the news of the family shame came clattering to their ears. There were shouts, vain excitements, and futile distractions among the servants who returned with the tale. Mei-li, as in the tale of Lochinvar, had been stolen; she was gone from the red chair — vanished, like a vision of dragons before the silver gleams of the moon. There had been blackguards, blows, shouts, confusion, broken heads — that was all that could be learned.

To think of the police was fatuous. In Old China the community is its own sheriff and its own court: which somewhat explains the perpetual public outpouring of private affairs. There was vast outcry over the abduction of Mei-li, but it brought her no nearer to her waiting bridegroom. In fact, the Hus were quick to save family "face" by return-



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Stock Dividends and Stocks Without Par Value

by Paul Tomlinson

SINCE the Supreme Court has decided that stock dividends are not taxable as income a great deal of speculation has taken place in certain issues, due to the probability or possibility of distributions of this kind. Some corporations owing back dividends on cumulative preferred stocks have considered paying them off by giving the stockholders common stock or perhaps new second preferred stock. Some corporations have already declared large stock dividends out of surplus, among them The Studebaker Corporation, Crucible Steel Company, and The American Tobacco Company, to mention only three. There seems to be a growing tendency to distribute profits in the form of new stock. That stock dividends are considered valuable is shown by the increased quotations for issues of companies contemplating this step and of those which have announced it.

Many corporations' earnings have been running at high levels, and in spite of liberal cash dividends they have felt that even with their outstanding stock largely increased they can still maintain dividends at the same rate. From the point of view of the stockholder, therefore, a dividend consisting of additional shares seems very well worth while. If he prefers cash he can sell his new stock and get it. In such a case the return on his original investment is apt to be an excellent one; this is especially true of course when stock prices are high.

The companies comprising the Standard Oil group of corporations have for many years made a practise of distributing stock dividends. This new stock in practically every case has become exceedingly valuable, because of the steadily increasing business and earnings of these companies. They have been able to increase their capitalization largely and yet the value of the outstanding shares has not decreased; in fact the opposite has been the case. But can all corporations follow this example?

WHAT does a stock dividend mean anyway? Perhaps an example will furnish the best answer. Suppose a corporation has outstanding 10,000 shares of stock and pays dividends amounting to $8 a year on each share. Its dividend requirements are therefore $80,000 a year. Suppose that this corporation decides to declare a stock dividend of fifty per cent. This would bring its total of outstanding shares to 15,000 and in order to maintain dividends of $8 a share $120,000 a year instead of $80,000 will be necessary. Can it do it? Who knows? Perhaps it can for the present, but for the investor, planning to keep this stock as a permanent investment, the future shares interest with the present. Suppose that three years from now only $80,000 a year is available for dividends; the dividend rate will be reduced and although the stockholder has fifty per cent. more stock than formerly, the amount of dividends he receives will be the same as he got before the new stock was distributed. In other words, if his dividends were $800 a year on 100 shares and on 150 shares his dividends are still $800 a year, is he any better off? Perhaps he is, but only if he can sell his 150 shares for more than he could have got for the original one hundred. The chances are, however, that the market price of the stock will be based largely upon earnings and dividends, and that they total about the same in each case.

ONE result of common stock dividends that is often overlooked is the benefit that preferred stocks get as a result of such distributions. The declaration of a common stock dividend means that a corporation's surplus is being capitalized. Suppose this surplus consists of real estate, or new plants, or equipment, or the property of subsidiary companies. Common stock issued against a surplus of this kind means that it is to be kept as an asset, that it cannot be disposed of and the position of the preferred stock will be strengthened accordingly; for preferred stocks have a prior right to all fixed assets whatever they may be. When these assets are capitalized they cannot be dissipated. There seems to be no question that common stock dividends are a benefit to preferred stockholders.

The conclusion, in so far as the common stockholders are concerned, would seem to be that in most cases the man who sells the stock he receives as dividends will do better, or certainly as well, as the man who holds on to it. This would not always be true, of course, but it seems safe to say that unless there is a very strong probability that future earnings will be sufficient to take care of dividends on the additional amount of stock issued, the thing to do is to sell the stock so received. As a corollary of this proposition it goes without saying that before purchasing shares in a corporation which has just declared a stock dividend it would naturally be the wise and safe thing to scrutinize it very carefully.

Stocks Without Par Value

More and more frequently of late stocks are being issued without par value. The practise has met with the approval of bankers generally and is to be commended. The number of investors in this country has increased tremendously in the past few years, but many of them are still inexperienced and anything done to prevent misunderstandings on their part when they invest is decidedly worth while. The issuance of stock of no par value should tend to accomplish this end.

When you buy a share of stock in a corporation, what does it mean? To what does its ownership entitle you? The answer depends upon the number of shares there are outstanding. If you own one share out of a total of ten thousand you are entitled to a one-ten-thousandth interest in the corporation, nothing more. If the shares have a par value of one hundred dollars this does not mean that each share is worth a hundred dollars. Maybe they are worth more, but their worth is not determined by the par, or face value. Many people still seem to think it is, and because of this mistaken belief much hard earned money has been lost.

A bond is issued for a definite amount, one hundred, five hundred, or a thousand dollars. It runs for a definite period of time and upon maturity its owner receives the exact amount of money for which it is issued. But there is no security for stocks. They are more in the nature of a partnership arrangement; the stockholder is entitled to a share in the profits, or losses of the corporation, in the proportion which the number of shares of stock he owns bears to the total amount outstanding.

THERE used to be much criticism of "watered" stock. This was stock issued and sold and for which the earnings and assets of the corporation offered no justification. The term came into being as a result of the practise of cattle raisers, who when driving their stock to market to be sold used to stop and give the cattle all the water they could drink; this would add to their weight, of course, and their owners would get more money for them. Obviously, however, the value of the cattle was not increased. So in the case of shares in a corporation; issuing additional shares does not in itself mean that these shares are worth anything. To put a par, or face, value on them might easily mislead inexperienced investors. The same thing would apply to shares in a new corporation. They might be very valuable or they might be worth almost nothing, or actually nothing. The man who buys

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Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
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The Golden Dragon

— *Continued from page 67*

ing the bride's dowry and letting it be understood that the nuptials were disavowed.

There were three days of uncertainty in the Lu family, during which the August One tried all souls. A priest attended upon her constantly, using all arts to still her tongue and to tranquilize her spirit; yet neither rose-wine nor incense, neither muttered *sutras* nor beaten gongs, were capable of performing this benefit. Then came the rumor and repetitions that bred certainty, traveling with winged feet that are often more rapid and sure in China than the little devils leaping from pole to pole along the copper wires. Gossip said that Mei-li had been stolen at the behest of a foreigner, and that in displeasure the gods had snatched them both into the unfathomable heavens upon the back of a dragon. Whatever the precise truth of this, and there were varied conclusions upon this point, it remained clear to the August One that there had been some sort of plot against the fair name of the Lu family; to her it was but another of the insidious and disintegrating influences of foreign ideas: it was part of the evil fruit of modernity. Nothing was more natural than that her bitterness should concentrate itself upon Wan-li, and though she could lay no direct guilt to her daughter-in-law, Wan-li invited Mrs. Lu's hostile suspicions by virtue of previous offenses and of the very fact that, consciously or unconsciously, she had borne into the old mansion a disturbing breath of the barbaric West. Deaf to the incredulous and almost disrespectful protests of her son, the Honorable One therefore uttered the decree that was to visit upon Wan-li the disgrace of being driven from her husband's house.

Angered and wearied with expostulation, Lu Chang-yu had gone forth for the advice of an old neighbor. Wan-li sat sorrowfully within her chamber gazing upon a screen across which there was the perpetual flight of a pair of blue herons, yet seeing nothing at all. And at the outer gate her old servant, Wen-Chun, made the air hideous with her insulting cries.

It was upon this scene of crisis that the authentic news of Mei-li came, not from the little devils of the telegraph, but through the unhurried postman. When Chang-yu returned, the letter from Mei-li awaited him, and the family was summoned before the August One to hear its words.

"Great Elder Brother," ran the salutation, in Mei-li's ecstatic ideographs, "thou wilt repeat to our Honorable mother all greetings of love and respect, and bear to her the news that thy undutiful sister is well. She is happy, too, for she is with a husband who guards her well, and who respects thee, also, as a brother; for he is thy friend, Kang Yu-pei. Thou wilt wish to know how it has all happened, and in truth, I cannot precisely say, for my Honorable husband only smiles and wishes to stop my lips with sweetmeats — and other things of which it is not seemly to speak — when I am so bold as to inquire. It does not greatly matter, does it, Great Elder Brother? The important thing is that I am here, and not under the rooftree of Hu. Doubtless the servants who went with the bridal-chair have told thee much, but they do not know all. I remember the shouts and the blows, and at first I was frightened. The light faded for me, and when it returned, I saw Kang Yu-pei in the clothing of foreign wars. He was beautiful, and by his side was a great water-bird, resting upon the bank of the Yangtze. For thou knowest that my illustrious husband is a being that flies through the air, and is greater than other men. Doubtless there have been exciting tales that we leaped into the heavens upon a dragon's back, being translated, like the lovers in a poem of Li Po, into a new constellation of stars. I was no longer afraid, and I laughed to think of the legends my silly neighbors would spin. We soared, indeed, into the heavens, but Kang Yu-pei was the good dragon, and his great bird bore us not to the stars, but to Shanghai, and to the house of a Christian priest. Next month, my ten-thousand-times illustrious husband says, we shall go to France in a junk without sails. I weep when I think of not seeing thee again — thine honorable self, our dear mother, and thy sweet Wan-li. I am at once thy happiest and most miserable sister, Mei-li."

For three days more the August One was confined to the inner chamber, and the household held its anxious breath. The chair that was to carry Wan-li to her father's house came not, and the servant who had lain shrieking beside the gate was restored to her place at the kitchen *kang*.

Then the family was once more summoned, and a new decree, solemn as those of the Vermilion Pencil, issued from her lips:

"Chang-yu, since thou knowest the ways of these foreign devils, thou shalt journey with me to Shanghai. It is not fitting that my daughter should go from her rooftree in sorrow or in anger. And I would see more closely what sort of devil with dragon-wings it is that has flown away with her. Wan-li shall remain in the household, and the keys of the rice-bin shall be restored to her."

Within the chamber of Wan-li, when this astonishing audience with the August One was ended, Chang-yu looked soberly into the eyes of his young wife. He shook his head at her with a mock severity.

"Thou art not wholly to blame, yet in some measure the guilt is thine. There was a postscript from Kang at the end of Mei-li's letter. I did not read it to the Great Ancestor, lest it should further harm thee. Kang has told me of thy help. I do not chide thee — thy husband understands. . . . But tell me this, since thou hast sought a wider happiness for Mei-li: dost thou pine for the brighter, newer life of the coast cities, or art thou content here in this old house?"

It seemed to Wan-li suddenly as if all her rebellion against the sleepy conservatism of the life about her had been extinguished by the unfilial longing to protect Mei-li from it. She returned the sober gaze of her husband, and without guile answered him:

"I do not long for the great world outside; my world is here, my husband, bounded by these walls."

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[Continued from page 13]

speech that might have been naïve had its simplicity not been so deadly.

Adam laughed again, a little grimly. This was not the first time there had been forced upon him a hint of the inevitableness of life in the desert. But it was not his duty to ambush the Mexican who would ambush him. The little coldness thrilled out of Adam to the close throbbing presence of Margarita. The fragrance, the very breath of her went to his head, like wine.

"But girl — only a little while ago — you slapped me — scratched me — hated me," he said, in wonder and reproach.

"No — no — no! Margarita love *Señor!*" she cried, and seemed to twine around him and climb into his arms at once. The same fire, the same intensity as of that unforgettable moment of hate and passion dominated her now; only, it was love.

And this time it was Adam who sought her red lips and returned her kisses. Again that shuddering wild gust in his blood! It was as strange and imperious to him then as in a sober reflection it had been bold, gripping, physical. In this instance, he was weaker in its grip, but still he conquered. Releasing Margarita he led her to a shady place in the sand under the green tree, and found a seat where he could lean against a low branch. Margarita fell against his shoulder, and there clung to him, and wept. Her dusky hair rippled over him, soft and silky to the touch of his fingers. The poor faded dress, of a fabric unknown to Adam, ragged and dusty and torn, and the little shoes, worn and cracked, showing the soles of her stockingless feet, spoke eloquently of poverty. Adam noted the slender grace of her slight form, the arch of the bare instep, and the shapeliness of her ankles, brown almost as an Indian's. And all at once there charged over him an overwhelming sense of the pitifulness and the wonderfulness of her.

"My God!" whispered Adam, under his breath. Something big and undefined was born in him then. He saw her, he pitied her, he loved her, he wanted her; but these feelings were not so much what constituted the bigness and vagueness that waved through his soul. He could not grasp it. But it had to do with the life, the beauty, the passion, the soul of this Mexican girl; and it was akin to a reverence he felt for the things in her that she could not understand.

Margarita soon recovered, and assumed a demeanor so shy and modest and wistful that Adam could not believe she was the same girl. Nevertheless he took good care not to awaken her other characteristics.

"Margarita, what is the name of this beautiful tree?" he asked.

"*Palo verde.* It means green tree. It is beloved by the Spaniards," she replied.

"No wonder. I've fallen in love with it — and I guess, under it," said Adam, with a laugh, as he looked up through the countless shining twigs of green that made a network like a spider-web across the blue sky. It was singular that he should feel an emotion for a tree. Perhaps this raven-haired girl had bewitched him.

It interested him then to instruct himself further in regard to the desert growths that had been strange to him; and to this end he led Margarita from one point to another, pleased to learn how familiar she was with every growing thing.

Presently Margarita brought to Adam's gaze a tree that resembled smoke, so blue-gray was it, so soft and hazy against the sky. Upon examination Adam was amazed to discover that every branch and twig of this tree was a thorn.

"*Palo Christi,*" murmured Margarita, making the sign of the cross. And she told Adam that this was the crucifixion tree, which was the species that furnished the crown of thorns for the head of Christ.

Sunset ended several happy hours for Adam. He had not forgotten about the Mexican, Felix, and had thought it just as well to let time pass and to keep out of trouble as long as he could. Also, with this in mind, he had strolled across the barrens toward the canyon where the road led down to the village. He and Margarita reached home without seeing any sign of Felix. Arallanes, however, had espied the Mexican sneaking around, and he warned Adam in no uncertain terms. Merryvale, too, had a word for Adam's ear; and it was significant that he did not advise a waiting course.

In spite of all Adam's reflections he did not need a great deal of urging. After supper he started off for Picacho with Arallanes, and a teamster who was freighting supplies up to the camp. Adam revolved in his mind Merryvale's hint that it was time to be game — that it would not do for him to avoid a meeting with Felix. And Arallanes, for all his temper, was a sensible fellow, well-disposed toward Adam, and he was of the opinion that a good sound beating would cure the Mexican of any further murderous designs.

Picacho was in full blast when they arrived. The dim lights, the discordant yells, the raw smell of spirits, the violence of the crude gambling-hall worked upon Adam's already excited mind; and by the time he had imbibed a few drinks he was ready for anything. But they did not find Felix. They went out and searched the camp without avail, and upon returning to the saloon Arallanes learned from a Mexican that Felix had taken himself off on foot for Yuma. Adam joined Arallanes and his friends in the felicitations of the moment, and it took several drinks to celebrate the easy riddance of a common enemy.

Then Adam, if not half-drunk, at least somewhat under the influence of rum, started to walk back to his lodgings. He had sense enough to know that if he remained there he would get drunk. The walk was long, and by reason of the heavy dragging sand, one of considerable labor. Adam was in full possession of his faculties when he reached the village. But his blood was hot from the exercise, and the excitement of the prospective battle of the early evening had given way to an excitement of the senses, in the youthful romance felt in the dark canyon, the starlight, the wildness of the place. So when in the pale gloom of the mesquites Margarita glided to him like a lissom spectre, to enfold him and cling and whisper, Adam had not the will, nor the heart, nor the desire to resist her.

ADAM'S dull eyelids opened on a dim gray desert dawn. The world seemed dead, and life in him, like the opaque gloom in his sight, stirred sluggishly to a sense of blankness. Out of slumber and oblivion he had awakened to consciousness of another day; and suddenly as thought came, he hated the morning with its soft sweet silent freshness. Instinctively, as a child fearing the sunlight that must betray his misbehavior, he shut his eyes and hid his face.

But the coming of the dawn was in his mind and it showed pale through his shut lids. He could not hold back the hours. Something had happened in the night and he would never be the same again. With a sharp pang, a sense of incomprehensible loss, a conviction of shame, and a terrible dread of the staggering consequences of his weakness, Adam felt die in him the old unreasoning instinctive boy. And there was more, too deep and too subtle for him to divine; but it had to do with a feminine strain in him, a sweetness and purity inherited from his mother and developed by her teachings. It had separated him from his brother Guerd and kept him aloof from a baseness common to their comrades. Nevertheless the wildness of this raw uncouth primitive west had been his undoing.

It was with bitterness that Adam again faced the growing light. How useless to hate the dawn! All he could do was to resign himself to fate. The joy of life, the enchantments, the following of the gleam,— all that had made him feel different from other boys and hide his dreams, failed now in the hard truth of his abasement. He could not understand the severity of the judgment he meted out to himself. His pain, his sorrow were for the vague death of that in him which he had never known or valued until it was gone. And the tight drawing knot in his breast, the gnawing of remorse, the guilty consciousness that he had betrayed the best in him, the strange dark oppression, — these grew and reached a climax, until something gave way within him and there was a sinking of the heart, a weary and inscrutable feeling.

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Then he remembered Margarita, and the very life and current of his blood seemed to change A revulsion too swift to grasp — a fleeting hate burned out in sudden blaze! Like a hot wave the memory of Margarita surged over Adam, her strange new sweetness, the cunning of her when she waylaid him in the dead of night, the clinging lissomness of her and the whispered incoherence that needed no translation, the inevitableness of the silent imperious demand of her presence, unashamed and insistent, somehow glorious in its abandonment.

Adam leaped out of his blankets, breaking up this mood and thought by violent action. When he went out of the mesquites the sun shone gold over the purple peaks. For Adam then, the sunrise was glorious, the desert was wild and free, the earth was an immense region to explore, and nature, however insatiable and inexorable, was prodigal of compensations. He drank a sweet cup that held one drop of poisoned bitterness. Life swelled in his breast. He wished he were an Indian.

MARGARITA'S greeting was at once a delight and a surprise. Her smile, the light of her dusky eyes would have made any man happier. But there was a subtle air about her this morning that gave Adam a slight shock, an undefined impressiom that he represented less to Margarita than he had on yesterday. He thrust from him thoughts that were discourteous and disloyal to her, and disturbing to him.

After breakfast Adam went up to the mill. There was no work for him. Mackay expected to start operating in a day or two, and was particularly pleased about it. Adam had to kill more time It was not so difficult this morning. Among the cursing and sweating and idling men Adam forgot the remorseful consciousness of his awakening hour that morning.

Then came the shrill whistle of the down-river boat. Idle men flocked toward the dock. It happened that at the moment Adam was high up on the ridge a mile back of the mill, where he had climbed over rough ground out of sheer need of action. At once he retraced his steps down hill toward the river.

When he reached the open space on the bank before the dock he found it crowded with an unusual number of men, all manifestly more than ordinarily interested in something concerning the boat. By slipping through the mesquites Adam got around to the edge of the crowd.

A tall gaunt man, strode off the gang-plank. His height, his form, his gait were familiar to Adam. He had seen that embroidered flowery vest with its silver star conspicuously in sight, and the brown beardless face with its square jaw and seamy lines.

"Collishaw!" ejaculated Adam, in surprise and dismay. He recognized in this man one whom he had known at Ehrenberg, a gambling, gun-fighting sheriff to whom Guerd had become attached. Adam, however, had not liked him on first acquaintance and through later circumstances had come to hate him. "What brings him here?" Adam asked himself. "It wouldn't surprise me to see Guerd with him."

The mere thought of such a possibility disturbed him greatly. As his glance swept back of Collishaw his pulse beat quicker. The next passenger to stride off the gang-plank was a very tall, superbly built young man. Adam would have known that form in a crowd of a thousand men. His heart leaped with a great throb. Guerd, his brother! And in that moment of thrilling recognition the passion of boyhood love resurged, supreme. Adam stood as if rooted to the spot by the gladness that throbbed in every fibre of his being.

Guerd looked up. His handsome heated face, bold and keen and reckless, flashed in the sunlight. His piercing gaze swept over the crowd upon the bank.

"Hello, Adam," he yelled, with a gay hard laugh. Then he prodded Collishaw and pointed up at Adam. "There he is — the damned run-off! We've found him."

Adam plunged away into the thicket of mesquites, and indifferent to the clawing thorns he did not halt until he was far down the bank. Then panting and sweating he threw himself upon the sand in a shady place, and endeavored to subdue the riot of his emotions.

It died hard, that regurgitation of brother-love. It represented most of his life, and all of his home associations, and the memories of youth. How warm and fine that suddenly revived emotion! How deep-seated, beyond his control! Plucked out by the roots it yet lived hidden in the depths of him. Adam in his flight to be alone had yielded to the amaze and shame and fury stirred in him by a realization of joy in the mere sight of this brother who hated him. For years his love had fought against the gradual truth of Guerd's hate. Adam had no fear of Guerd, nor any reason why he could not face him, except this tenderness of which he was ashamed. When he had fought down the mawkish sentiment he would show Guerd and Collishaw what he was made of.

Adam spent several hours there in the thicket, communing with himself, and later conjecturing what his brother's motive was in coming to Picacho, and what circumstances might arise. Guerd could want to hunt him for only one reason, and that was a reason as old as the hills to Adam. Money! That was Guerd's motive, with an added possibility of further desire to dominate and hound.

"I'll fool him," said Adam, resolutely, as he got up to return. "And if that coyote-faced Collishaw nags me again I'll—I'll ——"

He crossed the thicket, climbed the bare slope and descending into the canyon he went back to the village by this roundabout way. Turning a sharp curve he came suddenly upon a number of workmen, mostly Mexicans. They were standing under a wooden trestle that had been built across the canyon at this narrow point. All of them appeared to be gazing upward, and naturally Adam directed his gaze likewise.

Thus without warning he saw the distorted and ghastly face of a man hanging by the neck on a rope tied to the trestle. The spectacle gave Adam a terrible shock. The picture in all its ghastliness was branded forever upon his sensitive mind. Then Adam, forcing himself, strode on down the canyon.

"That's Collishaw's work," muttered Adam, darkly, and he remembered stories told of the sheriff's grim hand in more than one act of border justice. What a hard country!

In front of the village store Adam encountered Merryvale, and he asked him for particulars about the execution.

"Wall, I don't know much," replied the old watchman, scratching his head. "There's been some placer-miners shot an' robbed up the river. This Collishaw is a regular sure enough sheriff takin' the law to himself. Wall, he an' his deputies say they tracked thet murderin' gang to Picacho, an' swore they identified one of them. Arallanes stuck up fer thet greaser. There was a hot argument, an' by Gosh! I just swore Collishaw was goin' to draw on Arallanes. The greaser swore by all his Virgins thet he wasn't the man, an' was swearin' he could prove it when the rope choked him off. . . I was fer waitin' a little to give the feller a chance. But Collishaw came down here to hang some one, an' you bet he was goin' to do it."

"I know him, Merryvale, and you're betting right," replied Adam, forcefully.

"Adam, one of his men is a fine lookin' young chap thet sure must be your brother."

"Yes, you're right about that, too."

"Wall, wall! — You don't seem powerful glad. . . . Son, be careful what you say to Collishaw. He don't ring right to an old timer like me. He courts the crowd. An' he's been askin' fer you. There he comes now."

The sheriff appeared approaching with several companions and halted before the store. His was a striking figure, but his face was repellent. It was that of a man comparatively young in years, but old in experience. His massive head was set on a bull neck of swarthy and weathered skin; his broad face, of similar hue, appeared a mass of criss-crossed lines; and his eyes, dark and glittering, roved incessantly in all directions.

Adam knew that Collishaw had seen him first. And acting upon the resolution that he had made down in the thicket he strode over to the sheriff.

"COLLISHAW, I've been told you wanted me," said Adam.

"Hello, Larey! Yes, I was inquirin' aboot you," replied Collishaw. He half offered to shake hands, but Adam took no notice.

"What do you want of me?" asked Adam, and he did not like the shrewd calculating glance that seemed to take instant stock of the change in his fortune and character.

"It's a matter of thet little gamblin' debt you owe Guerd," he replied, in a low voice, and his tone was one of persuasion. "It's this heah way, Adam. I come in on thet an' I shore need money. You run off without settlin' up, an' I'm shore advisin' you to do it now."

"Collishaw, are you threatening me with some such job as you put on that poor greaser?" inquired Adam, sarcastically.

Collishaw straightened up with a jerk and shed his confidential and admonishing air.

"No, I can't arrest you on a gamblin' debt," he replied, bluntly, "but I'm shore goin' to make you pay."

"You are, like hell!" retorted Adam. "What had you to do with it? It Guerd owed you money in that game. I'm not responsible. I didn't pay because I caught Guerd holding out aces on me. I'll bet you a stack of gold twenties against your fancy vest that Guerd never collects a dollar of his crooked deal."

With that Adam turned on his heel and strode off toward the river His hard-earned independence added something to the wrong done him by these men. The rankling of the injustice he had suffered at Ehrenberg had softened only in regard to the girl in the case. Margarita had come between that affair and the present hour. This other girl had really been nothing to him, but Margarita had become everything. A gratefulness, a big generous warmth stirred in Adam's heart for the dark-eyed Mexican girl. What did it matter who she was? In this desert he must learn to adjust differences of class, and race, and habit, in relation to the wildness of time and place.

In the open sandy space leading to the houses near the river, Adam met Arallanes. The usually genial foreman appeared pale, sombre, sick. To Adam's surprise Arallanes would not talk about the hanging. The man was certainly not a coward, but there seemed a hint of fear in his reticence. Arallanes, however, was not so close-lipped concerning Guerd Larey. In fact, he spoke openly to Guerd's discredit.

"*Quien sabe, Señor?*" he concluded. "Maybe it's best for you. Margarita is a she-cat. You are my friend. I should tell you. . . but, well, *Señor*, if you would keep Margarita, look out for your brother."

ADAM gaped his astonishment as he turned away. It took him some time to realize the content of Arallanes's warning and advice. But what fixed itself in Adam's mind was the fact that Guerd had run across Margarita, and had been attracted by her. How perfectly natural! How absolutely inevitable! Adam could not remember any girl he had ever admired or liked in all his life that Guerd had not taken away from him. Adam could recall the time when he had been happy to give up anything or any one to his brother. But out here in the desert, where he was beginning to assimilate the meaning of a man's fight for his life and his possessions, he felt vastly different. Moreover, he had gone too far with Margarita. She belonged to him, and his principles were such that he believed he owed her a like return of affection, and besides that, Margarita was only seventeen.

"But —suppose she likes Guerd — and wants him — as she wanted me?" muttered Adam, answering to a divining flash of the inevitable order of things to be. Only last night she had changed the world for him — opened his eyes to life not as it was dreamed, but lived!

Adam found Arallanes's wife home alone.

"*Señora*, where is Margarita?"

"Margarita is there, *Señor*," she replied, with dark eloquent glance upon Adam and a slow gesture toward the river bank. She was the mother of the girl. Adam felt reluctant to trust his interpretation of her look. But he was assured of her kindness, her respect and regard. Did he deserve them? As he turned to go toward the river the pang of acute remorse revived in his breast. And he shook his head. How terribly he was at the mercy of his emotions!

Adam soon espied Guerd and Margarita on the river bank some few rods below the landing-place. Here was a pretty sandy nook, shaded by a large mesquite. Two enormous wheels connected by an iron bar, a piece of discarded mill machinery, stood in the shade of the tree. Margarita sat on the cross-bar and Guerd stood beside her. They did not hear Adam's approach on the soft sand.

"*Señorita*, one look from your midnight eyes—and I fell in love with you," Guerd was declaring with gay passion, and his hand upon her was as bold as his speech. "You little Spanish princess! . . . Hidden in this mining-camp, a desert flower born to blush unseen! I shall —"

It was here that Adam walked around the high wheels to confront them. Despite the tumult within him he preserved a cool and quiet exterior. Margarita's radiance vanished in surprise.

"Well, if it ain't old Adam!" ejaculated her companion. "You son-of-a-gun! . . . Why, you've changed."

"Guerd," began Adam, and then his voice halted, if it did not fail. To meet his brother this way was a tremendous ordeal. And Guerd's presence seemed to charge the very air. Worship of this magnificent brother had been the strongest thing in Adam's life, next to love of mother. Guerd Larey's face was beautiful, yet virile and strong. The beauty was mere perfection of feature. The big curved mouth, the square chin, the straight nose, the large hazel-green eyes, full of laughter and love of life, the broad forehead and clustering fair hair, — all these were features that made him singularly handsome. His skin was clear healthy tan with a tinge of red. Adam saw no change in Guerd, except perhaps an intensifying of an expression of wildness, which made him all the more fascinating to look at. For Adam the mocking thing about Guerd's god-like beauty was the fact that it deceived. At heart, at soul, Guerd was as false as hell!

"Old Adam, are you goin' to shake hands?" queried Guerd, lazily extending his arm. "You shure strike me queer, boy!"

"No," replied Adam, and his quick revolving thoughts grasped at Guerd's slipshod speech. It was not affectation Guerd had absorbed even the provincial words and idioms of the uncouth west.

"All right. Suit yourself," said Guerd, with good nature. "I reckon you see I'm rather pleasantly engaged."

"Yes, I see," returned Adam, bitterly, with a fleeting glance at Margarita. "Guerd, I met Collishaw, and he had the gall to brace me for that gambling debt. I told him what I thought. And I've hunted you up to tell you that you cheated me — I'll not pay it."

"Oh, yes, you will, old Adam," replied Guerd, smilingly.

"I will not," said Adam, forcefully.

"Boy, you'll pay it or I'll take it out of your hide," declared Guerd, slowly frowning, as if a curious hint of some change in Adam had dawned upon him.

"You can't take it that way — or any other way," retorted Adam.

"But say — I didn't cheat," remonstrated Guerd, evidently making a last stand of argument to gain his end.

"You lie!" flashed Adam. "Guerd, let's waste no words. I told you at Ehrenberg after you played that shabby trick on me— over the girl there — I told you I was done with you for good. I am through."

Guerd seemed to realize with wonder and chagrin that he had now to deal with a man.

"Through and be damned!" exclaimed Guerd, and he took his arm from around Margarita and rose to his lofty height. "I'm sick of your milk-sop ideas. All I want of you is that money. If you don't pony up with it I'll tear your clothes off gettin' it."

Adam laughed tauntingly. "I'll say to you what I said to Collishaw— You will, like hell! . . . Guerd, I can beat you to a gun. And if you jump me now, when for weeks I've worked like a galley-slave in this gold-mill — why, it'll be the sorriest fight you ever started."

GUERD Larey's lips framed curses that were inaudible. He was astounded.

"I'll meet you after I get through talking to this girl," he said.

"Any time you want," rejoined Adam bitingly, "The worm has turned, Guerd Larey. Your goose has stopped laying golden eggs. You've bullied me all my life. You've hated me. . . . Oh, I remember so well! You robbed me of toys, clothes, playmates. Then girl friends! Then money! . . .Then — a worthless woman! . . . You're a fraud —a cheat — a liar . . . You've fallen in with your kind out here and you're going straight to hell."

The whiteness of Guerd's face attested to his roused passion.

"So you followed me out here to say all that?" he queried.

"No, not altogether," replied Adam. "I came after Margarita."

"Came after Margarita?" echoed Guerd blankly. "Is that her name? — Say, Adam is this one of your goody-goody tricks? Rescuing a damsel in distress sort of thing! . . You and I have fallen out more than once over that. I kick — I —"

"Guerd, we've fallen out forever," interrupted Adam, and then he turned to the girl, "Margarita, I want you ——"

"But it's none of your damned business," burst out Guerd, hotly, interrupting in turn. "What do you care about a Mexican girl? I won't stand your interference."

"But Guerd — it is my business," returned Adam, haltingly. "She's — my girl."

"What!" ejaculated Guerd, incredulously. Then he bent down to peer into Margarita's face, and from that he swept a flashing keen glance at Adam. His eyes were wonderful then, intensely bright, quickened and sharpened with swift turns of thought. "Boy, you don't mean you're on friendly terms with this greaser girl?"

"Yes," replied Adam.

Guerd violently controlled what must have been a spasm of fiendish glee. His amaze, deep as it was, seemed not to be his predominant feeling, but that very amaze was something to force exquisitely upon Adam how far he had fallen. The moment was dark, hateful, far-reaching in effect, impossible to realize. Guerd's glance flashed back and forth from Adam to Margarita. But he had not yet grasped what was the tragic thing for Adam — the truth of how fatefully far this love affair had gone. Adam's heart sank like lead in his breast. What humiliation he must suffer if he betrayed himself!

"Adam, where two gentlemen admire the lady in question, the choice is always left to her," began Guerd, with something of mockery in his rich voice. A devil gleamed from him then, and the look of him, the stature, the gallant action of him as he bowed before Margarita, fascinated Adam even in his miserable struggle to appear a man.

"But Guerd, you — you've known Margarita only a few moments," he expostulated. "How can you put such a choice to — to her? It's — it's an insult."

"Adam, that is for Margarita to decide," responded Guerd. "Women change. It is something you have not learned." Then as he turned to Margarita he seemed to blaze with magnetism. The grace of him, and the beauty of him in that moment, made of him a perfect physical embodiment of the emotions of which he was master. He knew his power over women. "Margarita, Adam and I are brothers. We are always falling in love with the same girl. You must choose between us." And he bent over to whisper in her ear, with his strong brown hand on her arm, at once gallant yet mastertul.

The scene was a nightmare to Adam. How could this be something that was happening? Margarita seemed a transformed creature, shy, coy, alluring, with the half-veiled dusky eyes lighted with the same fire that had shone in them for Adam.

"Margarita, will you come?" cried Adam, goaded to end this situation.

"No, *Señor*," she replied softly.

"I beg of you — come!" implored Adam, with hands outstretched to her.

The girl shook her black head. She radiated a strange glow like the warm shade of an opal. Older she seemed to Adam and surer of herself and somehow deeper in that mystic obsession of passion he had often sensed in her. No spiritual conception of what Adam regarded as his obligation to her could ever dawn in that little brain. She loved her pretty face and beautiful body. She gloried in this power over men. And the new man she felt to be still unwon — him who was stronger of instinct and harder to hold, under whose brutal hand she would cringe and thrill and pant and fight — him she would choose. So Adam read Margarita in that moment. If he had felt love for her, which he doubted, it was dead. It seemed that of the three there, he was the only one who was true and who understood.

"Margarita, have you forgotten last night?" asked Adam, huskily.

"Ah, *Señor* — so long ago and far away!"

Adam whirled abruptly, and plunging into the thicket of mesquites he tore a way through, unmindful of the thorns. When he reached his quarters there was blood on his hands and face, but the sting of the thorns was as nothing to the hurt in his heart

[*To Be Continued*]

In the Name of Gold—Hara-Kiri

(Continued from page 34)

based upon long experience. It is the experience that people trust, and this experience is that a gold reserve of, say, ten per cent., is enough to enable bankers and governments to meet all the demands that customarily arise among the holders of paper money and credit currency for the actual gold.

But let us go behind this and locate the true source of distrust.

Pick up any financial paper or periodical and you will notice that the topic of first importance is the state of the money-market. You will find serious study of the "gold reserves" of the Bank of England, of the Bank of France, of the Imperial Bank of Germany, of the National Banks of the United States, and of the Federal Reserve Banks; and you will find at last that the state of the money-market is pronounced good or bad, sound or perilous, accordingly as these gold reserves are high or low. That is to say, the relation so solemnly discussed is not the relation of money to the amount of wealth existing or in process of manufacture, but the relation of the total volume of paper money and credit currency to — have you guessed it?— that little block of gold less than thirty feet square.

Is this not a fantastic fact?

It appears that a banker cannot be trusted to lend credit in his own discretion. He is required by law to keep gold on hand in a certain ratio to his liabilities, which means that the amount of credit he may lend is definitely limited by as much of that little block of gold as he can lay his hands upon and lock up in his safe.

It appears that the great Federal Reserve Bank System cannot be trusted to issue paper money in its own unlimited discretion. The law provides that it shall keep in its vaults a certain ratio of actual gold as a "reserve" against the paper money it puts into circulation. Thus the amount of paper money the Federal Reserve System may create is determined not by the amount of wealth existing or in process of manufacture, not by the needs of the country, but by as much of that block of gold less than thirty feet square as it can lay *its* hands upon.

Likewise, the Bank of England, which issues the English money; the Bank of France, which issues the French money; and the Imperial Bank of Germany, which issues the mark — none of these can be trusted to issue money in its own wisdom and discretion. Each of them is limited by the legal or traditional necessity of maintaining a certain average ratio of gold to the paper money they put into circulation.

In every case you see that what people trust at last is not the judgment and integrity of the banker who issues credit currency in the form of check books, nor of the government that issues paper money — *but the gold reserve.* That is the only thing they really trust. And the degree in which they trust the gold reserve is a measure of their distrust of banks and governments.

There is no international law to require, for example, the Bank of England to maintain any fixed ratio of gold reserve to the paper money it issues, nor could there be any such law; but custom and experience have established what that ratio of gold reserve shall average to be week by week. If it falls below the traditional average, there is trouble and excitement and apprehension on all the exchanges of the world. This would end in outright distrust if it continued, but the Bank of England is sensitive to such uneasiness. It stops issuing money, reaches out to all the places where gold is to be had and gathers it in, and thus re-establishes the ratio. Then a sigh of relief is heard through the whole international financial system and confidence is duly restored, by a little decimal mark in the weekly statement of the great Bank of England.

And now we come to a much more fantastic fact, namely, that the amount of gold available as "reserve"— the quantity of that precious yellow metal which determines how much money shall circulate through the channels of finance and commerce — bears no natural relation to the amount of wealth existing. The quantity of gold is arbitrary. Additions to the supply are accidental and miraculous. Thus, in fifteen years from 1896 to 1910, inclusive, the amount of gold produced was one-third as much as had been produced in the preceding four hundred years. This enormous increase was owing, first, to the South African discoveries, and, secondly, to the invention of the cyanide process of extraction. The result of this was that the whole world was flooded with money — not only with gold, but with the paper money and credit currency which rest upon gold reserves. Hence that phenomenal rise in prices which

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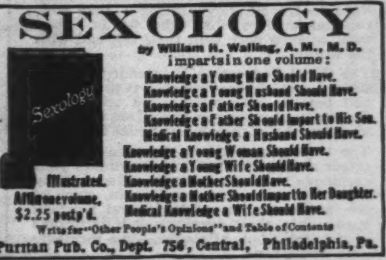

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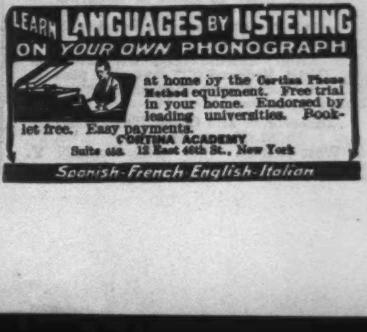

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Director of the Girls' Federation
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began in the nineties and continued steadily up to the outbreak of the War.

How archaic, when you stop to think of it, that all the wealth of the world should have to be revalued, that prices should rise for a quarter of a century, and that the purchasing power of a dollar saved in 1895 should be halved in the next twenty years — all because some fresh gold deposits were found in South Africa and a chemist discovered a cheaper method of extracting it from the ores!

This gold rise in prices had probably culminated when the Great War opened.

What happened then was that the world went off the gold basis, and there followed a deluge of paper money and credit currency which had no relation either to the amount of wealth or the amount of gold existing.

When we say the world went off the gold basis we mean that gold payments were suspended. You couldn't exchange paper money or credit currency for gold. In Paris you could not get gold at the Bank of France on a fifty-franc bill: in London you could not get gold at the Bank of England on a five-pound note. Later when this country entered the War it was the same way here.

All the great banks of the world hoarded their gold, and then issued paper money in unlimited quantities. And the reason they would not pay out gold was that if they did the people themselves would hoard it and never bring it back until the War was over. People do this because they know by experience that war causes a wild mass of paper money to be issued and that sooner or later paper money issued for war purposes will be worth less than gold.

And that inevitably happened. The world is now full of paper money and credit currency that cannot be exchanged for gold.

With this text we print a picture of war inflation. It shows at a glance what took place. The figures are for the thirty-one principal countries — twenty-three belligerents, and eight neutrals, excluding Russia.

On one side you see in contrasting magnitudes the amounts of gold, paper money and credit currency existing and in circulation in those twenty-three countries at the beginning of the War. On the other side you see the corresponding facts of 1920.

There has been a staggering, perpendicular increase of paper money and credit currency in relation to gold.

The pile of gold in 1920 is only 2 billions greater than in 1914. The pile of paper money is forty-three and three-fourths billions greater and the pile of credit currency, in the form of bank deposits subject to check, is forty-eight billions higher.

Toward the end of 1919, with just this picture in their minds' eyes, all countries began a game of grab-the-gold. They distrusted each other's paper money and each other's credit currency and trusted only in gold. You may have read in the newspapers such a weird item as that gold was selling at a premium of fifty per cent. in London.

Most people find it difficult to understand how gold, which is the universal standard of value, can command a premium.

It is after all very simple. You have, now, as we have seen, two kinds of money in the world — namely, gold and other money. It is now everywhere as it was in this country after the Civil War when there were two kinds of money — paper and gold. Every merchant kept two columns of figures. One expressed prices in gold and the other, prices in paper money, and for many years the paper money prices were very much higher than the gold prices, since a paper dollar was worth less than a gold dollar. That now is the case on a colossal scale. The world is full of war-time paper money which either now is not, or which people fear presently will not be, exchangeable for gold. Gold alone is absolutely trusted

So, when gold is at a premium in London it means that for a million dollars of gold some one is willing to write a check for a million and a half. Some one is willing to give a dollar and a half out of that huge pile of credit currency for a gold dollar out of that very little pile of yellow metal.

However, you may explain everything and solve nothing. There is the picture still. It represents what has happened. Now the question is, how, if at all, shall these things unhappen? The world's money structure by the gold test, is unsound. What shall be done about it?

Look again at the picture and ask yourself what the consequences would be if you undertook to bring those piles of credit currency and paper money down to anything like the relations to gold which were thought normal in 1914.

Now to re-establish such relations of credit currency and paper money to gold as existed in 1914 you would have to reduce the credit currency from seventy-five to thirty-five billions, and the paper money from fifty-one to ten billions. That is to say, you would have to reduce credit currency and paper money together about eighty billions of dollars in these thirty-one countries, and to do that, of course, would spread havoc and disaster. People cannot be easily deprived of eighty billions of bank credit and paper money.

What then?

After the international game of grab-the-gold had got under full swing in 1920 opinions and activities fell into the wildest confusion.

England began to send much of her own gold to India, moving it as it were from the parlor to the kitchen, where it would be harder for other people to get at it.

This country in three years of war trade as a neutral had got possession of more gold than any one country had ever owned before. For that reason it now became an object of envy to other countries. They started a run on our gold reserves. They got so much gold from us in a short time that although we had more than a third of all the gold money in the world, Wall Street began to worry lest we should wake up one morning and find ourselves goldless.

The financial intelligence of the world offers many suggestions. All of them — nearly all — fall under one of two heads. That is, there are two major proposals under consideration. One is to reduce the existing aggregate of credit currency and paper money by a process of drastic deflation; the other is to increase the supply of gold.

The conservatives in Wall Street call incessantly upon the Federal Reserve Bank System to raise the rate of interest and squeeze people out of credit. That is, to reduce the pile of credit currency in the form of bank checks.

Immediately a great protest is heard. Senators begin writing letters to the Administration, saying that if credit is taken away from people, especially farmers, there will be a mighty heave of discontent, which is more than likely.

VARIOUS proposals have been made to stimulate gold mining by bounties and subsidies, but gold by no such means can be produced fast enough to make much difference.

You will perceive that what financiers are worried about is not the ratio of credit and paper money to the wealth of the world. What they are worried about is the ratio of such money to a block of gold less than thirty feet in length, breadth and thickness.

And now we may state a singular and very illuminating fact. If by some miracle of chemistry it were made possible to extract gold from the elements in which it is minutely scattered, including sea water, or if very large new discoveries of pure gold were made, so that the amount of gold were increased three or four-fold very suddenly, then the whole case would be solved. The vast volume of credit currency and paper money would become straightway sound by reason of having a larger gold reserve to lean upon — and prices would remain about as they are, because people would not, perforce, be obliged to sacrifice their goods on falling prices, as they were deprived of credit and money by drastic measures of deflation.

If no such miracle happens, then, in order that the world may get back to a gold basis, deflation will take its course with ruinous consequences, simply for the reason that there has survived among all of us a barbaric habit of putting our trust in gold.

The sane alternative, if only it can be recognized in time, is what we have previously referred to as a wealth dollar — a unit of money that shall represent not gold but things, a dollar the relation of which to the amount of wealth existing and in process of manufacture shall not be accidental or miraculous, but true, flexible and scientific. It has been discussed for a century. And its adoption at this time by international covenant would avert the remorseless consequences which are historically inseparable from post-war deflation.

The nature of that kind of dollar will be the subject of the next article.

"Money or Us," the next article in the interesting and instructive series by Gare' Garrett will appear in August.

The Battle Line of Hunger

[*Continued from page 28*]

able to recapture some exports and thus cover some of her necessities. With the investment of capital in new productive enterprises and with a preservation of the functions of Vienna as an economic center, the population might be able to survive. But that is not in any sense an immediate prospect.

In Vienna, and in a few minor cities like Innsbruck and Gratz, the situation is of the most pressing order. Last January they were totally out of food supplies in reserve. I do not see any possibility of the solution of this vital problem, except by obtaining food on credit, and I would not place the security of that credit at a very high point. The Austrians have offered everything they possess to relieve the starving population. It at least illustrates the desperation of the population and their willingness to give anything they own. I do not know of any situation in the world to-day where the people are suffering as acutely as they are in those particular cities.

Two or three proposals have been made from time to time to relieve this desperate situation. One is the erection of a Danube economic federation, by which Austria would have an opportunity of free economic relationship with the other communities in the Danube basin and by which she could regain some economic opportunity.

The other was to join Austria to Bavaria, but that meets the objection that it increases the population of the German Empire. On the other hand, it would have the advantage of dividing this burden of supporting three million or more indigent Austrian Germans over a total of sixty-five million Germans. If this were done, there would be some hope of Germany carrying the economic burden until the population is able to readjust itself. We can never conceive of putting the Czechs or the Jugo-Slavs again under the dominion of Austria, and therefore the only solution for distributing the Austrian load of poverty and hunger seems to look toward Germany. But whatever solution is made in the future it remains a fact that to-day the situation is absolutely desperate.

IF Austria can be carried over until the next harvest she will have before her the meager allowance of a three months' supply of the necessities of life, with the hope that through the League some political solution will be found that will take the burden of perpetual mendicancy off the world. Personally, I believe that if a political situation is to be maintained in Austria making that nation a continual beggar, it is not the United States that should be called upon for the unceasing charity involved. The immediate situation demands that we should help Austria, giving the world a little time to cool off and to realize the forces that have been set in motion. However, if we are to contribute to saving the population from death — and they will die if we do not help them — it should be our duty to give full notice to the world that it is for the last time, and that in the future those who consider that it is to their benefit to maintain this unstable condition should pay the bill.

In Austria the rationing of the cities is carried out very efficiently. There is a portion of the old government remaining, men with administrative experience who handle the question well. The Americans had to establish rationing systems in some of the other countries, but the system was successfully working in Vienna when our representatives arrived. It is only in the cities and towns that it is possible to hold the population to strict rationing. The farmer has never been successfully limited. He has the first hold on the food supply and naturally he will keep enough for himself. In Czecho-Slovakia, for instance, I believe that they are successfully rationing only four or five million of the population; the rest are agricultural people.

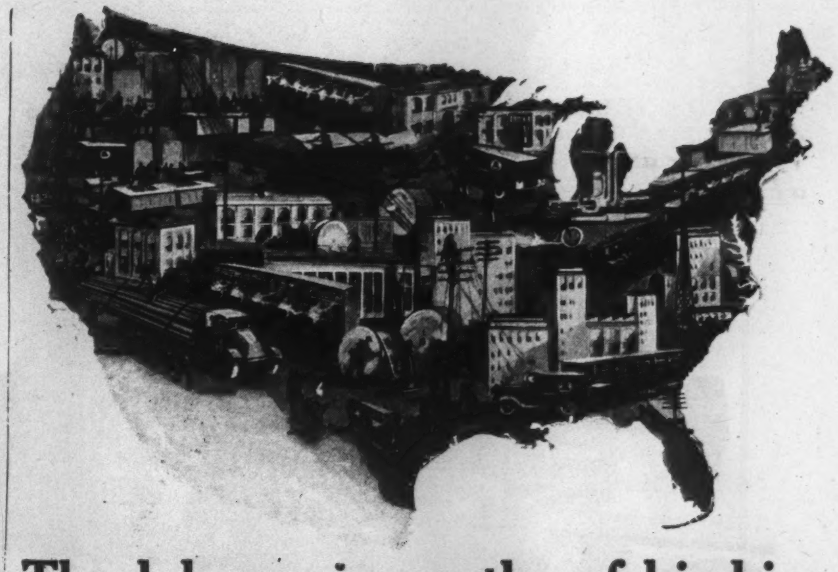
In Hungary, Budapest is short of food because of the requisitions of Roumania during the last harvest. There is no need to consider the morals or the merits of that operation, but it has produced a famine that is very acute. It seems to me that there is an obligation on the Serbs, who have a surplus of food only eighty miles south of Budapest, to relieve this situation. They must act to aid their neighbors before we should be called upon for other help than that of charity. Budapest is surrounded south and east with a surplus of food within sixty or eighty miles. It is absurd to ask us to transport relief 4,000 miles to remedy it.

In some cases it would seem advisable to finance relief partly supported by our Government treasury by dealing with individuals in the distressed countries. There are times when it is a simple matter to have the credit of an individual backed by the municipality and the national government's guaranty behind that. The type of individual financing to which I am referring would come from some of the coöperative associations which are so largely developed in eastern and central Europe, though from a legal point of view they may be regarded as an individual. They have the advantage of representing the poorer sections of the population, and they are of considerable financial stability. It is difficult to see how our Government can deal successfully with individual merchants, because it would be difficult to guard against the danger of their profiteering.

In surveying the European field where famine is pressing and where it is possible for us to relieve it, there remain Russian and Turkish Armenia. Six or seven hundred thousand Armenian refugees from Turkey have been added in these sections to the already distressed and hungry Armenians and inhabitants of other races. It costs approximately a million and a half a month to keep them alive. At the present time they are very largely being taken care of by the Near East Relief Committee, but the problem is so great that I do not believe that that Committee can succeed without governmental assistance. Last year, out of the hundred million dollar fund, the United States gave them a bread ration, and the Committee took care of most of the other charges. Scattered about among American orphanages there are thousands of children. But when it comes to managing seven thousand tons of flour a month in addition to the other loads, the situation is really beyond the resources of private charity.

It seems to be impossible to gain an adequate knowledge of the situation in Soviet Russia. In the area formerly occupied by General Denekine they have had an unusually good crop, which has been estimated at fully eighty per cent. of the prewar normal for the whole of southern Russia. At that point there is, therefore, a good surplus; but with the total breakdown of currency and transportation in Russia itself there seems to be no way of getting it out. One has to bear in mind also, that there is a curious economic psychology between the peasant population and the people of the cities all over central Europe. This is particularly shown in Bolshevist Russia. The farmer has concluded that the town and city population have become a useless burden which he is forced to carry, and that they no longer perform their primary function of supplying goods in exchange for foodstuffs. Furthermore, the people of the cities either seize the farmer's food by force or demand that it should be paid for in worthless paper currency. The agricultural populations, therefore, in a considerable number of centers have set up an effectual blockade, since the towns have no goods to exchange for their products. This situation only adds to the general turmoil. In Budapest it was this form of starvation that effectually contributed to break down Bela Kun. The country people would not take his money and denounced him for not furnishing them with goods. It may possibly develop as one of the future stages of economic demoralization in Austria.

And so, with the generous private relief and charity that is openly flowing from America, and with the assistance of our treasury, we are striving to press back the battle line of hunger which to-day extends from the Baltic to the Sea of Marmora. It has greatly receded since this time last year, and if we can prevent collapse at the strategic points I have indicated—we have every reason to hope that we will see further recuperation and perhaps the final elimination of their demands in the next year.



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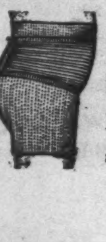

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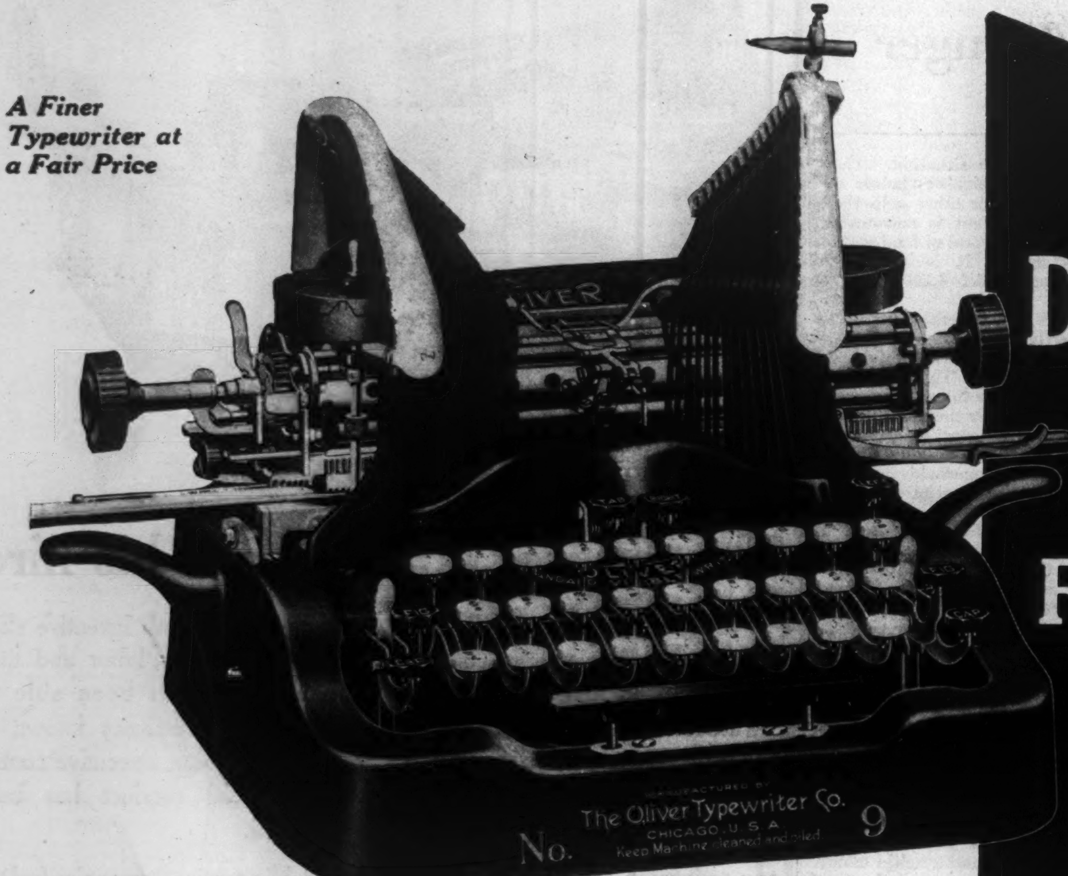

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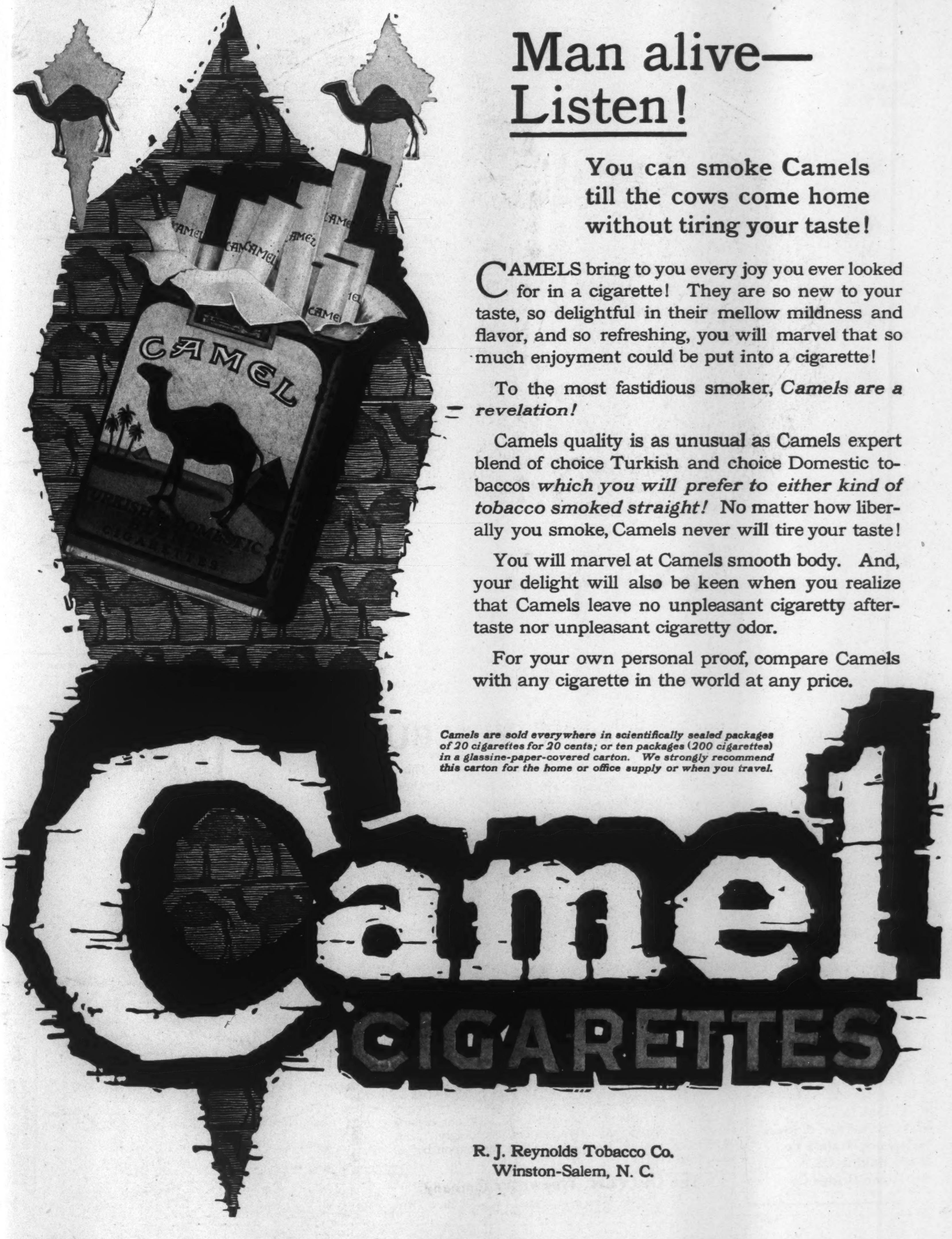

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